



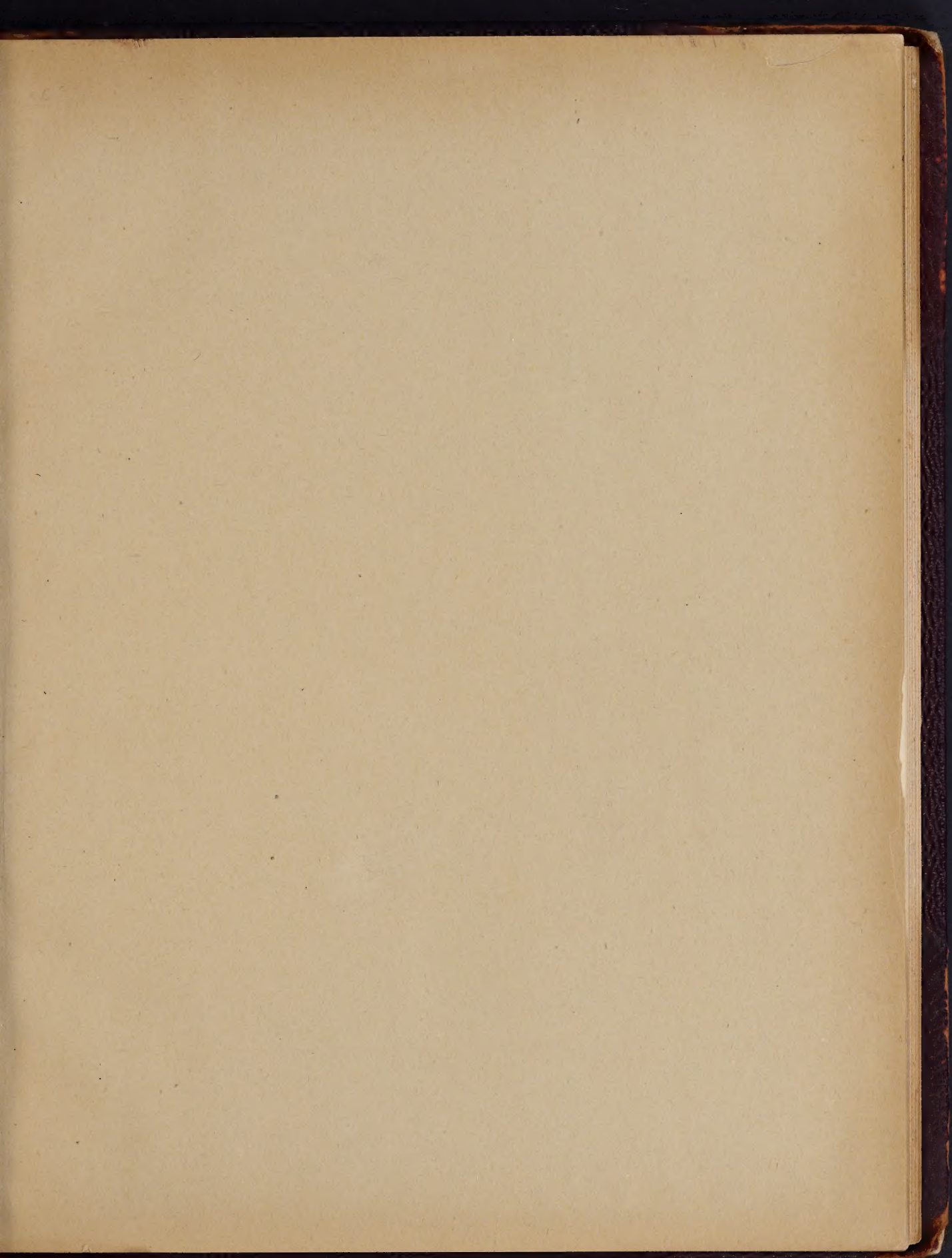




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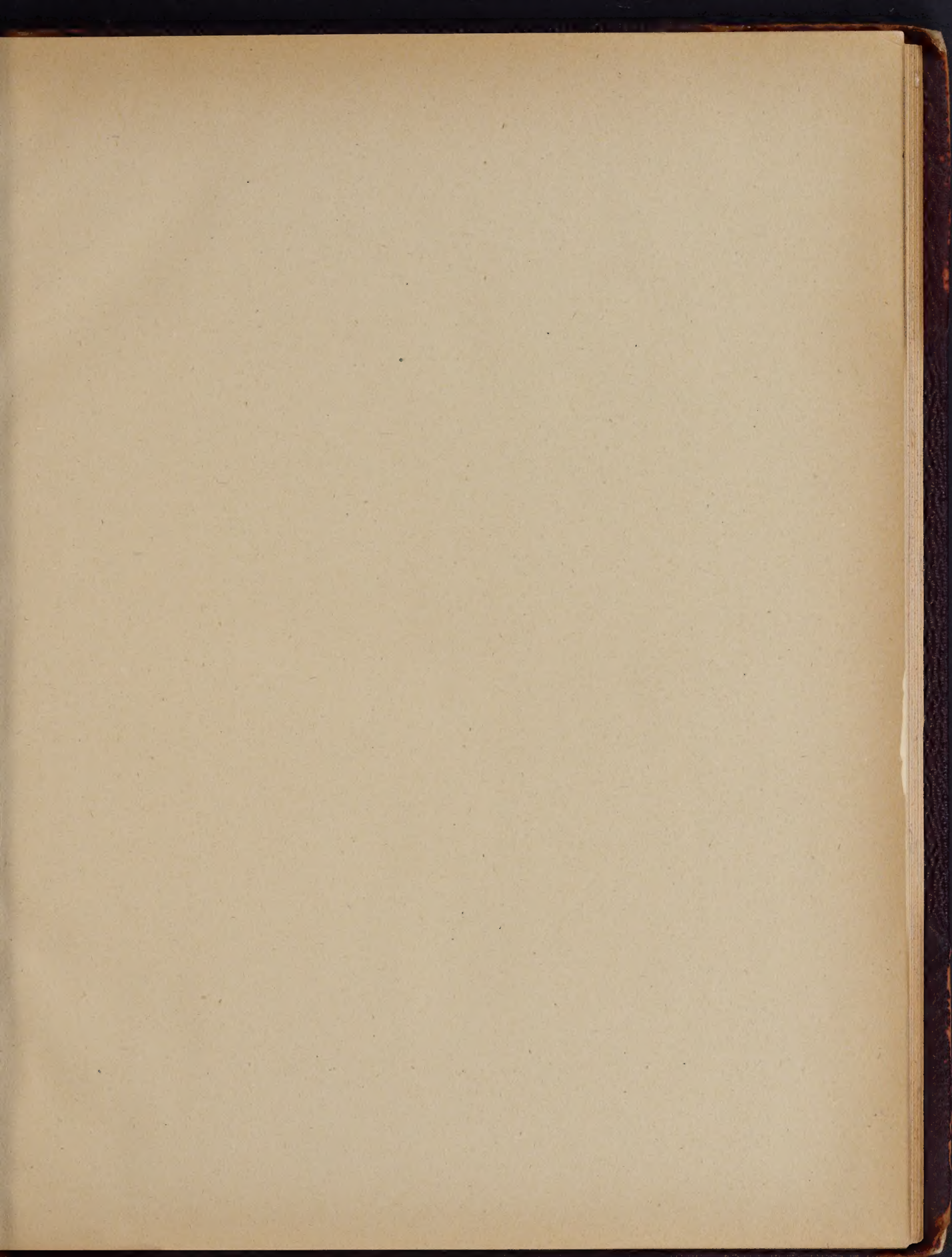






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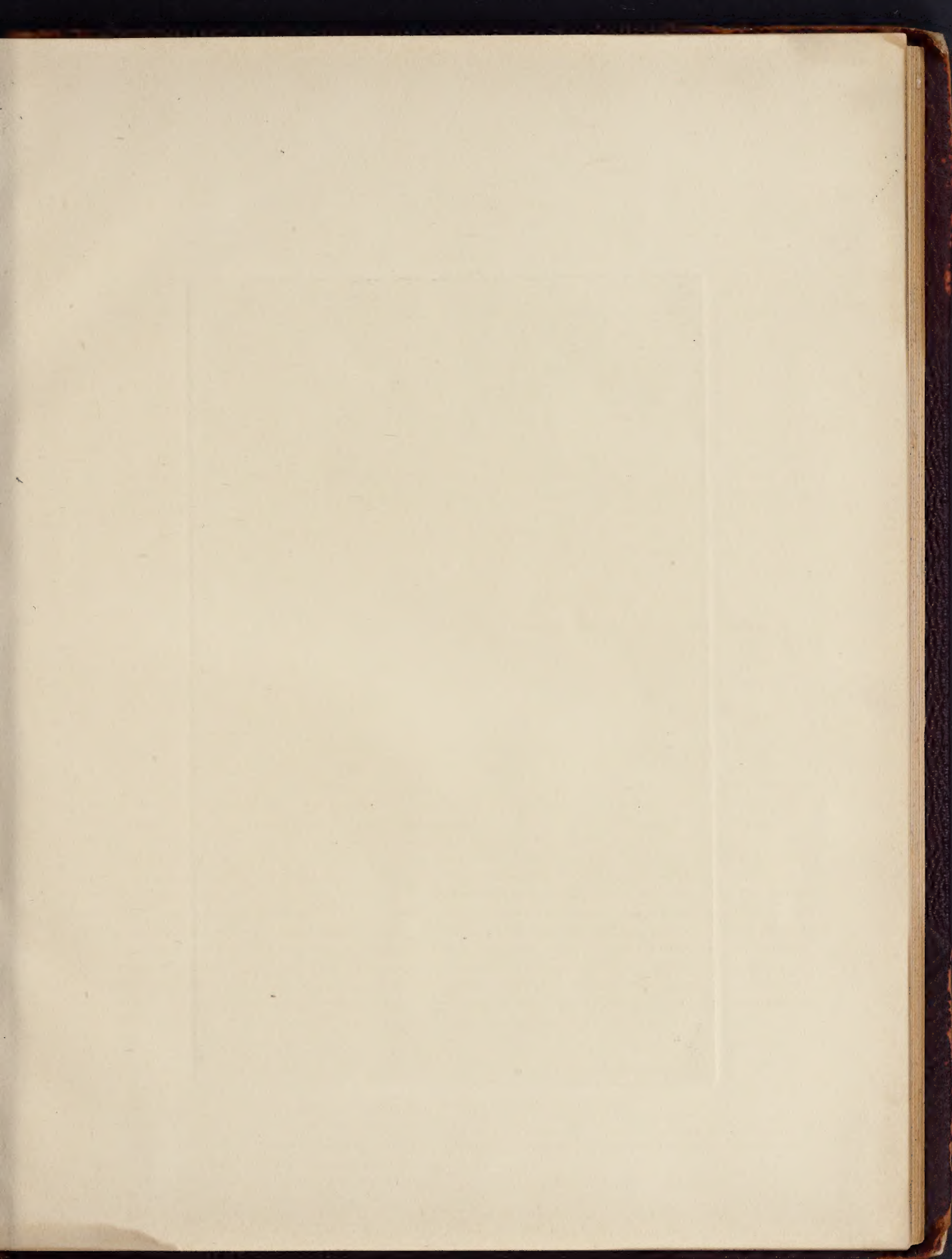




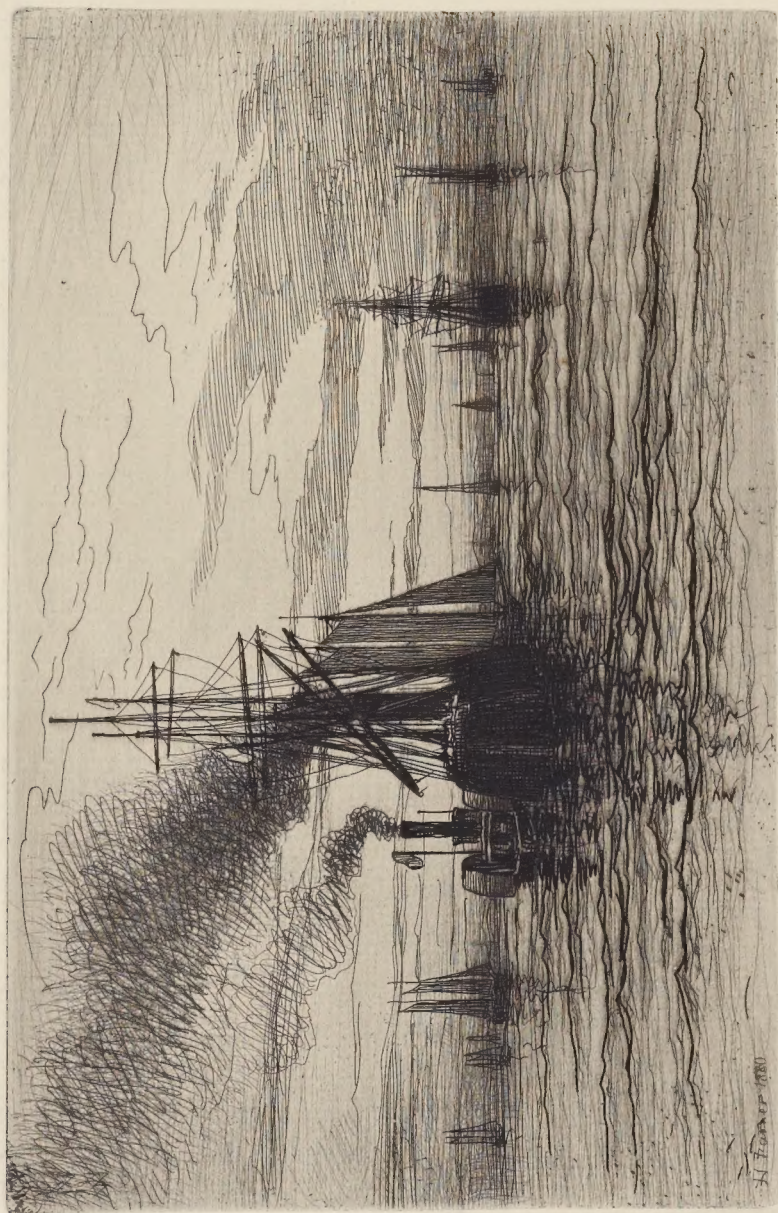














# THE ART UNION

A Monthly Art Magazine.



**VOL. I. - 1884.**

THE AMERICAN ART UNION,

51 WEST TENTH STREET,

NEW YORK.



# THE ART UNION.

VOLUME I.—1884.

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\* Drawn by H. P. Share after the original paintings.



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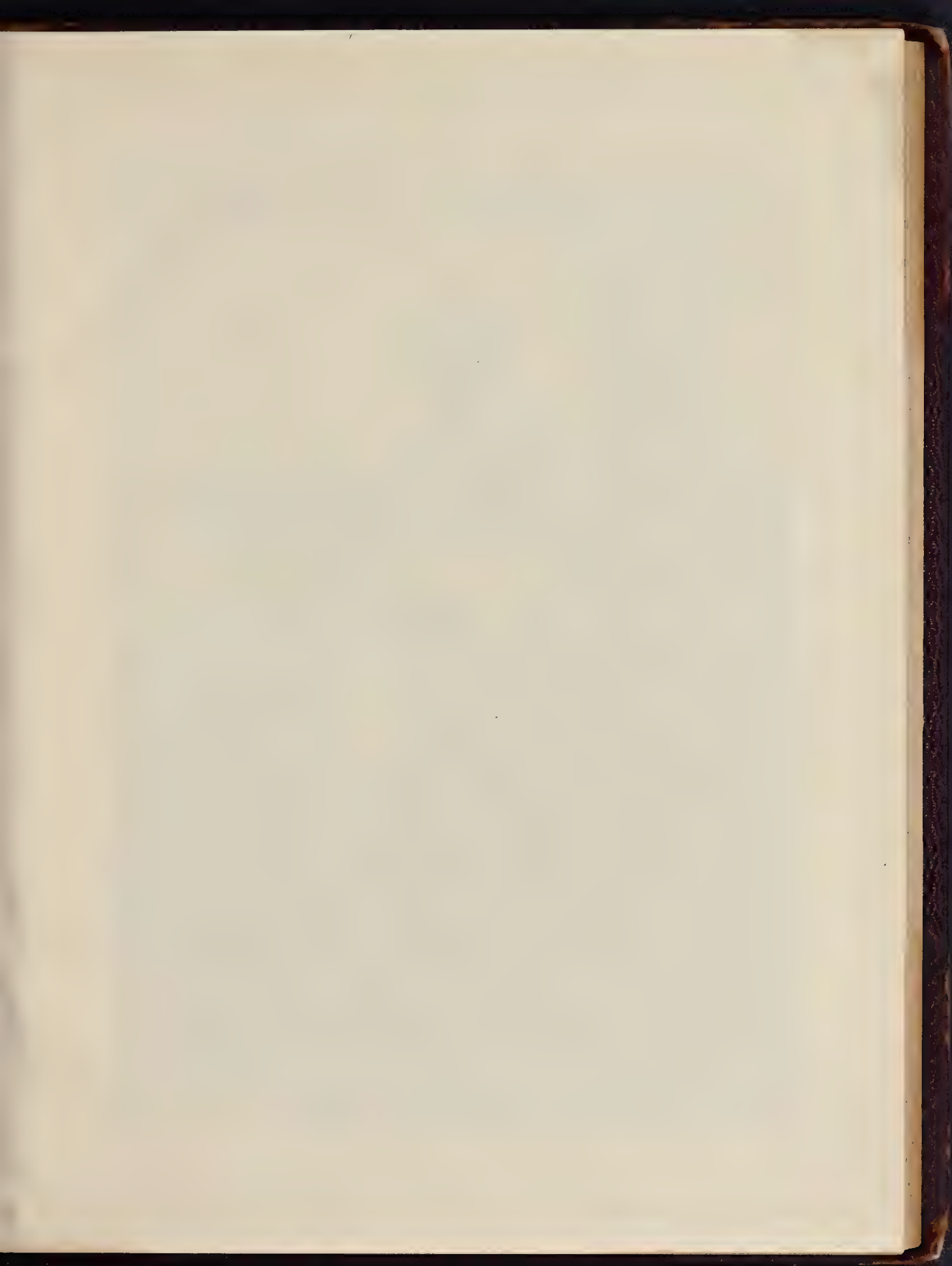
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AN IDYL—BY CONSTANT MAYER—(DRAWN BY H. P. SHARE.)

IN THE AMERICAN ART UNION EXHIBITION.



# THE ART UNION

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VOL. I.

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## THE AMERICAN ART UNION.

THE American Art Union, a society of American artists, including representatives of all the different schools of art, has been organized "for the general advancement of the Fine Arts, and for promoting and facilitating a greater knowledge and love thereof on the part of the public." To accomplish this, the society proposes:

1st. To maintain in the City of New York a permanent exhibition and sales-room for selected American works of art, and to hold occasional similar exhibitions in the chief cities of the country;

2d. To publish original etchings and engravings of the highest grade;

3d. To issue an illustrated monthly art journal, of which a leading feature will be the contributions of the artist members, both in the form of papers and illustrations;

4th. To purchase for the annual subscribers to the UNION original works of art, which will be selected by a committee of artists, and disposed of at the close of each year as the subscribers themselves may desire.

\* \* \*

The organization of the society grew out of the widespread dissatisfaction with the limited means of bringing the works of American artists before the public. There was no well-managed permanent gallery for the sale of American pictures exclusively, in New York City. The general picture dealers handled foreign pictures for exhibition and sale to the almost complete exclusion of the works of American artists.

This condition of affairs had existed for some years, to the great detriment of American art. For no artist can produce the work in adversity that he can produce in more prosperous times. An artist must sell pictures in order to live, and he needs encouragement—intelligent appreciation—to spur him to his best endeavors. The discouragement which appeared to envelope the future of American art was great. The situation seemed to demand two things—the establishment of better means for the exhibition and sale of American pictures, and the extension of knowledge of American art and artists among the people. Several well-known artists had been discussing the condition and prospects of American art one evening, and one of them proposed the establishment of an ART UNION for the advancement of the claims of American art, irrespective of schools or methods. The proposition was warmly seconded, and after the design had been formulated, the original circular sent to artists of reputation, calling for their co-operation, was issued and shortly afterward the AMERICAN ART UNION was firmly established on a strong basis. This occurred in the early part of the present year. The original circular was issued April 7, and the society was incorporated according to the laws of New York State, May 11, 1883.

\* \* \*

Soon after the establishment of the Art Union, arrangements were made with the Trustees of the Buffalo, N. Y., Fine Arts Academy, for the holding of an exhibition of Art Union pictures there; said exhibition to remain open during a period of six weeks. One hundred and thirty-five carefully-selected pictures were sent to Buffalo, and the exhibition was opened on the evening of June 4. There was a fair attendance of visitors at the Fine Arts Academy, and the Buffalo



journals published many extended notices of the pictures and the artists, but only two pictures were sold during the exhibition. These were:

Morning in the Fields—Walter Satterlee, . . .	\$450 00
Picking up Chips—E. L. Henry, . . .	85 00

The exhibition was held at a rather unfavorable portion of the year, and besides, during almost its entire continuance the weather was so disagreeable that the attendance was not what it might have been otherwise. However, after paying all expenses incurred by it, the Art Union profited financially from the exhibition, though not largely.

Before the close of the Buffalo exhibition, favorable arrangements were made with the managers of the great Southern Exposition to be held at Louisville, Kentucky, for an exhibition of Art Union pictures in connection with their Art Loan exhibition.

According to the contract, the pictures were to be exhibited in a new fire-proof art gallery, located at some distance from the large main exhibition building, and the Art Union was guaranteed sales to the amount of ten thousand dollars, or, failing to effect sales to that amount, two thousand, five hundred dollars were to be paid as a forfeit to the Art Union.

This exhibition was a complete success in every way; in fact, it was one of the most successful exhibitions ever held in this country. Out of one hundred and thirty-five paintings exhibited, aggregating in value fifty thousand dollars, thirty-five were sold, bringing, at catalogue prices, fifteen thousand, four hundred dollars—an exceptionally large percentage of sales.

And not only are these sales to be considered; the pictures were seen by more than a million persons from all parts of the country, who visited the Exposition—of which the Art Gallery was probably the most popular feature. They were written about in almost every paper in the South, and the Art Union, as well as the various artists themselves, were effectively advertised in all directions. The exhibition, also, created such an art interest among the citizens of Louisville, that, before the Exposition closed, it was determined that a permanent Public Art Gallery should be established in the city, and accordingly, the citizens raised a large subscription for the purchase of pictures from the Art Union for the nucleus of this Public Gallery. With the money thus raised, eleven pictures were purchased before the unsold Art Union pictures were removed from Louisville, and, in addition, a few days ago, the Permanent Gallery's committee wrote for four more of the pictures exhibited in Louisville, provided they were not yet sold. The pictures had not been sold, and were forwarded at once. This additional purchase shows that the Louisville people are undoubtedly in earnest in their determination to establish a Public Gallery. The pictures they have purchased are to be supplemented by choice works borrowed from private

collections, and hung in a temporary gallery in the Polytechnic Society's building, in Fourth street, Louisville. Measures are being taken to secure subscriptions for the erection of a suitable building to be devoted exclusively to art purposes,—the upper story to contain the Public Gallery, and the lower one to be devoted to the purposes of the Art Schools recently established by the Kentucky Polytechnic Society—and a fund is also to be raised which will yield an annual income of from three to five thousand dollars, for the purchase of pictures for the increase of the public collection.

The pictures sold to private parties during the Louisville Exposition were as follows:

Indian Summer—Jervis M'Entee, . . .	\$1,000 00
Mt. Hood, Oregon—R. D. Yelland, . . .	500 00
Apples—C. H. Eaton, . . .	200 00
A Mountain Lake—W. L. Sonntag, . . .	300 00
Sunset, Isle of Jersey—M. F. H. De Haas, . . .	1,000 00
Valley of the Saco—J. B. Bristol, . . .	650 00
A Young Jersey—Lyell Carr, . . .	150 00
The Hillside—A. F. Bellows, . . .	100 00
Visit to the Studio—J. W. Champney, . . .	100 00
On the Downs (Maine)—Peter Moran, . . .	125 00
Estelle—Percival De Luce, . . .	30 00
A Trout Stream—J. W. Casilear, . . .	175 00
Little Pets, Springtime—A. F. Tait, . . .	130 00
Daffodils—H. A. Granbery, . . .	60 00
Cat and Kittens—J. H. Dolph, . . .	250 00
Peaches and Art Objects—W. M. Brown, . . .	550 00
September—Widgery Griswold, . . .	50 00
October—George F. Fuller, . . .	100 00
Scout on the Teton Basin—Peter Moran, . . .	80 00
A Stitch in Time—Benoni Irwin, . . .	400 00
Roses on the Wall—G. C. Lambdin, . . .	175 00
Cape Blomidon, Nova Scotia—H. B. Brown, . . .	150 00
An Old Brewery, Winter—W. M. Brown, . . .	250 00
A Catskill Clearing—Arthur Parton, . . .	200 00

The pictures sold to the Public Gallery were:

Storm on Laramie Peak—Albert Bierstadt, . . .	\$3,500 00
The Town of Greenwich, Conn.—A. H. Wyant, . . .	1,000 00
The River Path—William Hart, . . .	800 00
Herring Boats—Harry Chase, . . .	450 00
The Old Porch—Henry A. Loop, . . .	300 00
Waiting for the Fishing Boats—F. Schuchardt, Jr., . . .	600 00
The Coming Storm—K. Van Elten, . . .	350 00
A Forest Sanctuary—Carl C. Brenner, . . .	1,000 00
Cold and Gray—M. De Forest Bolmer, . . .	350 00
The Old Dog—J. M. Tracy, . . .	125 00
Harbor View—J. C. Nicoll, . . .	200 00
	<hr/>
	\$15,400 00

Recent sales to the Public Gallery have been:

Santa Maria della Salute—G. H. Yewell, . . .	\$500 00
A Venetian Court Yard—H. A. Ferguson, . . .	250 00
"Let's Have a Smoke"—T. W. Wood, . . .	250 00
The Sheepfold—Peter Moran, . . .	75 00
	<hr/>
Total, . . .	\$16,475 00

Total sales for the season, including the  
Buffalo sales, . . . \$17,010 00

The citizens of Louisville certainly acted wisely in increasing the sales of the pictures to the full



amount of the guarantee instead of paying the forfeit. And while thereby the Art Union, as an association, has not so much money in its treasury as it would have had otherwise, it has really gained more than it would have gained by receiving the forfeit. It has shown what can be accomplished by organization, at any rate. It has directly benefitted those of its members whose pictures were sold, and it has done that which should give great encouragement to all of its members and friends: it has encouraged art appreciation in a new field, which even at the outset promises much. The people of the South are naturally inclined to surround themselves with what is luxurious and beautiful, and when art has obtained a fair foothold there, she will be hospitably entertained. The losses suffered by the South during the Rebellion are being rapidly made up now, and with increased wealth, increased luxury will certainly follow, and works of art will be in demand.

The influence of this first Public Art Gallery established in the South—established too, on an American basis—will be felt in the future of American Art, and will richly repay the artists who have, practically, contributed to its foundation. It will make art more popular in the South, and will thus open to the artists a much more extended market than they have enjoyed hitherto. It will be a positive benefit to the beautiful city in which it is located, and the citizens will have plenty of reason to feel thankful for its foundation.

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The membership of the Art Union comprises Active and Honorary members. The Active members are chosen, by vote of the society, from professional artists only, and in them are vested all the powers of the society. The Honorary members are chosen from amateurs and friends of art.

The Board of Control of the Art Union for 1883-4 consists of:

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Conant, C. W., Brooklyn.	Rehn, F. K. M., New York.
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DeHaas, M. F. H.,	Rix, Julian, Patterson, N. Y.
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Dielman, Frederick,	Robinson, Theo.,
Dillon, Julia,	Robinson, Thomas, Providence.
Dolph, J. H.,	Rothermel, P. F., Limerick St'n, Pa.
Donoho, G. Ruger, Paris, France.	Ryder, P. P., New York.
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Enneking, J. J., Boston, Mass.	Satterlee, Walter,
Earle, Lawrence C., Chicago, Ill.	Schuchardt, F., Jr.,
Eichbaum, Geo. B., St. Louis.	Sellstedt, L. G., Buffalo.
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Ferguson, Henry A.,	Shattuck, A. D., New York.
Fitch, John L.,	Shields, Thomas W.,
Fredericks, Alfred,	Shirlaw, Walter,
Freer, F. W.,	Shurtleff, R. M.,
Fuechsel, H.,	Smillie, Geo. H.,
Fuller, Geo. F.,	Smillie, Jas. D.,
Gay, Edward, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.	Smith, H. P., New York.
Granbery, H. A., New York.	Smith, T. L.,
Granbery, Virginia,	Sonntag, Wm. L.,
Gardner, Elizabeth J., Paris, France.	Story, Geo. H.,
Gaul, Gilbert, Spencer, Tenn.	Tait, A. F.,
Griswold, Widgery, New York.	Thompson, Wordsworth,
Guy, S. J.,	Tiffany, Louis C.,
Hamilton, Hamilton,	Tracey, John M., Greenwich, Ct.
Hart, Wm.,	Twachtman, J. H., Cincinnati.
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Hicks, Thomas, New York.	Waters, Geo. W., Elmira, N. Y.
Hill, Thomas, San Francisco.	Whittaker, J. B., Brooklyn.
Homer, Winslow, Scarboro', Me.	Whitredge, W., New York.
Hovenden, Helen C., Plymouth	Wiggins, Carleton, Brooklyn.
Meeting, Pa.	Wilcox, W. H., Philadelphia.
Hovenden, T., Ply'th Meeting, Pa.	Wiles, L. M., Le Roy, N. Y.
Howland, A. C., New York.	Willard, A. M., Cleveland, O.
Hubbard, R. W.,	Williamson, Chartres, New York.
Huntington, D.,	Wilmarth, L. E.,
Inness, Geo.,	Wood, T. W.,
Irwin, Benoni,	Wyant, A. H.,
James, Frederick, Philadelphia.	Yelland, R. D., Oakland, Cal.
Johnson, Eastman, New York.	Yewell, Geo. H., New York.
Jones, Alfred,	Zogbaum, R. F., New Rochelle, N. Y.





## THE ART UNION EXHIBITION.

THE opening exhibition of the American Art Union, in its new Galleries, No. 44 East Fourteenth St., Union Square, New York, is an interesting one. Nearly all of the leading members of the Union have contributed pictures—and pictures fairly illustrating the distinctive characteristics of the various schools, as well as of the individuality of the artists. There are one hundred and seventy-three paintings exhibited, one hundred and thirteen of which, in oils, hang in the larger gallery, while the remainder, consisting of water colors and etchings, are in the smaller gallery.

Entering the large gallery from the elevator, first on the line, as one turns the corner of the elevator shaft, is E. Wood Perry's picture, "What's that you say?"—an old man with an inquiring look in his face, seated under a tree around which morning-glories climb. Next to it is Walter Shirlaw's "Tuning up," a quaint Bavarian interior, in which an old man is seated, tuning his violin. A woman, with arms folded, stands looking at him, and two men are sitting at a table with their pipes and beer, while a child, standing by a bench, is playing with a kitten. The picture is agreeable in composition, and rich and harmonious in color—the roughly plastered wall, stained by time and smoke, and the red brick pavement contributing much to the color values, which hold their own through the transparent shadows.

A pleasing small picture, by William Morgan, showing a young girl seated in a studio playing a banjo, is entitled "An Impromptu," and next on the line is an ideal head, by Benoni Irwin, expressive of its title, "Supplication." In the same panel are hung "An

Uninteresting Novel," by M. J. Burns, depicting a young woman lying asleep on a sofa, with an open novel in her hand; "An Upland Farm in Autumn," by Jervis M'Entee; "The Bay of Fundy," by F. K. M. Rehn—a sea view looking towards the shore, when sky and water are tinged with the glow of the rising sun; "A June Morning," by Frank T. Lent—a marshy meadow, with pools of water showing through the bright green of the grass and other vegetation; and "An Amusing Story," by George H. Story, in which a young woman, reading, with her back turned toward the spectator, shows just enough of her profile to suggest the title or the picture. Percival De Luce's "Old Fashioned Girl" admirably balances H. A. Granbery's "Pansies," both in size and color.

In the next panel, first on the line is F. K. M. Rehn's "Fishermen's Huts, Gloucester, Mass."—a view showing several rude huts grouped together on a point of rocky land jutting out into the water, the sun rising beyond them, and sky and water reflecting the rosy tints of early morning. "Waterloo and Sedan," by E. F. Andrews, tells its story well. A soldier of the First Empire, reduced to the hand-organ brigade, is seated just outside the door-way of a drinking place, and overhears the boasts of a soldier who was at Sedan, who is the center and hero of an interested group inside. The veteran, in his tattered garments, can not help contrasting his lot with that of the later soldier, flattered and treated while he is neglected. His eyes kindle when he hears of battle, but there is a grim look in his face which is half contemptuous, as he reflects upon what he could tell of the battles he has taken part in. A conscious pride expresses itself in his face, which might be explained if we could know wherefore came the decoration which hangs upon the ragged coat, which looks as if it, too, might be a reminiscence of Waterloo. There are two landscapes in this panel: "Near Vichy, France," by Clinton Ogilvie, and "Uplands," by J. R. Meeker. Henry P. Smith's "In the Gulf Stream, Newfoundland," shows a stretch of open sea, with a ship in the distance coming toward the spectator. Over it hangs "Portland, from Peake's Island," by H. B. Brown.

On the east wall, beginning at the front, the first picture on the line is by T. W. Wood, "Taking Toll;"—a negro lad carrying a basket of marketing, from which he has abstracted an apple. Just as he is about to bite it, he looks off in a guilty way as if wondering if anyone sees him. The apples, lemons and various fruits and vegetables in the basket give bright bits of color, and the ragged straw hat forms an effective background for the expressive dusky face. Next on the line is a "Hunter's Camp in Winter," by Albert Bierstadt, in which it is night, with falling snow. A camp-fire has been lighted under a projecting rock, and the glow from the firelight tinges the rocks, the tree





SKETCHES FROM THE AMERICAN ART UNION EXHIBITION—BY J. C. NICOLL AND H. P. SHARE,



trunks, and makes a red pathway over the snow toward the observer. Over this hangs a characteristic landscape by J. L. Fitch, near which is a realistic representation of some "Strawberries," by Virginia Granbery. "Newport, Isle of Wight," by Joseph Lyman, presents a view along a stream which is crossed by a stone bridge in the middle distance. A clump of trees casts deep shadows into the water on the left side, and some quaint old houses border the right bank. The picture is painted broadly, yet carefully and realistically. "The Spinner," by Frederick James, is a young woman with her spinning wheel, sitting in a room whose window overlooks the sea. On the lower line are effective landscapes by William Sartain and M. De Forest Bolmer, between which is a small picture by J. Wells Champney, entitled "In my Lady's Garden." Thomas Robinson's "Cattle and Landscape," and Carl C. Brenner's "On the Classic Beargrass" hang above the line. The latter is a view on a small, romantic stream near Louisville, Ky.

"A Fete at Mentone on St. John's Eve," by Wordsworth Thompson, gives an interesting view along the shore of the bay, with quaint old houses on the left, and the sea stretching away into the distance on the right, showing the curious old castle in the middle-ground. In the foreground, the inhabitants have already begun their celebration. Some are dancing, others are congregated about tables, here and there, drinking wine. The spirit of the festivity is well expressed in the picture. "Late October," by H. Bolton Jones, hangs on the line, and next to it is an attractive picture by Frederick W. Freer, entitled "The Connoisseurs." Two young women, one sitting, the other standing near a window, are looking at a colored print, the subject of which is faintly shown through the paper, which is held between the spectator and the light.

William Bradford's "Sunset, Straits of Belle Isle," is a glowing representation of an Arctic region. In the foreground is a rocky beach with fishermen's huts, and out over the water, in the middle distance, is an iceberg, gorgeously colored by the rays of the setting sun. Boats with colored sails are seen near the iceberg. "A Rosebud among the Daisies" is a charming picture by J. Wells Champney—a little girl gathering daisies in a large field on a bright day in midsummer. "A View near Dordrecht, Holland," by C. B. Coman, shows two large windmills in the foreground, with a number of Dutch cottages in the distance, and is painted very realistically. A characteristic picture, by J. C. Nicoll, is "A Bit of Startsmouth Island, Mass.," a rocky point upon which the waves are dashing. "A Few Sparks Left," by E. Wood Perry, on the lower line, depicts an old woman with a bellows endeavoring to enliven some red coals in an old-fashioned fireplace. Next to it is a picture, by Chartres Williamson, of a young girl

of a decidedly blonde type, with the face relieved against a dark-green background—whence the title, "Green and Gold." "A Twilight," by J. W. Casilear, is full of bright color, and above it, in striking contrast of subject, is "An Old Saw-mill in Winter," by T. L. Smith. In the same panel are "An Old Fiddler," by M. Kollock, and "Five O'clock Tea," by C. W. Conant. "After the Day's Work is Done," by E. Wood Perry is a characteristic portrayal of the interior of a farmhouse, with a young woman reading the Bible to an old man, who listens with deep attention. In an old-fashioned open fire-place a wood-fire burns on the andirons. "Nevada Falls," by Albert Bierstadt, is a portrait of a bit of Rocky Mountain scenery. "A View in Maine," by W. L. Sonntag, contains a bright morning effect. In "At Sea," by M. F. H. De Haas, there is well-expressed motion in the clouds and water. "An Afternoon off the Labrador Coast," by William Bradford, shows an iceberg in the middle-ground, boats in the foreground, and a view of the distant coast beyond. "In Brittany," by Thomas Hicks, introduces a young woman in characteristic costume, looking from an open window.

"Mt. Winthrop," by W. L. Sonntag, is an interesting picture, in which the mountain is seen at a distance, on the left, half enveloped by the clouds. In the middle-ground is a clear, quiet pool, in which the landscape and clouds are reflected. The foreground is a tangled mass of vines and vegetation. "Le Chapeau de Madame," by J. H. Dolph, shows three realistically painted kittens disporting themselves. They have overturned Madame's band-box and have been making free with the gorgeously trimmed hat which has fallen out. "The Ferry Road at Dingman, Pa.," is a characteristic picture by T. Addison Richards, and over it hangs a bright picture of some "Peonies," by Charles Harry Eaton. By J. R. Brevoort is a bright, attractive "Scene in Holland"—several quaint cottages, half hidden among the trees, and the ever-present windmill, waving its arms above the foliage. "On Rondout Creek," by M. Kollock, is a conscientiously painted portrait of a romantic locality near Ellenville, N. Y., representing the late forenoon of a September day, when the bright greens of the grass and foliage are just beginning to turn.

"A Memory of June" is a vigorously painted picture by G. H. McCord, above which, "Summer at Auteuil, France," by Clinton Ogilvie, is a pleasing view of the charming Parisian suburb, showing the handsome stone viaduct in the middle-ground. H. A. Granbery's "Peonies" is a bright, attractive picture, and Julia Dillon's "Roses" are charming in quality and decorative effect. "Signing the Marriage Contract," by F. Schuchardt, Jr., contains considerable character. A young man is bending over the document to which he is affixing his signature, the young woman stands be-





SKETCHES FROM THE AMERICAN ART UNION EXHIBITION—BY J. F. CROPSEY AND H. P. SHARE.



side him, and the old notary and fathers of the young people are seated about the table with pleased expressions. "Tipping his Hand," by Louis Schultze, shows a portion of the interior of a bar-room, where two men are playing cards. One of the players is receiving signals from a confederate who stands behind his opponent.

In Hamilton Hamilton's "Apple Blossoms," a young woman is holding an infant on the low-hanging limb of an apple tree which is covered with blossoms. The child evidently enjoys its novel position, and the bright little face somewhat suggests an apple blossom itself. "Over the Hills," by Jervis McEntee, contains a great deal that is pleasing both in sentiment and realization. A road winds from the foreground and is lost over the brow of the hill; beyond are other hills stretching far into the distance. At the left are some beeches from which the leaves have fallen. Over this, "The Hudson River from Cro' Nest, above West Point," is a small picture by Herman Fuechsel; "After a June Rain," by Bruce Crane, is a fresh, bright bit of landscape, and above it is "A Clifton Meadow," by Julian Rix—a clump of trees in the background, out of which a brook finds its way into the foreground. Constant Mayer's "Song of the Twilight" is a picture full of sentiment. A young woman is seated upon a high ledge of rock, with a guitar lying across her lap and her fingers wandering over the strings. Her expression gives a suggestion of poetical thoughts touched by sadness. Beyond her the distant sky is streaked with crimson and gold, which are, in the foreground, reflected on the faces of the rocks.

"The Monopolist," a clever picture by William Morgan, shows an urchin sitting on the ground enjoying a generous slice from a large watermelon which lies before him and which another boy is eyeing wistfully, but rather hopelessly, as he notes the self-complacent expression on the face of the boy who has 'a corner in melon.' "Come Bossy," by Carleton Wiggins, exhibits a little girl in a pasture field endeavoring to coax some calves to come to her. A. T. Bricher's "In my Neighbor's Garden" is a view found in Southampton, L. I. The garden, in front of the old-fashioned house, contains a great variety of flowers, among which two children are playing while a young woman sits watching them. There is a pleasant glimpse of the sea in the distance. In "A Forest Interior," by George Hetzel, one sees through the dense wood in the foreground, an open space in the distance that is full of bright sunshine. A transparent stream flows over a rocky course toward the spectator.

"Greenwood Lake" is one of J. F. Cropsey's characteristic autumnal pictures, in which the brilliant coloring of the foliage is supplemented by a gorgeous sunset sky and a line of purple hills stretching away in the distance. An Eastern serving boy carrying a tray with a flask of wine and glasses gives rise to the title "An

Eastern Smile," Alfred Fredericks being the artist.

On the west wall, George C. Lambdin's pink and yellow "Roses" are fine in quality. "A Norway Scene," by Edward Gay, depicts rocky cliffs rising from the water, about which hundreds of sea gulls fly hither and thither. In Carl C. Brenner's "Beeches," the character of the trees is well realized and the composition of the picture is pleasing. "The Death of Hypatia," by P. F. Rothermel, is full of dramatic action, illustrating the point when her murderers are about to seize her.

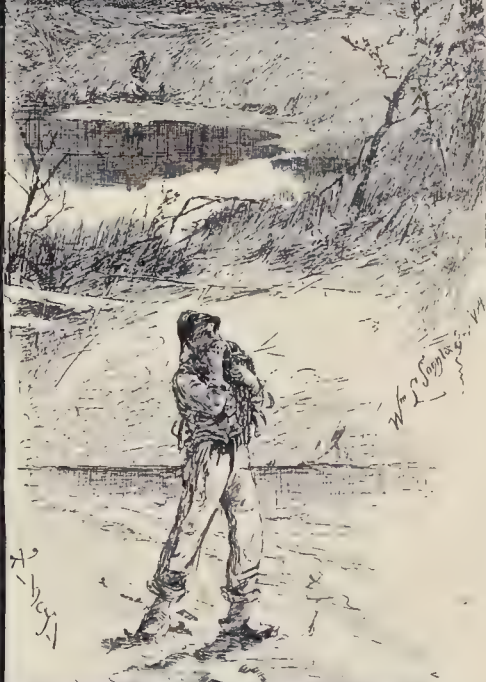
"An Idyl," by Constant Mayer, is illustrated in the frontispiece. In color it is quiet, harmonious and effective. A "View Overlooking Lake Champlain from Ferrisburg, Vt.," by J. B. Bristol, is an interesting portrait of a charmingly beautiful section of country. "A Votive Offering," by Walter Satterlee, shows a French peasant woman decorating a wayside shrine with flowers. In F. Schuchardt, Jr.'s "Falling Leaves," a young widow and her child are seated on a park-bench with autumn leaves strewn upon the ground around them. The sad look in both faces harmonizes with the sentiment of the dying season. "A Jersey Hay-rick," by Julian Rix, is a bright picture of excellent quality and atmospheric effect. "Tombs and Mosque near Cairo" is a carefully painted picture by H. A. Ferguson. In Frank Waller's "After the Shower," a roadway leads from the foreground, in the depressions of which are pools of water that reflect the color of the sky.

"Love's Crown," by Henry A. Loop, is a charming ideal, half classical in its suggestiveness, illustrating the playful sport of a mother and child, in a setting of summer landscape. The figures are in quiet shadow except where the sunshine filters through the branches at intervals and falls upon them with vivid effect. In "Priscilla," Thomas Hicks introduces his ideal of the Puritan maid who asked John Alden why he did not speak for himself. "Glad Morning" is a delicately painted ideal by George C. Lambdin—a semi-nude young woman with upraised arms. "A Snowy Day," by T. L. Smith, shows a road leading through a forest interior; the snow-fall has ceased, but a strong wind fills the air with fine snow blown from the trees and from the top of the drifts. G. H. McCord's "Landscape," containing figures of a woman and child near a stream in the foreground, and "In the Pasture," by E. L. Henry, showing two horses in a field—very carefully and literally rendered—are the last two pictures on the west wall.

Turning to the screen in the center of the Gallery, on both sides of which hang pictures, we find, on the east side, "The Cobbler," by J. H. Niemeyer, first on the line. Over it is "Fast Castle," by George F. Fuller, an old structure built on a high cliff above the sea, faintly indicated through a heavy storm. "Ahoy" is a



Mr. Winthrop  
reflected  
in a pool  
.....





vigorously painted picture of a 'longshoreman calling to a companion, by M. J. Burns. "Free Pasture," by Arthur Parton, shows a woman driving a cow which is disposed to graze lazily by the roadside; a picture full of sunshine and atmosphere.

"In the Woods," by William H. Beard, is a carefully realized forest interior with deer drinking from a stream in the foreground. The light breaks through an opening in the woods, in the distance, with charming effect. P. F. Rothermel's "Bacchantes" exhibits a congregation of semi-nude figures indulging in festivity, and is rich in color. Carl C. Brenner's "Cool November" is another of the artist's characteristic studies of beech-woods. By Widgery Griswold is a small picture representing a bird standing on the edge of a nest "Keeping Guard." Below this, on the line, is Frank T. Lent's "November." A "November Twilight," by Stephen Parrish, is a picture containing much poetical sentiment. It shows an unenclosed field on a hill, over which a road leads down to the valley beyond. In the middle-ground an old barn is projected against a bright sky. Some sheep are grazing in the foreground, and one obtains glimpses of distant hills across the valleys.

On the opposite side of the screen, the first picture is a bright "Landscape," by J. W. Casilear—a girl driving some cows along a path coming out of the woods. There is a very pleasing view down the pathway in the shadow of the trees; the distance and atmospheric effect being well realized. "On the River Maas, Holland," is a picture painted in the impressionistic manner, by J. H. Twachtman. "Camping Out in the Adirondacks," by Herman Fuechsel, shows a number of men grouped around a camp-fire. The moon is rising from behind distant hills. "Dana Beach, Manchester, Mass.," by Ernest Longfellow, depicts a sandy beach in the foreground, out of which rises a point of rocks overgrown with stunted trees and sparse grasses. "Morning in the Meadows," by Charles H. Eaton, shows a meadow through which passes a quiet stream in which are flags and pond lilies. "Spring in the Chemung Valley," by G. W. Waters, hangs above it.

P. P. Ryder's "Warming Up" represents an old man sitting before a kitchen stove, on a cold morning, "warming up" with a cup of hot coffee. The old face is full of character, and the various details of the picture are carefully realized. Two pieces of still life complete the panel: "Lilacs and Tulips," by Virginia Granbery, and "Fruit and Silver," by W. M. Brown.

Edgar M. Ward contributes a picture entitled "A Street in Trepont, Normany," depicting a fisherman and woman meeting at an archway built over the street. By George H. Yewell, is a view "On the Bolton Road, Lake George." E. F. Andrews is represented again by "La Petite Irma," and P. P. Ryder has also another picture called "The Chimney Corner," showing an old man enjoying his pipe by the fireside.

In the smaller Gallery are water-colors and etchings, including works by Thomas Moran, Henry Farrer, J. C. Nicoll, Stephen Parrish, Kruseman Van Elten, T. W. Wood, William Sartain, M. J. Burns, J. H. Twachtman, A. C. Howland, J. Wells Champney and others. These will be considered more fully in a future paper. Walter Satterlee is represented by a characteristic sketch entitled "Puck Asleep," a reproduction of which is printed at the head of this article.

#### TO ARTISTS AND VISITORS.

Pictures in the American Art Union's galleries which may be sold, will be delivered to the purchasers at once, and the artists will be communicated with and given an opportunity to replace them in the galleries. Every member of the Art Union can be represented continually. The pictures will be re-hung at intervals, and new works will frequently replace old ones. By the occasional re-hangings, artists will be given equal advantages with reference to peculiarly choice positions, and frequent visitors to the galleries will enjoy the novelty of change, besides the view of old friends in new lights.

#### THE ETCHING, "THE REPRIMAND."

The etching, "The Reprimand," by Walter Shirlaw, after Eastman Johnson's picture, which is given as a premium to each annual subscriber to the American Art Union, has been characterized by a competent authority as the finest figure etching thus far produced in this country, and one of the finest that has been published in the whole history of etching. In another column, Mr. James D. Smillie, himself a high authority upon such matters, very favorably expresses himself concerning the etching in a letter to the editor.

"The Reprimand" shows the interior of an humble cottage with a broad, open fire-place. An old man is sitting near the chimney, and leaning forward, with severe expression, is reproofing a young girl, who stands before him, for disobedience. His words, however, are slightly heeded; she has turned aside with a toss of her head and a look that indicates smothered rebellion.

As studies of expression, the faces in the etching are remarkable. The figures are both admirable in drawing, and the quaint interior is well realized. As a composition, both in lines and in chiar-oscuro the work is exceedingly effective and pleasing.

#### HOURS OF THE EXHIBITION.

The American Art Union Galleries are open daily—except Sunday—from 9 o'clock A.M. until 10 o'clock P.M., with an intermission from 6 until 7:30 P.M. At night, the Galleries are illuminated by electric light. Visitors take the elevator for the Gallery at the street door, No. 44 East Fourteenth St., Union Square.





SKETCHES FROM THE AMERICAN ART UNION EXHIBITION—BY H. P. SHARE.



## THE ART UNION

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN ART UNION.

EDITED BY CHARLES M. KURTZ.

Correspondence on Art matters is respectfully solicited.

Notices of all forthcoming Exhibitions and Art Sales throughout the country are desired, as well as copies of the Catalogues of Public and Private galleries and transient Exhibitions, and reports of Art Sales.

All communications relating to the Literary Department should be addressed to CHARLES M. KURTZ, No. 44 East Fourteenth street, Union Square, New York.

All communications relating to the Business Management of the Journal, should be addressed to "Business Department, American Art Union," No. 44 East Fourteenth street, Union Square, New York.

For terms of subscription to THE ART UNION, see page 18.

VOL. I.

NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1884.

NO. I.

## EDITORIAL.

## THE ART UNION.

THE ART UNION, a monthly journal, has been brought into existence by the association of artists whose name it bears, as one of the agencies by which it will endeavor to further the advancement of art knowledge and appreciation throughout the country.

It will be the official journal of the society, and the general exponent, from an artistic standpoint, of the views of artist contributors concerning the principles that form the bases of the prevailing schools.

As the Association is composed of artists whose ideas and practice of art have wide divergence, but who are yet united in one common cause—the popularization of art—there will be no official commendation or condemnation of any particular school. The journal will support only such ideas as obtain among earnest and honest artists, and will deprecate such only as these in common condemn. Its columns will, however, be open to any individual presentation of art views, except such as may be written with personal animus, which the association has no desire to encourage.

The members of the Art Union believe that, as a rule, professional artists, by means of special fitness or long study, necessarily know more about art than persons who do not possess these qualifications. They believe that the thing to be said is more important than the manner of saying it, and that the only excuse for writing about art is the desire to interpret it, and nature through it, to those who have had neither time nor opportunity to learn without such assistance—so that they may be led to seek and at last find for themselves the truth and beauty that are in nature and all good art.

A large portion of this first issue is devoted to an explanation of the objects of the American Art Union. Future issues will more fully exemplify the projected features of the publication.

It is intended to publish:

- I. An account of the work of the American Art Union for each month.
- II. A general resume of the art events of each month.
- III. Occasional notes from the studios and galleries.
- IV. Correspondence upon art matters from various portions of the country.
- V. Correspondence from European art centers, with especial reference to the work being accomplished by American artists who are abroad.
- VI. Editorial comment upon the principal artistic topics of the time.
- VII. Descriptive and critical articles upon the various art exhibitions.
- VIII. Contributions from leading artists—technical, historical and descriptive.
- IX. Interviews with leading artists upon various topics of art interest.
- X. Illustrations of prominent pictures.
- XI. Articles on the Art Schools of America and the various methods of art teaching.
- XII. Articles on the public and private art collections of the United States.
- XIII. A list of all art exhibitions open at the time of publication.
- XIV. A list of all forthcoming exhibitions.
- XV. A list of the picture sales of each month.
- XVI. Art book reviews.

AS artists of all periods and all countries have always complained that the current criticism of their time was incompetent and inadequate, it might be supposed that, now that the artists possess a journal of their own, they might undertake to show what true criticism of pictures is, from an artistic standpoint.

In order to form the proper judgment of a picture, there should be such knowledge of Art and Nature as should enable the writer to thoroughly analyze the picture as a work of art. It is not a question of the personal like or dislike of either artist, subject, or treatment, but simply whether or not the artist is consistent with himself—if he treats his subject artistically, logically, from his own standpoint.

But there is one difficulty. As this journal is the organ of the artists whose pictures are in the Art Union's gallery—artists whose works represent many different schools, it will be impossible, obviously, to undertake any critical work in the premises, as any praise of a picture, of which even the majority might approve, might be construed as self-laudation or mutual



admiration, and any condemnation might be construed as an evidence of personal disfavor toward the artist. Therefore, the notices of the pictures will be simply descriptive, such as will give those who are unable to see them some idea of the stories they tell, with occasional hints of their composition and color.

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THANKS.

The American Art Union gratefully acknowledges its obligation to Mr. D. W. POWERS, of Rochester, N. Y., for kindly loaning his painting, "The Reprimand," by EASTMAN JOHNSON, in order that THE ART UNION Etching might be made from it by WALTER SHIRLAW. Every subscriber who receives an impression of this superb etching will join with the Art Union in tendering thanks to Mr. POWERS.

Messrs. D. LOTHROP & Co., publishers, of Boston, will also please accept the thanks of THE ART UNION for having generously loaned the plate for the very excellent portrait of the late Mr. A. F. BELLOW, which appears in this number. It is taken from the first volume of *Our American Artists*, written by Mr. S. G. W. BENJAMIN, and published by Messrs. LOTHROP & Co.

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MR. FARRER'S ETCHING SUPPLEMENT.

The Art Union is indebted to the generosity of Mr. HENRY FARRER for the plate from which is printed the etching "Off Quarantine, New York," presented as a supplement with this issue of THE ART UNION. It represents a view from Staten Island, with a steamer, possibly awaiting the Quarantine officers, in the foreground, and shipping of various kinds in the distance.

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THOMAS B. CLARKE'S EXHIBITION.

The exhibition of Mr. THOMAS B. CLARKE'S collection of American paintings, at the gallery, No. 6 East Twenty-third street, is an interesting one, and conclusively demonstrates the fact that the intelligent American collector is not obliged to go abroad to secure good pictures. That the exhibition will be of decided advantage to American art, aside from the amount of money that may be raised through it for Mr. CLARKE'S Academy Prize Fund, is undoubted. It will show a great many hitherto uninformed persons how much there is in American art that has not been fairly recognized, and that, when it is fairly represented, it lacks nothing in interest or sterling merit in comparison with exhibitions of foreign art of the same relative class.

The Art Union's Galleries, No. 44 East Fourteenth street, Union Square, are open daily—except Sunday—from nine o'clock A. M. until ten o'clock P. M.

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COMMUNICATIONS.

Under this heading will be published communications relative to art matters, which may be addressed to the Editor. In each case, the name and address of the writer must accompany the contribution, though not necessarily for publication.

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THE ART UNION ETCHING.

*New York, Dec. 22, 1883.*

To the Editor of THE ART UNION:

I have just been studying, with much gratification, Walter Shirlaw's etching after Eastman Johnson's painting, "The Reprimand." It adds another to the list of surprises, and is a new proof of the versatile power of our artists. Mr. Shirlaw, so well known as a painter, is hardly known to us as an etcher, but he has here produced a work that shows not only the sympathetic appreciation that one artist may be supposed to have for the work of a brother-artist, but also a technical knowledge of and skill in reproductive etching processes that is very remarkable. I hope that Mr. Shirlaw may be induced to give us more of such work.

The proof by Mr. Ritchie, that I have seen, is admirable, and calls for favorable comment. If we are to have good etchers we must also have good painters.

Very truly yours,

JAMES D. SMILLIE.

The following letters have been received. The first one was sent to us ten days ago; the second one arrived just in time to be included in this issue of the journal. We publish both without comments.—ED.

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LETTERS FROM "A WIFE."

*New York, Dec. 10, 1883.*

To the Editor of THE ART UNION:—

I am an unhappy woman, and feel that I must unburden myself and denounce the Art which it is now so much the fashion to extol, but which has been the cause of all my trouble. You must know then, that after his great success, my dear husband being no longer chained behind the counter from twelve to fifteen hours a day, had for the first time in his life, some leisure hours, and receiving kind invitations from a number of the first-class dealers in art, just after we built our new house, he made their acquaintance and it was not long before the house was filled with most beautiful paintings—every one of the French school, of course, as my husband was too knowing to purchase an American picture, the colors of which we were told all fade in a few months. And I may say that his taste and judgment have been most highly commended by the gentlemen from whom he bought his collection.

For many years our home life was a very happy one; my husband was social in his habits and enjoyed entertaining his friends, to whom he was accustomed



after dinner to show his pictures, mentioning their value, the names of the artists and also of the gentlemen from whom he bought them, with the pride and gusto of a genuine art collector; but in an evil moment, a few weeks ago, he read an article referring to some picture sales in the Rue Drouot in Paris, and since then all has changed; he has become morose and never looks at his once admired pictures but to utter the most awful curses against all artists, pictures and picture dealers. Then he is always muttering calculations as to the chances of this or that painting being genuine, the most frequent referring to his once prized Daubignys—twelve in number, of which he says there are seventy thousand in existence.

I tell him over and over again, but to no purpose, that the gentlemen who sold him these pictures, having been in the business for many years and occupying the finest stores in the city, could not be mistaken, and that the copies and forgeries must belong to some other people, who have not had the advantage of the experience of these gentlemen. And all this comes from a miserable paragraph in a daily newspaper! I wish that neither of us had ever seen a picture, and I am proud to think that I have never spoken to an artist. I am sure they must be a bad set of men, one-half of them painting pictures to be copied, and the other half copying them; and it isn't right to couple their names with those of the gentlemen who only sell pictures, for I know that these latter despise them, and if they could help it would have nothing whatever to do with them. I like our New York papers because they condemn all the American artists, and now I want to find some paper that will abuse all foreign ones; that will, at least, be some slight consolation to

AN UNHAPPY WIFE.

*New York, Dec. 20, 1883.*

To the Editor of THE ART UNION:

Since I wrote that unhappy letter to you about ten days ago, the much wished but scarcely hoped for change has come over the atmosphere of our home, and instead of the gloom that for a few weeks pervaded the house, there is now only joyous sunshine.

I wrote that letter in the hope that it would somewhat relieve my feelings, but instead, my misery seemed to increase, though it happily proved to be only the dark hour that preceded the bright sunrise.

By persevering efforts, I succeeded in inducing my husband to invite Mr.——, who sold him the larger part of our collection, to dinner, and to talk with him on the subject. So, after one of our most pleasant dinners, my husband explained the cause of his anxieties, and was assured that they were entirely groundless as far as he was concerned; that, no doubt, some other

dealers (naming them) did dispose of spurious pictures, some of which it was impossible for any one but an expert to detect; but that he had been so successful in his business, that it was no longer to his interest to engage in that class of trade—that his customers were all of them wealthy connoisseurs who were willing to pay prices for the best class of pictures, and that his reputation would be ruined if he dealt in any other—that while the dealers in doubtful pictures were complaining of dull times, his own business had never been more prosperous, despite the iniquitous duty that had been placed upon foreign works of art. That, during the past six months, he had sold over five hundred of the finest Daubignys he had ever seen, and a proportionate number of the pictures of other eminent foreign artists. He said, moreover, that if he had not four days before made some large investments that required all of his spare capital, he would gladly offer to purchase our whole collection at an advance on their cost to us, and that the articles we had read in the newspapers were written by the most unprincipled penny-a-liners, who were, no doubt, instigated by some of the envious American artists whose works could not be named on the same day with those they endeavored to disparage.

Of course we were both perfectly satisfied and resolved never to read another article on art in any paper; so please do not send your journal to us, as we have directed our servants to refuse all such publications.

I write this in the hope that if any other households are meeting with the same experiences as were detailed in my first letter, they may, by reading this communication, be enabled to experience the same happy *denouement* which we are enjoying.

If it continues, which I see no reason to doubt, you will hear no more from a now

HAPPY WIFE.

A CRITIC IN SEARCH OF A FIELD.

*New York, Dec. 23, 1883.*

To the Editor of THE ART UNION.

DEAR SIR:—I see by some of the papers that your new art society proposes to issue an art journal. Mayhap the position of art critic is not yet filled, and I beg to offer myself for the post. I will "do" the art exhibition work for you at the price usually paid for such service, viz: six dollars per week, or, if you prefer it, will furnish articles at the rate of two dollars per page.

As I have contributed to many of our large city papers, you will doubtless recognize my style (which is said to be particularly spicy) in the enclosed general notice of the present exhibition of the Academy.

Presuming that your new society is an antagonist of the old institution, I think you will be pleased with the tone of my article.



I returned to the city only last night—after an absence of two months—and passing the Academy building this morning, was surprised to find an exhibition in progress.

As usual, on a first visit, I had no catalogue, as I think it best always to get my first impressions from the paintings, without regard to the names of the artists; indeed, I have very little veneration for names, whatever may be their antiquity or eminence.

In a future article I will be happy to enter into particular criticisms. The enclosure is merely to give you an idea of my critical ability.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain:

Yours truly,

\* \* \*

#### THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

It really seems as if there were no hope for that fossilized institution—the National Academy of Design—except in final dissolution. Year after year we have noted the steady deterioration of the exhibitions, from a first promise of future excellence to mediocrity, and from mediocrity to these present inane drivings of the brush that point to a speedy return (if indeed it has not been already reached) to the status of the “connecting link,” which it was hoped had been passed centuries ago in the natural process of evolution.

This present exhibition of the Academy, in aid of the Bartholdi pedestal, is infinitely worse and more dreary than any of its predecessors, for in them one could stroll around with an interesting companion and not pay the least heed to the paintings on the walls, but now these monstrosities force their ugliness upon us *malgre nous*. We, however, console ourselves with the hope that they are the last expiring contortions of the venerable Academicians whose names they bear, and that we may soon be able to say thankfully, “*Requiescat in pace.*”

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In answer to our correspondent, we can only say that the ART UNION has not yet supplied itself with that necessary evil, an art critic, and we have come to the conclusion that we cannot engage him to serve on our staff until he has proven his popularity with the public. To give him an opportunity to let his light shine, we publish his communication.

Our correspondent has, however, made a slight mistake, in confounding the Bartholdi Pedestal Loan Exhibition, containing only foreign pictures, with one of the Academy's exhibitions of American pictures. Except for this, the criticism does not appear to be very different from the usual order of Academy notices.—ED.

#### THE TARIFF AGITATION.

From recent newspaper reports, I am informed that a bill has been drawn and introduced in the House of Representatives, to abrogate all duties on works of art—said works “to include all paintings, drawings, photographs and statues in marble or other stone.” This bill is said to have “the approval of the Society of American Artists, as stated by Mr. William M. Chase, in behalf of a committee of that organization.”

A year ago, a number of the younger artists of this city, who are in the habit of exhibiting pictures abroad, and who, it was whispered, were not averse to embracing an opportunity to curry favor with foreign artists and American dealers, presented a memorial to the Tariff Commission, asking an abolition of all duties on imported pictures. Persons, however, who felt that they understood the matter rather better than these interested young men, explained to the Commission that the duty should not be removed, if the Government felt any interest at all in American art; whereupon, in a burst of enthusiasm for the art of America, the Government, instead of removing the duty, increased it from ten to thirty per cent.

But neither a ten per cent nor a thirty per cent duty is what the thinking artist would desire. He would ask a *specific* instead of an *advalorem* duty. What is really needed is a measure that will strike at the importation of mediocre, low-priced work, but which will not prejudicially affect the importation of really good foreign pictures. No *advalorem* duty that could be established could keep foreign trash out of the country,—even though fifty or a hundred per cent were levied; while even a slight *advalorem* duty—like the former one of ten per cent—is prejudicial to the importation of good foreign work. The American artist makes no fight against the importation of representative pictures by representative foreign artists; on the contrary, he welcomes them, because they will help the growth of art appreciation in this country.

Now, suppose a specific duty of fifty dollars were levied upon every picture by a foreign artist, brought into this country, irrespective of the painter's reputation, the subject, size or value of the work. This duty would be sufficiently large to cut off the excessive profits made from the handling of the very cheap foreign pictures, and would practically bar them out, yet it would only amount to the old ten per cent on a five hundred dollar picture, and five per cent on a thousand dollar work—the percentage decreasing as the value of the painting increased. This would effectually encourage the importation of the best pictures.

This whole question is one of as much importance to the country itself as it is to the artists; and of the latter, it especially affects the younger men; it does not matter so much to the older and better established artists.

After a man has achieved a reputation like that of a Corot, Bouguereau, Gerome, Millet or Meissonier, or like that of George Inness or Eastman Johnson or others of our own countrymen who could be named, his art becomes, so to speak, universal. His fame belongs to the world as well as to his country; and "protection" or "non-protection" is a matter of almost indifference to him. But with the young artist, striving to maintain existence throughout his term of art study, or during his struggle to obtain recognition and reputation, the question is a very serious one. He must depend, to a great extent, upon selling pictures at moderate prices in order to obtain a livelihood, and if low-priced foreign pictures of equal merit with his own are admitted free of duty, his own hope of selling pictures must fall utterly. For, in the first place, the foreign pictures can be produced at a much lower price than his own, because the cost of living abroad—as most young art students and painters live—is very much lower than is the cost of living to the young American artist, all art materials are cheaper, and models can be hired at much lower prices there than here. In the second place, there is already a strong disposition among many Americans to buy something produced abroad rather than something else produced at home, even if the articles are equal in merit and the same in price.

In the event of free foreign art, then none but wealthy young Americans could afford to study art, and thus would practically be shut out the large class of earnest workers from which have sprung the great artists of all times. It seems as if a certain amount of struggling were necessary in the career of a young man, in order that he may be led to develop his capabilities to the highest degree; but it will not do to handicap the student in such a way that his struggle can only result in defeat.

If the Government expects American art to advance, and American artists to spring up who will do their country credit, it is poor policy to discourage at the outset those to whom the country must look for the American art of the future. And it is also poor policy to encourage the importation of cheap, mediocre work, because the influence of such work militates against the true artistic cultivation of the people. Besides, there would be an inconsistency, too, in admitting foreign paintings into the country free of duty, when the foreign art materials used in the production of pictures are taxed upon their entry. Thus an American artist must either pay the duty levied upon foreign materials, or pay the prices American manufacturers, who enjoy protection, are enabled to charge. Under the circumstances, does it not seem that the American artist has a right to ask some protection?

A FRIEND OF AMERICAN ART.

#### ALBERT F. BELLOWS

FRIENDS of American art were pained to learn, a few weeks ago, of the death of ALBERT F. BELLOWS, an artist who stood high in his profession, and whose noble character as a man endeared him to all who were so fortunate as to know him personally.

The death of Mr. Bellows was not unexpected; for many months he had suffered from a malady which he knew must prove fatal, and several months ago he gave up his studio in this city to a brother-artist, expressing the belief, at the time, that he should never be able to paint again. The last weeks of his life were spent at his summer home, in Auburndale, Massachusetts, with his son, who is a physician. He passed away peacefully on the twenty-third day of November.

The life of Mr. Bellows was a rich, beautiful harmony. Into it there entered nothing sensational, nothing spasmodic. It was simple, quiet, beautiful. He won his way gradually to the front rank of the American artists, and maintained his position there by the conscientious work which was characteristic of him. His paintings were not obtrusive, never aggressive, but reflected the quiet, tender, sympathetic nature of the man, and were lovable as he was lovable.

Albert F. Bellows was born in Milford, Massachusetts, in 1829. His father, Dr. Albert J. Bellows, was a physician, and the author of a several important medical works. From him, his ancestry is traced back to the Bellows family which came to this country in the ship "Hopewell," in 1635.

Early in life Mr. Bellows displayed a taste for art. When sixteen years of age, he entered the office of Mr. A. B. Young, of Boston, and began the study of architecture. When he had reached the age of twenty years, he entered into a partnership with Mr. I. D. Toule, of Boston, an architect of established reputation. The new firm prospered, but at the end of its first year, Mr. Bellows, urged by a growing art enthusiasm, withdrew from the partnership in order to give his whole attention to art study and the practice of art. No sooner had he decided to devote himself to art than he was tendered the position of Principal of the New England School of Design, which he accepted and held until his twenty-seventh year, when he resigned his principalship in order to go to Europe, to further educate himself in his chosen profession. While in Europe, he studied in Paris and Antwerp, principally in the Royal Academy of the latter city, his attention being directed at first almost exclusively to genre subjects.

"And there the art student from the new world," says Mr. Benjamin, in his appreciative sketch of Mr. Bellows, "the only American then studying in the Netherlands, pursued his studies with such success that, in 1858, he was elected an honorary member of the Royal Society of Painters of Belgium."



Upon his return to America, the artist took a studio in New York, and here the greater part of the work of his life was accomplished. He was elected an Associate of the National Academy in 1859, and an Academician in 1861.

Mr. Bellows revisited Europe in 1867, and made many sketches and studies in England and France. About this time he began to devote a great deal of attention to painting in water-colors, and his success in this direction was recognized both at home and abroad. He was one of the early members of the American Water-Color Society, and in 1868 was elected an honorary member of the Royal Belgian Society of Water Colorists—an honor which requires the unanimous vote of the members, and which is rarely conferred upon foreigners.

Mr. Bellows also attained high reputation as an etcher. He was an early member of the New York Etching Club and was an honorary member of the British Society of Painter Etchers. Few men have followed so many branches of art, attaining such uniformly great success in all, as Mr. Bellows. He was one of the original members of the American Art Union, and for nearly twenty years was a member of the Century Club, of New York City.

Many of the works of Mr. Bellows have been engraved, and some of his later pictures were in the hands of engravers at the time of his death. His latest work in oil, which is entitled "Under the Willows," was one of these.

In all of his pictures there was a strong feeling for the human element. His landscapes of Old England and New England were filled with this sentiment. The scenes in the Isle of Wight and the South of England and in the Villages of New England were rich in deep sympathetic qualities reflected from the mind of the artist. Among his best known pictures may be mentioned "The First Pair of Boots," "The Sorrows of Boyhood," "The City Cousins," "The Approaching Footsteps" and "The Lost Child,"—among

his earlier genre pictures; and "The New England Village School," "The Parsonage," "Building Air Castles," "The Nook," "The Willow Wagon," "Salem Turnpike," "Coasting in New England," "The Story of Paul and Virginia," "Flowers from the Hospital," "Near the Head of Tide Water," "A Country Byway" and "Near Godalming, Surry, England," of his later works in oils. Of his water-colors are the "Notch at Lancaster," "Afternoon in Surrey," "Surrey Byway," "The Thames at Windsor," "After the Service," "The Dark Entry, Canterbury," "The Reaper's Child," "A New England Homestead," "Sunday in New England," "Sunday in Devonshire," "Devonshire Cottages," "A Byway near Torquay" and "The Christening Party." The last three of these were engraved in the *Art Journal*.

To the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, Mr. Bellows sent "Sunday in Devonshire," in oils, and "A Study of a Head," "Autumn Woods" and "Sunday Afternoon in New England," in water-colors. To the Paris Exposition of 1878, he contributed the "New England Village School" and "The New England Homestead." The etchings by Mr. Bellows are highly esteemed. Among them are the "Riverside Inn," "The Mill Stream," "The Messenger," "The Romance" and "Flowers from the Hospital,"—subjects selected from his paintings.

An intimate friend of the late Mr. Bellows in

writing of him recently, for one of the newspapers, says: "As Mr. Bellows' paintings are of the most refined quality, so were the characteristics of the man. In this respect I never saw his equal. It impressed itself at once on all who met him. In health he was of fine figure and handsome face, gentle manners, but by no means effeminate. He was free and out-spoken in his opinions, and showed in his sickness the greatest patience and highest courage, dying without having, through two years of painful sickness, uttered a single murmur or complaint at his hard lot."



## TALKS WITH ARTISTS.

## INDIVIDUALITY IN ART.

A CONVERSATION WITH WILLIAM HART.

I VERY greatly enjoy visiting my artist friends in their studios, and engaging in conversation with them concerning their art while they continue their painting and allow me to feel that I am not an intruder. Very, very often have I wished, when it was too late, that I could recall some of these pleasant talks, in their entirety, for I have felt that they might be as interesting to others as they always are to me.

This afternoon, I dropped into William Hart's studio, in Twenty-third street, and while Mr. Hart called several cattle into the foreground of one of his characteristic landscapes, I enjoyed watching him work and hearing him talk at the same time. From a conversation at first general and disconnected, we drifted into a talk about Individuality in Art; and as it is only a little while since I left the studio, I shall endeavor to jot down something of our conversation while I still remember it vividly. It began in this way:

"I am often asked," said Mr. Hart, "my opinion regarding the ability of some young person recently returned from a course of art study abroad,—a person, possibly, who has sent home works which seem to argue the possession of the most decided talent, but which do not sufficiently indicate to me whether the talent belongs to the student or to the master under whom he has studied. To such questions I invariably answer that we must wait for awhile and see how this apparent genius survives a few years of absence from the master. Our young friend is, at present, a mere grub in the chrysalis state, and what color the butterfly is to be is something that I feel is beyond my power to foretell.

"I do not find fault with the young painter for being influenced by his master; he must copy him to a great extent to learn from him; but after he has learned the principles that can be taught, it is time for him to set out for himself and modify and supplement what he has learned by the impressions he derives individually from Nature. It was well to imitate the master at the outset, but it does not follow that that is to be the end and aim of the learner's existence.

"In learning to draw correctly,—and I consider correct drawing the most necessary basis for a thorough art education,—the student must most carefully imitate that which he sees. As a student, he is not at first called upon to originate; he is expected to imitate and to obtain proficiency as an imitator; but, after this, he must look about him to discover the spirit that is in things, and to interpret to us what Nature discloses to him. This interpretation he must give us in his own

language, and we shall value it in proportion as it possesses strength, directness, truth and beauty. To please the highest sense, it should be refined as well as vigorous—and I assure you that a picture can possess both strength and refinement despite what some of the self-assumed critics may say. Strength does not necessarily imply brutality, boorishness or crudity, nor does refinement of necessity indicate weakness; the two exist together in the best pictures as in the best people.

"But an artist, all through his art life, must keep up the imitative part also. He must exercise himself constantly in the almost merely mechanical matter of drawing, in order best to express this spirit he finds in nature. An artist is always a student."

"What would be your definition of Individuality in Art, Mr. Hart?"

"Individuality I should term the expression of the nature of the artist himself in his work. The strong man, as a student, will display evidences of himself in his work, even though the same work contains much that is characteristic of his master. His work will not so literally reproduce that which his master places before him, perhaps, as will the work of a man of less talent but greater imitative ability. For that reason, persons are apt to make great mistakes in estimating the relative talents of art students. The man who draws most literally is not, by any means, necessarily the strongest man in a school, but he who succeeds in appreciating and incorporating the spirit of what he attempts to reproduce into his work, is the man who displays the most evident promise. The imitative faculty, as I have said, is an important element in the artist, but one that is of small value compared with the creative faculty. A monkey is a close imitator, but a monkey does not invent anything. An artist must be able to imitate, but he must be able to do a great deal more, and as he does more, he displays the individuality that distinguishes him from other men, and we enjoy his work because it is different from that of other men.

"Thackeray and Dickens are authors whose writings we enjoy, because they are so true to nature; but beyond that there is great charm in the difference of the styles of the two men. We love Dickens, we love Thackeray, and yet the two men are not at all alike. And it is not so much that they tell us as their inimitable way of telling it that we delight in; not so much the books as the nature of their books. And so, in art, the artist's mind, as shown through his work, is much more fascinating to us than the work itself.

"And in the matter of technique, no two men should be expected to paint alike any more than they should be expected to think, or write, or feel, or look alike. No two men are alike. As to the best technique, that is best for a man which enables him to express his own feeling of Nature best. A man may see Nature very



broadly, or with an eye to the most minute details, and he should paint exactly as he sees. It would not do for Jean Francois Millet to try to paint like Gerome, nor may Gerome attempt to paint after the manner of Millet. Either of these men is a great master in his way, and is great because individual, and—one might say—intrinsically great in his Nature. I shall not say that one of them is greater than the other, but I may prefer one to the other, because he sees Nature, more nearly as I see her, or because he has a fashion of showing me those effects which I admire most in Nature in a manner that, to me, is particularly charming.

"To one who is forming an art collection, this difference—this individuality of artists—comes forward in full force; this personal nature is felt in its greatest degree. To me Corot is charming by comparison. Let us compare him with, say, Constable. There is a masculine character in Constable's work that is positively wonderful, while in Corot's pictures we see more of the sweet, gentle, feminine influence. Corot paints with a peculiar strength, too; for, if you notice, his pictures may hang in a gallery in the midst of the most vigorously painted figure pieces, yet they have a strength—a sustaining power—that is marvelous, and shows the innate power of the master behind that dreamy, poetic feeling that is so conspicuous in his work. I greatly admire both Corot and Constable. Constable was not appreciated in his own country, but in France his works were received with the greatest favor, and caused almost a revolution in French art. You may see that Rousseau and Dupre were both very strongly influenced by Constable, though, of course, they did not imitate him. They possessed plenty of individuality, and this influence under which they painted was, under the circumstances, of a most healthy nature. It introduced elements of strength and freshness into French art which it had not possessed before, and had a positively vivifying influence. Corot and Constable differ in the quality of their strength, and that difference is a most fascinating study."

"What is your opinion, Mr. Hart, of what are termed 'Schools' of Art? Do you believe that Art gains anything from the development of a French, a Düsseldorf, or a Munich 'School' of painting?"

"Most emphatically I do not. I consider it a pitiable condition of affairs when the existence of a 'school of painting' becomes evident. A 'school' of this kind is the bane of originality. A master will never produce the same evil effect upon a student that the 'school,' which the master represents, will extend. One is likely to gain a great deal from an artist without necessarily acquiring the academic stupidities founded upon his method; but the man who simply follows the school or method only weakens himself as he persists in it. The followers, in this country, of the old Düsseldorf School ought to serve as a 'frightful example' of

the pernicious effect of following a contemporary fashion in art.

"A great deal of the academic instruction of the day teaches the student how to paint rather than how to represent. When one represents, he thinks. When one simply paints, he performs, in a great measure, a mechanical function. Conventionality is the great bane of the art schools. Insistence upon a particular way of doing a thing is most deplorable for real art. This academic conventionality continually makes itself evident in men without a particle of ability, who go abroad and send home strikingly suggestive pictures, but who, after they return to America, can only weakly imitate what they have done abroad, and paint us dismal platitudes. We often search in vain to discover a man who astonished us by his work three years ago. What has become of him? He has gone and has left nothing behind him.

"The desire to imitate is the beginning of art, but after a man lays claim to being an artist, we expect him to stop mere slavish imitation alone, and tell us what he sees. We do not want him to tell us what another man sees. Art critics should make their starting point on the insistence of this in the beginning, for upon this everything hinges. Before men have thrown off the shackles, so to speak, of their masters, and are able to tell how things have impressed them as individuals, they are in the position of students merely, and should not, for a moment, be dignified by the name of artists.

"We are vexed a great deal by the utter lack of knowledge on the part of many art writers in this city, in this very direction. They give men credit for being our greatest artists who are nothing but copyists—and poor copyists at that! I do not intimate that these men connive with the writers, but a man knows when he copies Monticelli, for instance, that he is not doing honest work; that he is not painting his own impressions of what he sees, and I have no hesitation in characterizing such a man as a fraud in every sense of the word. When we read of such men being the true apostles of art in this country, it seems as though we must be on the descending scale. The better the monkey, the greater the artist!

"If a man is destitute of the ability to create anything, it is his misfortune, and if he experiences pleasure in making imitations of the work of other men, there can be no possible objection to his doing it, only we should not dignify his performances by calling them works of art, and when writers, from ignorance or something worse, laud such men to the skies as great artists, it is no wonder that the papers have so little influence in such matters.

"No great artist is a copyist, and no man of real power will hold very long to the characteristics or mannerisms of his master. Van Dyck was a pupil of



THE POET OF NATURE.

## AN ODE TO THE SPIDER

BY THE POET OF NATURE.

Wiggly, waggly, crawling thing,  
 Dangling from thy silken string,  
 Canst a moral lesson bring  
 With thy poison and thy sting,  
 Given thee for thy defence,  
 Oft misused from ignorance,  
 On the careless urchin's toe  
 Inflicting dire red spot of woe,  
 Or upon his wayward heel  
 Thy dread power to make him feel?  
 But thou hast thy dangers too,  
 Slim waisted wasp gets sight of you,  
 And with her more potent *stingem*—  
 "Thence sir spider!—I shall bring him,  
 To my little narrow cell,  
 He will suit my purpose well."  
 Thence no retreat for thee to hie  
 For thou must creep, but she will fly.  
 So goes the world, my subtle spider,  
 Within thy narrow range, or wider  
 Breadth of space or length of life,  
 Matters nothing in the strife.  
 The world is full of venom'd stingers,  
 Serpents, flirts and scandal flingers,  
 Wasps, hornets, almost everything  
 Living, will contrive to sting.

W. H. B.

Rubens, but he did not paint like him; Gerome studied under Delaroche, but his pictures do not, in the least, resemble those of his master.

"When the art student, who has been abroad, returns to his own country, if he is a man with any strength of purpose, he will go at once to Nature, and apply, in his own way, the principles he has learned abroad, leaving 'method' to care for and develop itself. If he is a weak man, and clings to the characteristics of his master, he will become weaker and weaker as his impressions of the master gradually fade away from him, until, finally, we shall lose sight of him altogether.

"I tell you individuality is the great thing in art! No matter how humble an artist's work may be, let it show his own study and communion with Nature, and it will possess a value far above that of the most exact copy or imitation of the work of any great man.

"It is very pleasant, too, for one who is familiar with art, to walk into an exhibition gallery and be able to pick out pictures that he can feel acquainted with without the introduction given by a catalogue, though he may never have seen them before. No matter in what form a man's individuality may display itself, when you have once learned its character you always may recognize it, and no signature is necessary. And where

there is this individuality, you may recognize it in the merest charcoal sketch, the rough wood-cut, or the commonest reproduction. You cannot kill it, however feebly you may undertake to reproduce it. No one can mistake the individuality of Claude, Turner, Titian, Raphael, Rousseau, Diaz, or Troyon, seen through the most ordinary reproduction.

"But when I go into an exhibition and see picture after picture illustrating simply a phase of the French school or the Munich school, or the ultra impressionistic school, containing no individually characteristic work, I feel sad; my visit is not a pleasure to me, and my recollection afterward of this mass of dreary verisimilitude is as the memory of a very commonplace hash."

## NEXT MONTH.

In the February number of THE ART UNION, J. R. Lambdin will tell how Thomas Sully came to paint a portrait of Queen Victoria, A. J. Conant will discourse on the Æstheticism of the Bible, there will be a descriptive article on the National Academy Schools—with a conversation with Professor Wilmarth on Art Instruction—besides papers on Art Criticism and other matters of interest.



## LOOKING AT NATURE.

BY A LANDSCAPE PAINTER.

The glory of the autumn, never more splendid in this region than it has been this year, has passed, and the sober russets and quiet grays which shall henceforth characterize the landscape for many months, have taken the place of the brief splendors which flashed upon us from every copse and hill-side. At last the landscape is at rest; that is pre-eminently Nature's expression to me now. Not death and decay and desolation, but the sweet serenity that follows the fulfillment of all her promises and prophecies. She folds her hands in absolute rest, pensively dreaming of what is gone, and yet never ceasing to suggest another summer with its blossoms and breezes, which shall certainly stir these silent valleys and thickets with the beauty and activity of her sure renewal. Over and over again I have been charmed by the gradual change of the seasons in our northern climate, the imperceptible gradations with which they pass from one to the other, and yet the complete contrast they present to each another; and this, to me, constitutes one of the greatest delights of Nature with us. In a land of endless summer, I am sure I should pine for this winning variety of mood which she constantly offers us here. A mile or two of broken or varied country has the possibilities of all climates, never growing hackneyed or dull, but always full of resources to instruct and attract. The leaves are gone; not all of them by any means, but many a tree which, in the summer, might have been almost commonplace under its regular and rounded form of living foliage, now lifts up against the sky the most delicate and graceful contour of its bare branches, and through it and beyond it lies some tender reach of distant country undreamed of a month ago. The very weeds, skirting the rambling walls and straggling out into the untrimmed fields, although the same, are different, now that they are browned and curled by the frost. Through the woods, where the blue jay screamed in the sunny autumnal days, I catch a glimpse of the river and the mountains, all so quietly transformed by these silent changes that one might almost fancy it an entirely new region. How surely these influences take hold upon us, I think, evinced by the natural fondness of boys for wandering off into the rough fields and along the scrubby hill-sides at this season. You rarely find them in such places in the summer. Now I meet them often scampering in troops over the hills, busy about a fire they have built in some sheltered place. No melancholy suggestions does Nature offer them; no hint of sorrow meets them in the sobered landscape; no brooding sense of death confronts them in these barren wastes, but, on the contrary, filled with the wine of the frosty air, they shout and clamor through

the quiet slumber of this dear mother who never grows old and who never ceases to smile, even in her sleep. Happy the boy who fosters and strengthens these healthy instincts and is able to carry this inborn love of Nature into his maturer life, for he shall never lack for entertainment nor know what it is to have the hours drag tediously by. How infinite are the resources of those who are in sympathy with the great out-of-door world, and whose habits of observation have been trained to observe the endless interest which Nature offers in so many widely different directions! To him who has the intuition to be pleasantly affected by the picturesque combinations of lines and of light and shade, a walk at any season of the year is like roaming through a vast picture gallery. A cloud shadow falls fortuitously across some portion of the landscape, and lo! the enchanter has, in a moment, painted for him a noble landscape, to be succeeded by another and another, as the sunshine and the shadow follow each other. And yet, how many are apparently indifferent to these ample sources of enjoyment; who walk through this beautiful world as with their eyes closed! I believe the faculty for enjoying Nature can be greatly strengthened, even in the most diffident, and as an important element in the education of the young, I could not too strongly urge the importance of cultivating the enjoyment of these gratuitous and satisfying pleasures, both as a safeguard against less healthful amusements, and as strengthening and ennobling their natures.

Who owns all this outlying domain? 'Tis I who pay no taxes on it, and spend no thought as to how it shall be tilled, or how it shall bear and blossom. For me others plough and sow. I reap its brown harvests and gather its wintry bounty of the snow, making no man poorer by what I take from his rough acres. I once described to a farmer a certain fine view familiar to me; "Oh," he said, "You can't get your livin' by lookin'." "I can't get mine without," I replied. No man can get his *real* living in this world without *constant* looking, and looking beyond his potato hills and buckwheat patch. Once a small company of artists, on a sketching trip, met a man mending his shabby fences, very solicitous that we should introduce them into our pictures in proper repair. Finding that he lived close by, we asked him about his house, and if there was a fine view from it, as we suspected there might be. He replied that he didn't know, but from something he said, it struck us the house, an old one, might be picturesque, and we remarked that we would like to see it, and possibly might want to paint it. A look of dejection stole over his face, and, at length, after a little reflection, he said, "he guessed it wasn't worth it." We afterward found out that he imagined our intention was to climb up on ladders and give his weather-warm clap-boards a coat of paint.

Arrived at his home, we found it commanded a magnificent view into a grand basin in the mountains, which ought to have stirred the heart of a clod. He had never seen it. He "did not get his living by looking."

"In the eye there dwells the heart;  
'Tis the eye that you must question"

Sang a lovely woman with all the fervor and feeling of one who saw all things beautiful, and whose life was ruled and guided by the sweet harmony that stole into her soul through her eyes, which were never closed to the infinite beauty of the passing days. Some years ago, I was shown an article sent to one of our magazines by a farmer living in one of our northern states, which showed such an acute observation of all the phenomena and detail of his country surroundings, that I was greatly impressed by his evident pleasure and satisfaction in his life, which, in too many cases proves to be one of the most humdrum and monotonous—the life of a farmer on poor and unproductive acres, which really generally contain many of the elements of the picturesque to the artistic eye. By all means, let us look while we live, and we shall be pretty sure to learn how to live by looking, at least. Once, in my younger days, I settled myself to paint a cedar tree overspread by a wild grape-vine, growing in the middle of a rough, stony field, such as cedars love to grow in. A farmer was toiling about its outer edge, behind a yoke of oxen dragging a plough through the unkindly soil. What a labor, I thought, to get this piece of ground into a condition to foster the crop he was evidently contemplating entrusting to its tough hospitality! He had no time to waste in any idle curiosity regarding my—to him—strange occupation, at which, I confess, I was not a little surprised and very well pleased. His house was not too far off for me to observe a livelier interest in my movements among the other members of his family, but they were evidently restrained by his cool control over himself. After a time, he stopped his team and slowly plodded over to where I was at work, which was the signal for the whole family to swarm in that direction. Looking over my shoulder a moment, in grave silence, and not discovering much which accorded with his idea of the fruits of a well regulated life, he lifted up his voice and shouted to his eager flock: "you needn't come; 'taint nothin'!" In later life, I think I have never met a more crushing criticism. I wondered whether he or I had missed learning how to look.

—A LANDSCAPE PAINTER.

It is rumored that there is a movement looking toward the establishment of a National Picture Gallery in Washington, for which the Government is expected to purchase works from time to time.

#### FURTHER WORDS ON THE TARIFF.

Since the article on page 15 was put in type, we have received the following communication from Mr. Lambdin. In its general nature it substantially agrees with the former article, but Mr. Lambdin has stated the case in an interesting way, and we gladly give it place.—ED.

A great deal has been written of late about the tariff upon works of art, and as a general revision of the existing tariff seems now probable, it may be worth while again to consider the subject. The newspapers in New York have been advocating an absolute repeal of all tax; they maintain that art is an educator and that we cannot have too much of it. A favorite argument has been that because the French schools have treated American students courteously, it is a breach of faith to tax the works of French artists; and most of the other reasons adduced are similarly wide of the mark.

There is, undoubtedly, a well-grounded objection to the present duty of thirty per cent on the valuation. Good work is thereby made very costly, while little is done to exclude the cheap and worthless stuff. Honest and reputable dealers find it impossible to compete with those who resort to fraudulent invoices—a very easy thing to do where works of art are concerned.

It is certainly desirable to import as many truly fine works of art as possible. They benefit us in every way—by instructing our artists and by instructing the people. These latter, in turn, learn to appreciate and value the good work our artists may do. Poor pictures are of no advantage: if they do no other harm, the imported ones, at least, do this—they fill a place which could be better filled by the work of our younger men.

So long as American industries receive any protection, why should not the infant industry of art have its share? The raw materials it employs are all heavily taxed. Nearly everything the painter uses comes from abroad, and bears a duty of forty per cent.

Now there is one form in which an import duty may be laid, which seems to be liable to no objection; there would be no means of avoiding it by false invoices, and it would tend to keep out the worthless work, while nothing of real value would be affected.

Let a small, fixed tax of about twenty dollars be imposed upon every oil picture imported, a like small, fixed tax upon every piece of sculpture, and upon each other class of art work a similar small tax.

This would give a slight protection to the artist—enough, at least, to cover the existing duties upon his materials—it would discourage the dishonest importer and the importer of work of a low grade, while nothing it would be really desirable to have, would feel the burden.

This is known to be approved by many artists and several of the leading importers of works of art, and it is believed that it would meet with general acceptance.

—GEO. C. LAMBDIN.



## BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

## THE AMERICAN ART UNION.

Upon the payment of the sum of five dollars, any person may become a subscriber to THE AMERICAN ART UNION for one year, and will receive at the time of such payment:

- 1st. A season ticket to the permanent Exhibition of Paintings, at the Society's Gallery, No. 44 East Fourteenth Street, Union Square, New York City;
- 2d. A proof before letters, on India paper, of the etching of the year, by Walter Shirlaw, from Eastman Johnson's picture "The Reprimand." This etching is mounted upon heavy plate paper, and is of a size (13x16 inches) and quality such as the leading dealers sell at from twenty to twenty-five dollars;
- 3d. The illustrated ART UNION, which will be issued monthly, for the current year. (The price of the journal to non-subscribers will be \$3.00 per year);
- 4th. One-half of the subscription will be set apart for the formation of a fund, to be expended for the joint account of the subscribers in the purchase of works of art, which will be held in trust until the end of the year, when they will be delivered unconditionally to the whole body of the subscribers, represented by a committee. This committee will then make such disposition of the works as may be determined by the majority of the subscribers, each of whom will be entitled to send in one vote as to the manner of disposal.

There are several feasible ways in which to dispose of the purchased works.

They may be sold at auction or private sale, or at an auction, which will be attended only by subscribers, and the proceeds divided equally among all the subscribers; or they may be divided among the bodies of subscribers of the several States, each one to receive its quota according to the amount of the subscriptions from such state. The several state committees may then dispose of the works in one of the aforementioned methods, or present them to form nucleuses of new public art galleries, or additions to some already in existence. Or they may be distributed among the subscribers by lot.

In enumerating these various methods of disposition, the American Art Union expresses no preference of one above another; its desire and interest are only that the disposition of the collection shall be equitable and satisfactory to all concerned.

No exorbitant prices will be paid to the artists, but such only as are generally obtained at the studios

for a similar class of work, and the prices to the subscribers will be exactly those paid to the artists.

The latent taste for art that has existed in the country, has been developed in a wonderful degree during the past twenty years, until there is scarcely to be found a home in any section that does not contain some form of art production. It is believed by the projectors of the American Art Union that the time is at hand for such an enterprise, and that the lovers of art will be eager to avail themselves of its benefits.

Honorary Secretaries to receive subscriptions will be appointed from time to time in various parts in the country. Money may also be sent by postal or Express order, Bank Check or Draft or Registered Letter, payable to the *American Art Union*, No. 44 East 14th Street, New York.

Any person sending a club of twenty subscriptions to the ART UNION, will receive an additional subscription free of charge. Specimen copies of the illustrated ART UNION journal will be sent postpaid on application.

The names of subscribers to the American Art Union will be published in the columns of the ART UNION from month to month.

By order of the Board of Control,

E. WOOD PERRY, JR.,

Secretary.

## OUT OF TOWN EXHIBITIONS.

One of the objects of the formation of the American Art Union was that the society should be the medium between the several exhibition associations of the country and the artists—to conduct negotiations that might be mutually advantageous—to furnish such associations meritorious collections of pictures without giving them the trouble of dealing with individual artists, and, on the other hand, to obtain for the artists guarantees of sales to an amount proportionate to the number and value of the pictures exhibited. In this respect, the late Southern Exposition, at Louisville, Ky., was pre-eminently successful, and that city can now point to the possession of a collection of fifteen pictures as a nucleus of a public art gallery. This result was brought about through the mediumship of the American Art Union, as detailed in another part of this journal.

Correspondence is requested from friends of art who may wish to hold exhibitions in their several cities during the coming year.

E. WOOD PERRY, Jr., Secretary,

42 East 14th street, New York City.

THE Art Union Galleries are open day and evening Elevator at the street door, No. 44 East Fourteenth St., Union Square, South, New York.

## RECENT, PRESENT AND FUTURE ART EXHIBITIONS.

**PAST.**—THE BARTHOLDI PEDESTAL LOAN EXHIBITION is closing as we go to press. Its receipts from the sales of tickets and catalogues, after expenses are paid, will probably net about \$10,000 to the Pedestal Fund. The attendance during the exhibition was very large, and the entire edition of 5,000 catalogues was exhausted.

THE SALMAGUNDI SKETCH CLUB'S Sixth Annual Black-and-White Exhibition closed a few days before Christmas, after an exceptionally unsuccessful season. Both attendance and sales were much lower than they have been in any previous year in the Club's history. This is attributed, in a large degree, to the fact that the Bartholdi Loan Exhibition, open at the same time, was too formidable a rival in the competition for visitors. The Salmagundi Exhibition itself was to have been held in the Academy, but the club gave up its lease to the Bartholdi management, much to its subsequent regret. The total Salmagundi sales this year were about \$1,500; last year they were over \$5,000.

**PRESENT.**—THE AMERICAN ART UNION'S Exhibition is now open day and evening in the new galleries, No. 44 East Fourteenth street, Union Square. Visitors enter the elevator at the street door. In the evening the galleries are lighted by electric light. Open from 9 o'clock A. M. until 6 P. M., and from 7:30 P. M. until 10 P. M.

THOMAS B. CLARKE'S collection of American paintings is now on exhibition at No. 6 East Twenty-third street, Madison Square, and is well worth visiting. The net receipts from this exhibition are to be turned over to the National Academy to aid in the establishment of a permanent prize fund for the best figure picture exhibited by an American artist, each year. The collection contains fairly representative works of a majority of the most favorably known of the American artists of the day.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM'S LOAN EXHIBITION, which will remain open until April, mainly consists of copies by American artists from works by the old masters. The masters represented most frequently are Rembrandt, Franz Hals, Rubens, Vandyck, Titian, Paul Veronese and Velasquez.

**FUTURE.**—A BARTHOLDI PEDESTAL LOAN EXHIBITION will be opened in the Brooklyn Art Association's buildings, January 9th.

THE ARTISTS' FUND SOCIETY opens its Twenty-fourth Annual Exhibition in the South Room of the Academy of Design on Monday, January 7th, and will have its Sale at Association Hall, January 15th and 16th.

THE BOSTON ART CLUB will open its Twenty-ninth Exhibition January 18th, and close February 16th.

THE PHILADELPHIA SOCIETY OF ARTISTS will open its Fifth Annual Exhibition this month, in its galleries, 1725 Chestnut street.

THE AMERICAN WATER COLOR SOCIETY will hold its Seventeenth Annual Exhibition in the National Academy, New York, from February 4th until March 1st. Persons wishing to contribute works for exhibition can obtain blanks from Mr. HENRY FARRER, No. 51 West Tenth street, New York.

THE NEW YORK ETCHING CLUB will hold its Annual Exhibition in connection with the Water Color Society's Exhibition in the National Academy. MR. J. C. NICOLL, No. 51 West Tenth street, New York, will furnish blanks for exhibitors.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN will open its Fifty-ninth Annual Exhibition on Monday, April 7th, and close the same on Saturday, May 17th. Works for this exhibition will be received at the Academy from Friday, March 7th, to Wednesday, March 12th, inclusive. Lists should be sent in before March 6th. The press view will be given Friday, April 4, after 2 o'clock P. M., and the Academy Reception will be held on Saturday evening, April 5th. Exhibitor's blanks are to be obtained from MR. T. ADDISON RICHARDS, National Academy of Design, Fourth avenue and Twenty-third street., New York.

## GENERAL ART NOTES.

### NATIONAL ACADEMY PRIZES.

MR. JULIUS HALLGARTEN, of New York, has recently, by a deed of trust to the National Academy of Design, endowed prizes of three hundred, two hundred and one hundred dollars, to be awarded to the painters of the three best pictures in oil colors exhibited at each annual Academy exhibition. The conditions of competition are, that the pictures must have been painted in the United States and by an American citizen under thirty-five years of age, and the award will be made by a vote by ballot of all the exhibitors of the season, at a meeting held for the purpose, during the third or fourth week of the exhibition. Mr. Hallgarten has also given the Academy a deed of trust for \$5,000, the annual interest of which will be given in prizes to the most deserving of the students in the Academy schools, according to the award of the Council of the Academy.

MR. THOMAS B. CLARKE, of this city, has guaranteed, during his lifetime, an annual prize of three hundred dollars, to be awarded for the best American Figure subject painted in the United States by an American citizen under thirty-five years of age, and shown in an annual exhibition of the National Academy. This prize will be awarded in the same manner as the first-mentioned Hallgarten prizes. Members of the National Academy will not be eligible to compete. Mr. Clarke hopes, by the exhibition of his private collection of American paintings and by popular subscriptions, to raise a fund sufficiently large to establish this prize on a permanent basis.

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MR. JOSEPH E. TEMPLE, of Philadelphia, sometime ago established four prizes to be awarded for the four best Historical paintings in the annual exhibits of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. At the recent exhibition at the Academy, four pictures were admitted to compete for these prizes, but at the close of the exhibition, only one prize, the third, was given, as the Jury of Award did not consider that the merit of the pictures entered was sufficient to warrant the distribution of the other prizes. Thereupon, a number of Philadelphia artists held an indignation meeting and promulgated a series of resolutions which were sent to the Directors of the Academy. These resolutions condemn the Jury of Awards for withholding the first, second and fourth prizes, and characterize them as guilty of "a breach of contract wholly unjust to the painters competing, and certain to deter others from future competitions of a like nature."

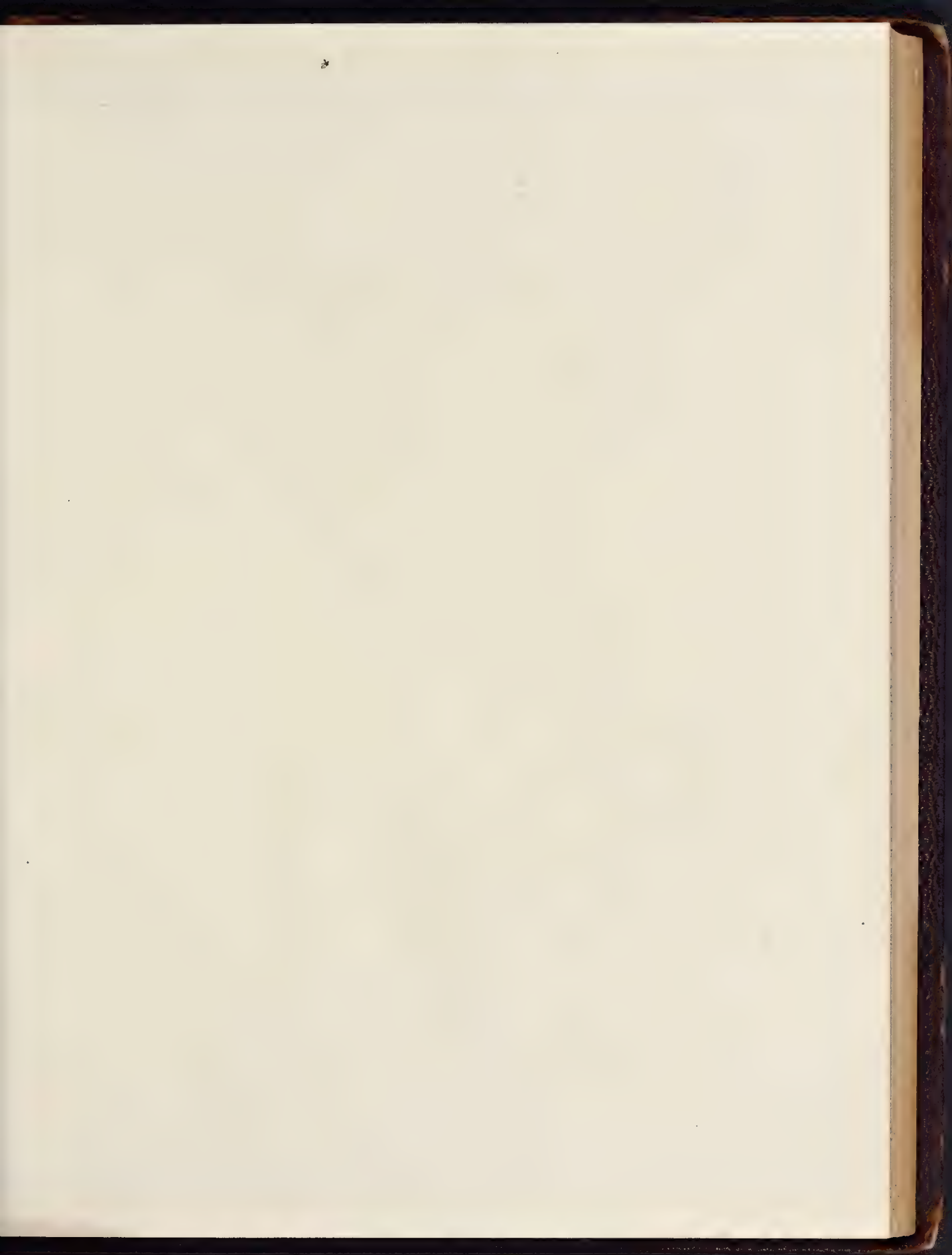
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THE BOSTON ART CLUB has appropriated the sum of one thousand dollars, to be used at the next general exhibition of oil paintings, for the purchase of one or more of the most meritorious pictures that may be shown.

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**PERMANENT ART GALLERIES.**—Movements have been started in a number of cities recently, in the direction of the establishment of Permanent Art Galleries, the citizens apparently beginning to appreciate their value as educational and refining influences, and as popular attractions. Earnest efforts are being made to establish public galleries in Cleveland, O., Detroit, Mich., and Nashville, Tenn.—St. Louis, Mo., and Cincinnati, O., are to have public galleries soon. The Louisville, Ky. Public Gallery, established through the American Art Union, is doing well. The Milwaukee Museum of Fine Arts, of Milwaukee, Wis., has recently opened a permanent gallery, which has been handsomely fitted up with a fine collection of works of art, some of which have been borrowed from private owners, while others are from artists or dealers, and are for sale. These pictures are to remain in the gallery for a limited period, and then they will be replaced by others, until the gallery itself begins to acquire paintings of its own. Mr. Wendell Stanton Howard, Director of the late Milwaukee Art Loan Exhibition, is Curator of the new gallery. In connection with the Museum of Fine Arts, there has been opened an Art School with classes in drawing from the antique, drawing and painting from life, drawing and painting from still-life, and painting in oil and water colors from the costumed model. The school opened on the 2d of this month.









# THE ART UNION

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN ART UNION

VOL. I.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1884.

NO. 2.

## MR. MORAN'S ETCHING.

"THE RAINBOW," the etching given as a supplement with this issue of THE ART UNION, is the work of MR. THOMAS MORAN, who kindly presented the plate to the Union. It represents a view on Three Mile Harbor, a small, landlocked bay near Easthampton, L.I., and is one of the most delicate etchings MR. MORAN has produced.

MR. MORAN made his first etching in 1860, but never devoted much time to the fascinating art until 1879. Since the latter date, however, he has achieved high reputation, both in America and abroad, for the excellence of his productions in this line. He is a member of the New York Etching Club and also of the Society of Painter Etchers, of London. Several of the best examples of his work are now on exhibition in the Art Union Galleries.

## AT THE ACADEMY.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY  
AND THE NEW YORK ETCHING CLUB.

THE Seventeenth annual exhibition of the American Water-Color Society and the annual exhibition of the New York Etching Club are now open in the National Academy of Design. The water-color exhibition fills the north, east and south galleries and the corridor, and the etchings cover the walls of the west and north-west galleries.

The Water-Color exhibition is one of the largest and finest exhibitions of its class that has ever been opened in this country, and the Hanging Committee, Messrs. J. Francis Murphy, Frederick W. Freer and Hamilton Hamilton, are to be congratulated for the manner in which they have disposed the excellent material at their command. Mr. A. A. Anderson had charge of the decoration of the galleries, and has succeeded in producing some very fine and artistic effects by the liberal use of embroideries, tapestries, bronzes, vases and objects of art of various kinds.

At the foot of the main staircase, in the Corridor, is a Japanese bronze incense-burner rising from the midst of a number of ornamental plants, and over the carpeted stairs hangs a canopy of crimson satin, richly embroidered in black and gold, brought from a sacred temple in Pekin. From the centers of the pointed

arches in the corridor depend bronze lamps of various quaint styles, and below them, suspended on poles, are exquisitely embroidered Persian hangings. Over the railings around the staircase hang rugs rich in design and color.

Above the handsomely canopied entrance to the North Gallery hangs a rare old Gobelin tapestry, and at the sides is a collection of flower paintings making a most gorgeous display of color. There are three pictures of "Hollyhocks" among them, painted by Miss Kate H. Greatorex, Mrs. N. S. Jacobs Smillie and Miss L. Kellogg, respectively, and it would be a difficult matter to determine which of them is better than the others, if there is any difference. The three pictures are singularly excellent in technique—in quality—and are superb in decorative effect. In the same general group is a picture of some luscious looking plums by Julia Dillon.

The largest proportion of the important works of the exhibition are in the South Gallery, which is profusely decorated. In this gallery the pictures have been hung so as to secure a regular gradation of tones along the walls. In the east end are hung pictures very light in color, while in the west end the darkest pictures predominate. Between these extremes, one may note the gradual transition from the light to the dark pictures. The effect of this is pleasing; it insures harmony in juxtaposition, and the gallery has none of the disagreeably "spotted" appearance that is the result of the ordinary hanging, in which severe contrasts are indulged. On the center of the south wall, opposite the main entrance, in the "chief place of honor," hangs J. Alden Weir's "Sunday Morning," an almost life-sized picture of a peasant girl, dressed in sombre colors, with white cap, broad white cuffs and collar, carrying a book in one hand and some roses in the other, on her way to church. There is something very realistic about the figure, and much that causes one to like it better on acquaintance. At the east end of the gallery, in the center of the panel, is "Pandora," by F. S. Church, a delicately painted picture showing the artist's appreciation of the myth, as well as his technical skill, in its graceful lines and exquisite color. Pandora, a beautiful young woman clad in a profusion of pink gauze, having opened the box in which were enclosed the ills and sorrows of human life, sees hundreds of them—personified by grotesque, malevolent looking elves—escape and rise in a vapor-like column. Terri-

fied at what she has done, she attempts to close the lid, kneeling upon it to force it shut. Her face is an excellent study of expression, and the action of the figure is good.

In the centers of the corner panels hang a pair of Charles R. Weldon's quaint conceits. "The Flirtation" shows a grotesque Japanese doll seated on the edge of a flower-stand, making love to a pretty, fair-haired French doll which is languidly swinging in a hammock. The sequel, "The Elopement," shows the two dolls, with toy-balloons attached to them in some mysterious way, soaring through space; the little maiden, with hands clasped, looking half-fearfully down towards the rapidly vanishing world, while her philosophical companion bears her up with one hand and carries his umbrella and lantern in the other, looking upon his fair charge with a great deal of tenderness in his expression and whispering reassuring words as they rise higher and higher and higher—above the moon already! In originality of conception and artistic composition, color and handling, the artist has achieved great success in these certain-to-be-popular pictures.

In the same east end of the south gallery are several effective figure pictures by the brothers Percy and Leon Moran; one of Harry Chase's brilliant scenes on the Dutch coast, "The Sands of Scheveningen;" a "Study in White," by Ross Turner, showing a white-painted vessel anchored by a quay—presumably Venetian; "A Creek," a carefully painted picture by J. C. Nicoll; an excellent transcription of nature entitled "A Winter Evening, New Jersey," by G. H. McCord, and one of J. Francis Murphy's charmingly suggestive pictures, "By the River," full of the poetry of nature.

On the south wall, moving along in the order of the numbers, Samuel Colman's view "On the River Schelde, Antwerp," on a hazy day, attracts one by its charm of color, and Frederick Dielman's "Between Sitings," shows a handsome young woman embracing an opportunity to see how well the artist has been reproducing her charms. "Sunset at Sea," by Henry P. Smith, illustrates well the peculiar red glow of a sunset reflected on the water on a hazy day. C. A. Platt's "Old Dutch Village" is a pleasant picture with an excellent sky; William M. Chase's "Here She Comes!"—a fisherman standing on a bluff, looking out to sea at a fishing boat coming in, is full of spirit.

There is a pretty idea expressed in the very decorative picture, "Incense," by Miss Kate Greator—*ex*—an old brass Italian censer, lying in the midst of a pile of roses, all most excellent in technique. "Evening in Brittany," by D. W. Tryon, suggests well the poetry of the scene. "Measuring the Great Elm," by J. Wells Champney, shows a party of young girls, hand in hand, endeavoring to reach around a large tree. "Pensive" is an adjective which describes a young girl standing by

a table on which is a vase of flowers, by F. W. Freer. J. Alden Weir's "Study of a Dog" is a realistic piece of work, full of merit. W. T. Richards is represented by a large marine, "The Unresting Sea," near which is Henry Farrer's "Sweet, Restful Eve," a scene which the title well describes, and which is one of the most charming landscapes in the exhibition. There is a pool in a hollow on the top of a hill, beyond which rise the tops of some quaint old houses, with a windmill in the distance. In the rapidly-changing yellow sky the new moon appears. By W. Hamilton Gibson are two interesting pictures, "A November Evening" and "An Autumn Twilight," and by R. M. Shurtleff is a study of "White Birches;"—three conscientious pictures in which one can see nature and the spirit of nature as well. "A Canal in Venice" represents William Sartain, and "An Old French Kitchen," A. A. Anderson. "On the Zuyder Zee, Holland," is a spirited picture by R. Swain Gifford. By H. W. Robbins is a view from Beadleston Knoll, Keene Valley.

"Chrysanthemums," by C. Y. Turner, worthily occupies the central place on the west wall. A young woman in maroon colored dress, stands by a table on which is a vase filled with chrysanthemums. The qualities in the work are well expressed throughout. "A Blue Study," by Ross Turner, shows a quaint old tower against a very atmospheric sky. "Going to the Wedding, Dalecarlia," by T. De Thulstrup, pictures a bridal party in a row-boat, making merry on the way. Alfred Fredericks pictures a scene from "Rip Van Winkle," where Rip's guide is handing him down a cask, Hendrick Hudson's queer little old men, having desisted from their nine-pins, looking on with sober faces. "Rue d'Epicurie and the Cathedral at Rouen," by William Magrath, is a careful portrait of a picturesque view in one of the quaintest, most interesting cities in Europe. "A Harvest Field," by Hamilton Hamilton, is a conscientiously painted picture, showing a number of men resting in the shade of a shock of wheat; a young girl, with a jug of water, pouring out a cupful for one of them. Over this hangs "The Close of a Heavy Day," an effective picture by S. R. Burleigh. There are two interesting pictures by Winslow Homer, "The Ship's Boat," a boat swamped by the heavy sea near a rocky shore, the crew striving to cling to it, and "Scotch Mist," a picture showing a number of women standing on the sheltered side of a fishing-boat drawn high on the shore, looking out over the stormy sea. "An Entrance to a Mosque, Tlemcen, Algeria," by Samuel Colman, contains some careful detail; James D. Smillie's "Stray Lambs near Montrose, Pa.," gives an artistic and faithful transcription of a bit of country landscape, and "Gray Morning, Montauk," is one of the best pictures A. T. Bricher has in the exhibition.

In the North Gallery are Walter Satterlee's "Two





MORNING IN THE MEADOWS—BY CHARLES HARRY EATON—DRAWN BY THE ARTIST.  
IN THE ART UNION EXHIBITION.

Sides of a Convent Wall," "The Housatonic," a bright, suggestive picture by Arthur Parton, and "Rainy Weather," by J. F. Cropsey, a picture in which the wind is blowing vigorously. "On the Massachusetts Coast," by George H. Smillie, is exceptionally well painted. It shows the rocky coast with its stunted trees in the foreground, and a look out over the water, with a long line of coast vanishing in the distance. "His First Business Venture," by T. W. Wood, presents a boy counting on his fingers the profits of the sale of some brushes, such as those with which he is laden, and is a conscientious and pleasing rendition of the subject. "A Study of Trees" is a brilliant picture full of good qualities, by W. L. Sonntag. "After the Shower" is an effective bit of marine painting by F. K. M. Rehn, and "A Bright Day," by Kruseman Van Elten, is a bright, attractive landscape. "The Brook," by F. Hopkinson Smith, is a graphic illustration of Tennyson's poem. "Une Canadienne" is a small study of a head by Miss Frances Richards, that must not pass unnoticed, and Arthur Quartley's "Fishing Hut, Long Island Shore," does not need the line 'a sketch from nature' in the catalogue. One can see that it is a very conscientious and truthful out-door study, excellent in atmospheric effect and quality. On the South wall, "Sunset," by Henry Farrer, and "La Grosse Horloge, Rouen," by William Magrath, are among the principal attractions.

The East Gallery also contains many interesting pictures. "On the River Maas, Holland," is a characteristically excellent picture by M. F. H. De Haas. "When the Silver Habit of the Clouds Comes Down Upon the Autumn Sun," by Henry Farrer, is one of the largest pictures in the exhibition, and is full of the poetry of its title. There is a brilliant scene on the "Dutch Coast," by Harry Chase, near which, by Bruce Crane, is a realistic "Winter Effect on the Harlem River,"—a foreground covered with snow, a dark sky and a single streak of sunset glow on the horizon. "Mill-Water" is another of J. Francis Murphy's poetical studies, and "On Pleasure Bent," by Bleeker N. Mitchell,—a young woman walking along the bank of a stream, carrying an oar over her shoulder, is charming in drawing and color. There is a pleasing "Veiled Head," by F. W. Freer, on the end wall. The south-west corner of the gallery contains a number of pictures by Thomas Moran, of which "The Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, Harbor of Vera Cruz;" "Havana, Cuba," and "A Tower of Cortez, Mexico," in richness and brilliancy of color are decidedly 'Turneresque.' By Edward Moran, "Running into Port," is a picture full of action in the boat, figures, water and sky. In the next panel, "The Gull Rock," by W. T. Richards, holds the central place.

#### THE ETCHING CLUB'S EXHIBITION

is a most interesting one; all, or nearly all, of the best

etchers in the country being represented in the two galleries. The series of twenty "Original Etchings by American Artists," recently published by Cassell & Co., and loaned to the exhibition, adds much to its interest, and shows some of the best work of the kind that has been accomplished in this or any other country. George H. Smillie's "Old New England Orchard;" Frederick Dielman's "Mora Players" after his last year's Academy picture—so suggestive of Murillo; F. S. Church's "Lion in Love;" Henry Farrer's "Winter Evening;" Stephen Parrish's "Gloucester Harbor;" Thomas Moran's "Tower of Cortez,"—in fact, every etching in the list is a masterpiece. Among the other etchings in the collection, "A Stolen Glance," by T. W. Wood, is full of humor as well as merit. It shows an old man, with the placard "I am blind" on his breast, furtively looking at us out of a very able eye. By Henry Farrer there are etchings of each of his charming pictures in the Water-Color Exhibition. J. C. Nicoll, Stephen Parrish, F. Waller, F. S. Church, James D. Smillie, C. A. Platt, J. M. Falconer, Joseph Pennell, Samuel Colman, M. Nimmo Moran, J. Wells Champney and Edith Loring Peirce are each represented by a number of interesting works. By David Law there are two Venetian "Moonlights;" by James S. King, etchings from portraits by Rembrandt and Franz Hals; by J. A. S. Monks, "An Old Pasture," with sheep, (printed on satin with exquisite effect); and in the North-west gallery is a print from Walter Shirlaw's Art Union Etching, "The Reprimand."

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#### THE ARTISTS' FUND EXHIBITION.

THE Artists' Fund Society's Twenty-fourth annual exhibition was an excellent one, and the sale, at the close, brought fairly encouraging results. There was a large number of visitors during the exhibition, and the attendance at the sale was large on both evenings. The collection of 105 pictures brought over \$16,000 including the prices of the frames, and \$14,000 for the canvases alone. The highest prices realized were for the following (exclusive of the frames):

"A Summer Afternoon," David Johnston, \$610; "Palazzo Widmann, Venice," Daniel Huntington, \$285; "In Marblehead Harbor," M. F. H. De Haas, \$335; "Talcott Mountain," H. W. Robbins, \$230; "Arab Fountain near Tunis," Wordsworth Thompson, \$315; "A Breezy Day, Scheveningen, Holland," Harry Chase, \$240; "Salt Meadows near Annisquam," H. Bolton Jones, \$235; "Summer Morning on the Chesapeake," Arthur Quartley, \$210; "Nobility asked you, sir," she said," William H. Beard, \$310; "A Journey in a Weary Land," Wordsworth Thompson, \$445; "After the Rain," Arthur Parton, \$362.50; "The Missing Nickel," Frederick Dielman, \$345; "Sweet Briar," Seymour J. Guy, \$400; "Late Autumn," H. Bolton Jones, \$325; "Spring Morning, Normandy Coast," Harry Chase, \$310; "Faint Heart never won Fair Lady," Thomas Hovenden, \$280; "In the Rocky Mountains," Hermann Fuechsel, \$275; "Under the Apple Trees, Barbison, France," Carleton Wiggins, \$265; "Blowing Fresh," Arthur Quartley, \$240; "Venetian Cabman, near Madonna della Orte, Venice," A. F. Bunner, \$310; "The Christmas Turkey," P. P. Ryder, \$305.





THE CONNOISSEURS—BY FREDERICK W. FREER—DRAWN BY THE ARTIST.

IN THE ART UNION EXHIBITION.



## THE ART UNION EXHIBITION.

The pleasant galleries of THE ART UNION are becoming more popular day by day. During the past month there has been a fair attendance of visitors, an unexpected proportion of whom have become subscribers to the Union before leaving the gallery. Mr. Shirlaw's etching has been a great inducement to subscriptions, and its popularity increases with each copy delivered. There have been several changes made in the hanging of the pictures, during the month, and several new canvases have been received, one of the most noteworthy of them being R. M. Shurtleff's "Crystal Brook, Adirondacks,"—a view into a thick forest interior, out of which a clear stream comes into the foreground. The sun, behind the observer, shines through the branches overhead and glints the tree trunks from foreground to distance. Mr. Shurtleff is extremely happy in his delineation of subjects of this nature, and this picture represents him at his best. William Morgan's picture, "An Impromptu," and several etchings have recently been sold.

The galleries will soon receive a large number of accessions to the collection now on exhibition, from the studios of leading artists. It is expected that each member of the Union will keep at least one picture representing him in the gallery constantly, always replacing works which may be sold, as soon as possible.

The paintings illustrated this month, Charles Harry Eaton's "Morning in the Meadows," Frederick W. Freer's "Connoisseurs," Carl C. Brenner's "On the Classic Beargrass," Jervis M'Entee's "Over the Hills" and J. H. Niemeyer's "Cobbler," were all described in the notice of the pictures in the January ART UNION. Next month will be given illustrations of some of the Water-Colors in the gallery. For some time the gallery will not remain open during the evenings.

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 ARMITAGE'S LECTURES ON PAINTING.

SINCE the publication of Leslie's well known Art hand-book, some thirty years ago, this book, by one of the most eminent of the Royal Academicians of the present time, is the most valuable contribution of the kind to the literature of Art. As it is written from a thorough knowledge of the subject treated, it contains information of real value to anyone interested in Art, be he professional or layman. The suggestions made to art students are so practical and are so clearly expressed that they readily can be applied. The chapters which relate to the painters of past centuries, and those in which the writer considers the modern European schools of Art, are full of interest, and will be read appreciatively. (Received from G. P. Putnam's Sons, the publishers, New York).

## THE ÆSTHETICISM OF THE BIBLE.

BY A. J. CONANT.

The sense for beauty, which we call the æsthetic faculty, is one of the most active and powerful affections of the soul, and is so constant in its presence and action, that it seems at times difficult to separate it from other affections, and consider it alone; but it is wont to be regarded in its exercises as the motion of one faculty in various directions according to the particular objects presented for its contemplation. No argument, however, is necessary to show that the æsthetic faculty is made up of many. Some persons are attracted most by beauty of sound, others chiefly by beauty of form, and others, again, by beauty of color, and so on. From this diversity of capacity in the sense for beauty, have arisen endless discussions concerning taste in the wide realm of art.

While this complex sense for beauty asserts itself alike in infancy and age, and among the most savage and degraded races of men, it finds its fullest and most ennobling exercise in the souls of the cultured and refined. To this marvelous sensibility of the soul to the power of beauty the Scriptures constantly address themselves.

When Adam was placed in Eden, that beautiful garden which God Himself had planted and adorned, he was only to keep and dress it. Beautiful sights, beautiful sounds, greeted him everywhere continually. When he was driven out, disgraced and cursed, the æsthetic faculty, or sense for beauty, seems to have survived the wreck of his other high moral perceptions and to have lived on through all the perplexities and struggles of individuals and nations, a sweet heirloom of Eden's glory—a memorial of man's pure first life—holding us, in some sort, in sympathy still with God through the beauty of his work, and keeping alive in the soul unutterable longings for its restoration.

The hidden springs of this joyful and refining sympathy cannot be discovered or reasoned about, any more than the force we call electricity. We can only trace its presence and wonder at its power. Its chief function seems to be to seize with loving hands and rejoice in the beauty with which God has glorified His handiwork around us. It is the spontaneous response of the soul to the harmonies of that work, and is, therefore, eternal as the soul itself, and must increase in its apprehensive power and bliss as long as the soul endures.

Let us look at it a little closer. Who can tell us the secret of the pleasure produced by a succession of melodious sounds, or the swelling harmonies of a choral chant? Who can explain the secret of that solemn awe we feel as we stand in the presence of some mighty mountain chain, which rears its grand and majestic



forms against the sky, and then melts away in the dim distance, soft as the clouds of heaven? Or, when the summer sun sinks down to rest in his golden sea, with the crimson clouds like "heavenly islands all around him," and the earth is bathed in a misty, heavenly glory, who can unfold to us the causes of that solemn hush which steals upon the attentive spirit then? We do not reason about it in the presences of such gorgeous splendors; it is enough for us to feel the power, and we yield our willing souls passively to the sublime enjoyment. Again: What bitter cup has not been sweetened—what aching heart has not been soothed by the power of song? How music, as Channing says, "lights up the portals of the tomb with a thousand

which it delights, thus holding them up for its contemplation.

The multitude and beauty of the examples which illustrate this are truly surprising. Indeed, it may be affirmed, without fear of contradiction, that every writer who has moved the hearts of men in successive generations, or produced anything which has outlived himself, is indebted for his success and the perpetuity of his influence to his power of appeal to the perception and love of the beautiful in the human soul. A few selections from the Bible must serve for illustration.

In that sublime and sententious *resumé* of the work of the creation, in the second chapter of Genesis, it is stated that "Out of the ground made the Lord God to



ON THE CLASSIC BEARGRASS—BY CARL C. BRENNER.—DRAWN BY H. P. SHARE.)

IN THE AMERICAN ART UNION EXHIBITION.

iris'd hues, and streams, like the Auroral glory, towards the skies!" Rob us of our capacity for delight in pleasant sights and sounds, and what a dismal place this world would be!

If the æsthetic faculty is so universally possessed as we imagine, and is so potent and active in its influence, it must have important and independent functions, and we should naturally expect that God Himself would make the fullest use of it in His appeals, and the revelation of His truth to men; and especially in the discourses of our Lord we should expect to find that He appealed to the hearts of men *through* the sense for beauty, by uniting moral truths with those objects in

grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food. But why put the pleasant things first, or imply that He had made anything simply to please the sight? Is there not here a suggestion that the gratification of the æsthetic faculties is something nobler than gathering fruit and clothing the body,—that the nobler function of man, or his chief end, as Ruskin says "is to be a witness of the glory of God, and to promote that glory by his reasonable obedience and resultant happiness?" That, therefore, which brings His glory most prominently before us is the worthiest object of contemplation.

In that sublime Psalm ascribed to Moses, beginning with "Lord thou hast been our dwelling place in all

generations," how the writer seizes at once the sublimest objects in nature, and from the old mountains and the world, hoary with age, carries us backward and forward by the sweep of his sublime imagery, by which he produces a most vivid impression of God's eternity! And in the succeeding verses, in which the brevity of life and the helplessness of man are portrayed, the images are grouped together with such power that the mind is overwhelmed with the picture.

What a matchless work of art is that Psalm which begins, "The Lord is my Shepherd." The green pastures, the still waters, the trustful flock and the watchful shepherd present a scene whose quiet, sunny beauty and calm repose are wonderfully set off by the dark contrast of the valley of the shadow of death; and all this is but the beautiful setting of the bright gem of truth, which shines with greater luster on account of it. This truth, too, was old as Adam, but how it stirs the heart when the great God is presented to us in the character of a tender-hearted Shepherd, who gently leads us, watches over and defends us, and takes us in His strong arms when we grow weary.

The Psalms, the poetic writings of all the prophets, abound with similar illustrations, and yet they are characterized by the greatest simplicity. So much so, —and also on account of our familiarity with them,—that we often miss their beauty altogether, and of necessity the truth, of which they are but the garniture. The book of Proverbs is like a photographic album, full of pictures of beauty taken from the familiar faces of nature. The book of Job, also, furnishes numberless examples and is really a panorama of Idumean life, whose scenes are so vividly portrayed that we are transported to his times, and are made to sit down with his friends and hear him speak, and their replies; we see the desert and the moving caravans,—the lofty palm groves waving in the perfumed air of "Araby the blest." And as the summer sun melts the snows which whiten the lofty mountain-tops, we catch the light that flashes from the streams as they tumble down the rocky sides of the Idumean hills. We see the lightning flash and hear the thunder roll, and above it all the voice of God. So David in the viiith Psalm, where he would tell us of God's wonderful care and condescension, draws his imagery from the shining hosts above, and sings, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and stars which thou hast ordained; what is *man* that thou art mindful of *him*." Where he would teach the fearful heart the lesson of God's steadfast presence around His people, he sings, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth, even forever." It is interesting to note that this is a pilgrim song, and was sung on the occasion of the journey of the tribes from distant lands to the great festivals of

worship at Jerusalem. The doctrine was not new; it appears in formal statements all along the line of prophetic teaching. But how vivid it becomes, how sweet and perennial in its influence, when clad in the æsthetic drapery of the Psalm. The intensity of the Jewish love for the holy city, we can hardly realize. Those expressions, "O how lovely is Zion;" "beautiful for situation;" "the joy of the whole earth;" "the city of the great King," and the like, were only the fervid utterances of that ardent attachment, which nothing could quench.

When the pilgrim caravans drew near the city, and their eyes for the first time caught a glimpse of its towers and battlements, and the gorgeous temple gleaming in the sunlight, beautiful as a bride, the spirit and enthusiasm of the scene must have been wonderfully inspiring. As one company after another took up the responsive song of exultant joy at the beauty spread out before them, the mountains joined in the hallelujah and echoed back the strain. Whenever, in after years, whether in the synagogues of Palestine, or in foreign lands, or in their homes, the sweet words were sung, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth, even forever," the picture of those steadfast mountains round about the city of their love would not only be vividly recalled, with all the sweet memories which clustered around it, but along with the picture, and forever inseparable from it, would be the starry light of that blessed truth that the great God was round about them wherever they were, with His protecting care forever more.

#### SULLY'S PORTRAIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

BY J. R. LAMB DIN.

IN a recent number of the *Century* is a beautiful engraving from the original study of the portrait of Queen Victoria painted by Thomas Sully, and in a foot-note are some remarks upon the circumstances of the painting of the picture. How it happened that Mr. Sully was enabled to paint the Queen, however, is not related, and as this would probably be a matter generally interesting, I will state the facts as I recorded them shortly after their occurrence.

Thomas Sully, though an Englishman by birth, had long stood in a commanding position in America as a portrait painter, with constant and remunerative employment. The financial crisis of 1837, however, had caused the withdrawal of so many commissions that he resolved to go to London, hoping to succeed to the position left vacant by the recent death of Sir Thomas Lawrence. His many warmly attached friends urged him to this course, and it was the suggestion of Mr.





OVER THE HILLS—BY JERVIS M'ENTEE—(DRAWN BY THE ARTIST.)

IN THE ART UNION, EXHIBITION.

Charles Toppan and of Mr. Joseph Sill, officers of the St. George's Society, that the sum of one thousand dollars should be collected and placed in the treasury of that society for the payment of Mr. Sully for a picture of the young Queen, then recently come to the throne, that decided him to go abroad. The idea was eagerly adopted by the society, the necessary petition to Her Majesty prepared, signed by its officers, and forwarded to our then Minister, Mr. Stevenson, of Virginia. Mr. Sully, accompanied by his daughter, sailed for England in October, and on his arrival in London had the pleasure of hearing that the petition had been favorably received, and that the Queen would sit for him as soon as the cares of State would allow.

Unfortunately, circumstances did not permit a beginning to be made until February, and not until May was the study-head finished. This was so greatly admired that Hodgson and Graves, the publishers, wished a half-length reproduction of it, to be engraved for them by Wagstaff. For this it was thought necessary to get the permission of the St. George's Society, and before the days of steam, a reply from the other side of the Atlantic was a long time in coming. The Secretary, however, wrote: "Make as many copies as may promote your interests." The half-length was finished in London, but little else came of the visit there, and the full-length picture for the Society was not finished until some months after Mr. Sully's return to Philadelphia.

Acting upon the permission given, the artist had begun a second full-length which he proposed to exhibit for his own benefit, but his right to do so was denied by some of the promoters of the scheme, who, finding how greatly the picture was admired, did not wish it to be repeated. Much discussion followed and so much ill feeling resulted that the matter was carried into court, and then was referred to a board of eminent lawyers, who decided that, unless otherwise stipulated, an artist did not part with his right to reproduce a picture, when he sold the first one.

The ill feeling produced by this conflict was very unfortunate, and to rid himself of the sight of the disputed picture, the artist presented it to the Thistle Society, of Charleston, S. C. The original full-length belongs to the St. George's Society, of Philadelphia, and is a beautiful specimen of the graceful but artificial manner of the portrait painters of the time. The original study of the head of the Queen remains in the family of the artist, and now belongs to his grandson.

DURING the past month three new Active Members have been elected to the Art Union: Mr. G. W. H. RITCHIE, of New York, Mr. GEORGE INNESS, JR., of Montclair, N. J., and Mr. JOHANNES A. OERTEL, of Morgantown, N. C.

#### A JUST ENACTMENT.

IT appears from a recent number of *La Chronique des Arts* that the Commissioner of the Chamber of Deputies has accepted a proposition from N. Bardour declaring that "no person shall be allowed to reproduce, execute or represent publicly (*en vue du public*) the work of an artist without his consent, whatever may be the manner of reproduction, execution or representation.

This is a progressive step in the history of legislation that should be imitated by every country in which the claims of art are acknowledged as an important factor in civilization.

This action sweeps away by a single blow the obstructions to justice that were born of ignorance and have been fostered and continued by selfishness.

The right of a man to the produce of his hands is a fact that is universally recognized. It was probably one of the first ideas of justice that dawned upon the mind of the aboriginal man as he emerged from barbarism, but for thousands of years there appears to have been no claim even, for the right of property in anything that could not be either measured or weighed.

The patent and copyright laws as they formerly existed, and indeed as in many respects they now stand, were the first recognitions, imperfect as they were, that there was a property in the work of a man's brain that could be and ought to be protected by law; but in the laws enacted for this purpose, the new claims for property rights in brain work were made to give way to the laws that existed and the customs that prevailed in regard to other kinds of property. The old copyright law in this country only protected the mechanical means which were employed to reproduce the artist's design. A wood engraving, photograph or other reproduction was presented only as such—but the design that called for the employment of these mechanical means and brought them into existence was not entertained as a thing of any worth.

Some ten years ago, Congress was petitioned to enact laws declaring that the copyright of an original work of art inhered to the artist by virtue of his authorship, and could be used by other persons only with the written consent of the artist—but the congressional committee found that such an enactment, simple and just as it might be, would interfere with the elaborate patent and copyright laws. In the law that was passed, although an artist's design was protected as a design, yet the processes by which this protection was secured were so tedious, troublesome and disfiguring to their work that few artists have cared to avail themselves of it. [In the case of a painting or statue, the artist is required to



inscribe upon some visible portion of it the notice of entry for copyright in the form prescribed.]

It is difficult to understand (at least for the non-legislative mind) why the grower of a cabbage or the maker of a wooden box should not be required to make any further movement than introduction to establish his ownership, while the artist should be hampered with such formalities as generally render the alleged protection of no avail.

All honor then, to the French Government for cutting this Gordian knot for France.

P.

have done who have lived twice as long. His charities were extended in almost every direction, and his patronage of art was generous and judicious. A short time before he went abroad, he established the "Hallgarten Prizes," to be given as an incentive to young artists exhibiting in the annual exhibitions of the National Academy of Design. He made an endowment of \$12,000, in five per cent bonds, the interest of which is to be annually divided into the sums of \$300, \$200 and \$100, to be awarded respectively to the painters of the first, second and third best oil paintings of each



THE COBBLER—BY J. H. NIEMEYER—(DRAWN BY H. P. SHARE.)

IN THE AMERICAN ART UNION EXHIBITION.

### JULIUS HALLGARTEN.

MR. JULIUS HALLGARTEN, well known as a liberal patron of the fine arts, died suddenly at Davos-Platz, Switzerland, the latter part of last month.

Mr. Hallgarten was not a native of this country, but was brought to America when only ten years old. Engaging in the brokerage business at a very early age, he soon acquired a fortune, and a few months before his death, virtually retired from business and went with his family to Switzerland. Although only forty-two years of age at the time of his death, Mr. Hallgarten in his lifetime did more to merit a grateful remembrance after death than many of our millionaires

year, 'painted in the United States, by American citizens under thirty years of age, and not before exhibited in the city of New York—the award to be decided by the votes of artists exhibiting.' He also created an additional fund of \$5,000 in aid of the schools of the Academy, to be used at the discretion of the Council, with a further sum of \$300 to make the interest available for the coming annual exhibition. Mr. Hallgarten endowed the Art Students' League with a sum of \$5,000 for the support of its schools, he gave \$5,000 in aid of the Free Circulating Library in Bond Street, and gave \$1,000 to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in recognition of the great interest he felt in the "progress and success" of that institution. In Mr. Hallgarten's death American Art has lost a good friend.



# The Art Union

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN ART UNION.

Correspondence on Art matters is respectfully solicited.

Notices of all forthcoming Exhibitions and Art Sales throughout the country are desired, as well as copies of the Catalogues of Public and Private galleries and transient Exhibitions, and reports of Art Sales.

All communications relating to the Literary Department should be addressed to CHARLES M. KURTZ, No. 44 East Fourteenth street, Union Square, New York.

All communications relating to the Business Management of the Journal, or having reference to advertising in the Journal or Catalogues of THE ART UNION, should be addressed to "Business Department, American Art Union," No. 44 East Fourteenth street, New York.

For terms of subscription to THE ART UNION, and rates for advertising in the same, see the "Business Department" of this Journal.

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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1884.

No. 2.

## EDITORIAL.

WE have devoted considerable space in this issue of THE ART UNION to a presentation of facts in regard to the great French picture frauds, which have been agitating the art world for some months. That the "country of the dollars"—as the Frenchmen complimentally term America—has suffered severely and paid dearly in consequence of these frauds, there is no doubt. And there have been picture frauds perpetrated at home as well as abroad. The true stories which we shall shortly publish concerning the manufacture and sale of fraudulent pictures in this country, will be such as will astonish many of our readers.

The surprising dexterity of many of the picture counterfeiters renders the editorial advice given to picture buyers, by the journals we have quoted, very proper indeed. Matters have come to such a pass that the average picture buyer can only feel secure when he deals directly with the artist.

\* \* \*

The first number of THE ART UNION was vexatiously late in making its appearance. The greater part of the matter for that number was prepared early in December, on the supposition that the journal could be issued that month. There were delays in the engraving and in the printing, however, that occupied exactly a month. We shall endeavor to guard against possibilities of this nature in the future. Last month one-half of the issue was printed, when we discovered that the press work was falling very far below the required standard. We examined all of the printed sheets, and as they were unsatisfactory, refused to re-

ceive them. The contract for the press-work was then given to another printer, with somewhat better results. But all of this took *time*. The lateness of the issue of the January number considerably delayed the appearance of this February number.

\* \* \*

Owing to the fact that the first number of THE ART UNION was not issued in December, the line which states that the Union was formed "early in the present year" is in error. A typographical mistake was made also in Mr. Smillie's letter on THE ART UNION etching. After favorably commenting upon Mr. Ritchie's excellent printing of the etching, Mr. Smillie wrote: "If we are to have good etchers, we must also have good printers." The types made the last word read "painters."

\* \* \*

We have lately secured publications and documents of various kinds relating to the old American Art Union, which flourished from 1839 until 1852, growing from a most modest beginning, to be, in its time, the greatest influence that existed in American Art. A series of articles will soon be published giving a brief history of the old Art Union and showing the differences between it and the present organization. Thousands of persons throughout the country remember the old society with pleasure. One meets with the engravings, given to its subscribers of from thirty to fifty years ago, in many parts of the country, and interesting reminiscences of the art of the time they are. In those earliest days the most prominent artists in the country were WASHINGTON ALLSTON, THOMAS SULLY, E. G. LEUTZE, S. F. B. MORSE, THOMAS DOUGHTY, THOMAS COLE, HENRY PETERS GRAY, J. F. KENSSETT, GEORGE A. BAKER, G. R. BONFIELD, RUSSEL SMITH, THOMAS CUMMINGS, C. P. CRANCH, F. E. CHURCH, A. B. DURAND, ROBERT W. WEIR, DANIEL HUNTINGTON, JASPER F. CROUSEY, J. G. CHAPMAN, REGIS GIGNOUX, THOMAS HICKS, and others, whose names are familiar.

\* \* \*

In dealing with the American Art Union, the picture buyer practically deals with the artist, for each artist represented in its galleries is a member of the Union, which receives no pictures whatever except such as are sent directly from the artists' studios. In the case of any sales made, the artist will give the purchaser documentary evidence, if desired, of the complete authenticity of his work. Such evidence might be very useful should the buyer ever desire to dispose of the picture in the future. The American Art Union is the only establishment which makes a point of offering for sale *no* pictures except such as it receives directly from the artists. Indeed, the pictures are invariably the property of the artists themselves until they are sold.



## COMMUNICATIONS.

[LITERAL TRANSLATION.]

PARIS, January 2.

Under this heading will be published communications relative to art matters, which may be addressed to the Editor. In each case, the name and address of the writer must accompany the contribution, though not necessarily for publication.

*To the Editor of THE ART UNION:*

SIR:—The enclosed has come into my possession.

As a rule, private correspondence ought not to be made public except with the permission of the writer; but as the public good transcends all personal interests, I trust you will deem it proper to print the letter. As some of your readers may not be familiar with French, I send a literal translation.

Respectfully yours,

A. M. I.

\* \* \*

PARIS, le 2me Janvier.

MON CHER ALPHONSE:—Après de longues années d'une prospérité qu'aucun vilain contretemps n'est venu interrompre, il nous tombe comme la foudre un malheur sur nos pauvres têtes qui menace sérieusement de nous ruiner.

Tu t'es épouvanté lorsque le gouvernement américain s'est avisé de hausser le tarif sur les peintures. C'était cependant moins que rien. Cela nous a même beaucoup profité en nous permettant d'un côté, de diminuer le prix que nous demandent les artistes ici, et de l'autre, d'augmenter la valeur des tableaux une fois arrivés à New York.

C'était un poignard à lame double qui tranchait également bien des deux côtés. Mais le danger que nous craignons en ce moment est une toute autre affaire. Cette histoire malencontreuse du Dumas-Trouillebert Corot a été suivie de près par une telle foule de pareils contretemps, que même vos milords américains ont pris l'alarme et refusent même de regarder des peintures pour lesquelles il y a quelques mois ils payaient sans sourciller les plus hauts prix.

Puis, la législature qui s'en mêle et qui vient de prendre des mesures qui pourraient bien faire un tort sérieux à notre commerce. Nous espérons bien tout de même d'avoir assez d'influence pour mettre fin à tout ça.

Encouragé par mes succès précédents et dans l'anticipation d'un accroissement de commerce dans les affaires de cette année, je m'étais acheté une collection immense des tableaux de tout genre qui pourrait le mieux plaire au goût du public en ce moment; entre autres, plus d'un millier de Corots et Daubignys, dont quelques uns par nos premiers artistes ont coûté un joli argent et sont même meilleurs que les originaux.

Comme il faudra probablement longtemps avant que la confiance du public soit rétabli, j'avais songé à décamper avec toute ma collection à New York, pour y traiter directement avec vos millionnaires.

Les journaux américains sont toujours tellement occupés par la politique et les affaires commerciales que je présume que l'on y sait presque rien du bouleversement qui règne en ce moment dans le monde des arts parisiens. On a reçu l'information d'une source bien renseignée, que le gouvernement américain va céder au poids de l'influence des marchands de tableaux européens et leurs coadjuteurs permanents en Europe, et que le tarif va être immédiatement diminué. Mais quand même ce ne serait pas changé peu nous importe! car les ressources d'un marchand de tableaux français sont amplement suffisantes aux exigences de tout ad valorem tarif si haut que ce soit.

On m'a assuré que ma connaissance imparfaite de la langue anglaise loin d'être un obstacle, sera un point additionnel en ma faveur dans mes recommandations des peintures aux connoisseurs américains.

Veuillez, je t'en prie, donner à ce sujet une considération sérieuse et avise moi au plus proche date des chances probables que j'aurai de réussir la bas. Je reste en te priant d'agréer mes salutations affectueuses,

Ton frère dévoué,

MY DEAR ALPHONSE:—After long years of a prosperity that no ugly contretemps did come to interrupt, there to us falls like the lightning a misfortune on our poor heads that threatens seriously to ruin us.

Thou didst alarm thyself when the government American did itself advise to raise the duty on pictures. That was yet less than nothing. It even did much profit us—in us permitting on the one hand to diminish the prices that asked of us the artists here, and on the other to augment the value of the paintings, once arrived at New York. It was a dagger with double edges, that slashed equally well of both sides.

But the danger that we fear in this moment is quite another thing. That unwelcome story of the Dumas-Trouillebert Corot has been followed of so near by such a crowd of like contretemps, that even your milords American have taken the alarm, and refuse even to look at pictures for which there are some months they paid without blinking the highest prices. Then the Legislature, which mixes itself in it, and which comes to taking measures that may do a wrong most serious to our trade.

We hope well, nevertheless, to have enough of influence for to put end to all that.

Encouraged by my preceding successes, and in the anticipation of an increase of trade in the affairs of this year, I myself had bought a collection immense of paintings of all sorts, which might please the taste of the public in this moment. Among others, more than a thousand of Corots and of Daubigny's, some of which, by our first artists, have cost a pretty money, and are even better than the originals.

As it will probably be a long time before the confidence of the public is re-established, I had dreamed of decamping with all my stock to New York, for there to treat directly with your millionnaires.

The journals American are always so occupied with the politics and the affairs commercial, that I presume that they there know almost nothing of the upsetting that reigns at this moment in the world of art Parisian.

We have received the information from a source well instructed, that the government American has yielded to the weight of the influence of the dealers of pictures European and their coadjutors, and that the tariff will be immediately diminished.

But when even this would not be changed, little it us matters, for the resources of a dealer of pictures French, are amply sufficient to the exigencies of any ad valorem tariff, so high as it may be.

They have me assured that my knowledge imperfect of the language English, far from being an obstacle will be a point additional in my favor, in my recommendations of paintings to the connoisseurs American.

Be willing, I pray thee, to give to this subject a consideration serious, and advise me at the most near date of the chances probable that I would have to succeed over there.

I remain, praying thee to believe my salutations affectionate,

Thy devoted brother,

## TO ARTISTS AND VISITORS.

Pictures in the American Art Union's galleries which may be sold, will be delivered to the purchasers at once, and the artists will be communicated with and given an opportunity to replace them in the galleries. Every member of the Art Union can be represented continually. The pictures will be re-hung at intervals, and new works will frequently replace old ones. By the occasional rehanging, artists will be given equal advantages with reference to peculiarly choice positions, and frequent visitors to the galleries will enjoy the novelty of change, besides the view of old friends under new lights.

Persons wishing to obtain numbers of THE ART UNION from the beginning, should send in their subscriptions early, as we cannot agree to send back numbers. The January issue of 10,000 copies already is almost exhausted.

## FRAUDS IN ART.

—FIRST PAPER.—

## SOME PARISIAN DISCLOSURES.

A few months ago there was a great deal of excitement occasioned in Paris by the announcement that a famous picture belonging to M. Alexander Dumas,  *fils*, which for several years had been admired enthusiastically as "one of the finest pictures Corot had ever painted," had turned out not to have been painted by Corot at all, but by a man named Trouillebert. M. Dumas had been considered a great connoisseur, and besides, he had bought the picture from M. Georges Petit, a dealer of reputation, for twelve thousand francs. The friends of M. Dumas, among whom were 'connoisseurs' as eminent as himself, had all worshipped the picture as a Corot, until one day someone informed M. Dumas that his picture was not what it purported to be, and brought to him the artist who had painted it, to prove his assertion. The result of this was that M. Dumas returned the painting to the dealer of whom he had purchased it, this dealer sent it back to the man who sold it to him, and so on, until it came back to the studio of Trouillebert. In justice to Trouillebert, it must be said that while he is an imitator of the style of Corot, and, as this story proves, has acquired the ability to represent his manner so exactly as to deceive noted experts, when the picture left his studio it bore the signature "Trouillebert." However, in its peregrinations among the Parisian dealers, it received a re-christening in some mysterious way which none of the dealers who handled it can understand, and was born again, so to speak, as a superb Corot! Bearing the talismanic signature of the master, it rapidly rose in price and in reputation, and finally attained a place of honor in the superb collection of the critical M. Dumas!

The great commotion created by the development of the facts in this case, naturally attracted a great deal of attention to the methods of the Parisian dealers, and in the course of numerous investigations which followed, there were discovered regular factories devoted to the manufacture of "pictures by Corot, Diaz, Daubigny, Rousseau" and other artists of celebrity, whose styles of painting could be imitated nearly enough to deceive any but real experts.

The consternation into which picture-buying Paris was thrown by these developments was heightened when recently M. Jacques de Biez, a well-known art critic, delivered a lecture on the counterfeiting of works of art. In the course of his remarks, M. de Biez estimated that four-fifths of the pictures sold to-day are false, and he attributed the enormous number of false pictures to the exorbitant prices that works of art have attained. When wealthy picture buyers give orders to artists at prices which make the ordinary amateur

shrink, he thinks it is no wonder that unscrupulous dealers are tempted to acquire a supply of these valuable works. Of course, the very fact that a picture by a certain artist has been sold for a large amount of money, naturally encourages the belief that it may not be a bad speculation to own pictures from his hand, so a demand springs up in response to which comes a supply. A recent Paris letter from a correspondent of the *New York Times* contains the following interesting matter on this subject:

In the last few years, the manufacture of false pictures has increased enormously in Paris, Brussels, Switzerland and several Italian cities. Corot is one of the artists most counterfeited, but there are quantities of false Roybets, Diazes, Fromentins, Courbets, Dupres, de Nittises, etc. M. de Biez tells an interesting anecdote about this last named artist. Just after the exhibition in Munich, a short time ago, a gentleman who had seen one of M. de Nittis' pictures there, wrote to the artist to say that he would like to buy it, only the price was too high. De Nittis immediately wrote back that he had sent no picture to the Munich exhibition. Three months later a letter of the same kind came to him from Pesth. The dealer had simply taken his false de Nittis from Bavaria to Hungary. De Nittis, who is an Italian, is very much appreciated by his countrymen. There are eleven of his "Place des Pyramides" in Italy, although the artist never made but one, and that one is in the Luxembourg. One day he received a photograph of one of these false pictures, and he replied that the picture was not his. The Italian merchant was not discouraged. He simply had the signature changed to Edouard Detaille! One day de Nittis saw at the Hotel Drouot a picture signed by his name that he had never seen before. He offered to buy it before the sale began, but he asked the seller to guarantee the signature upon the bill. "Certainly," replied the dealer. "I will give you back the money if the signature is not genuine!" It frequently happens that the frauds are not practiced by artists counterfeiting a signature not their own, but by the dealers themselves. M. de Biez remarks that when we study the Dutch school, for example, we are struck with the similarity of the work of some of Rembrandt's pupils to that of the master. Salomon, Coninck, and Fabricius have left very few pictures. Their works are, however, not lost; they resemble the works of Rembrandt so much that many of them have been transformed into Rembrandts. What master has not had pupils who have worked according to his methods? Courbet has not been dead ten years, and yet some of the pictures exhibited in a collection formed by the Administration of the Fine Arts here, not long ago, were thought by certain amateurs to be the work of his pupils. A lot of the Jules Dupre pictures are said to be Victor Dupre's pictures "transformed." Kreyder, the flower painter, who at one time worked in Theodore Rousseau's studio at Barbizon, left several of his sketches and studies there when he came up to Paris. He never thought of asking for them, but after the artist's death, Kreyder was surprised to find in a public sale the signature of Theodore Rousseau on the studies he had left in the master's studio. Diaz was said to know where there was a manufactory of false Diazes, but he never took the trouble to break it up. A friend of his, thinking to please the artist, once bought a picture from a dealer who recommended it as one of the best ever done by Diaz. "I don't expect you to know much about painting," said the artist to his friend, when he saw the picture, "but you at least ought to know my signature. That signature is in the English style. Did you ever know me to sign like that?" Besides really counterfeiting a signature, there is another abuse that was lately revealed by the Daubigny incident—the use of the words "attributed to." It is easy to put them upon any picture, but once in an unscrupulous dealer's hands, or in the possession of a speculating amateur, it does not take long to obliterate them and to leave the name of Corot or Rousseau or any other master, as the case may be.

What can be done to prevent these frauds and to protect artist and purchaser? The Bardoux law, now waiting for the Senate's approval, will be one step toward a solution of the question, for it punishes by fine



and imprisonment all counterfeiting of pictures or signatures. Another plan, proposed by M. Chauvin, is to establish a civil state for pictures just as it is now established for individuals. By the proposed plan an artist, accompanied by witnesses, would go to the proper office and declare his picture just as a man now does to register his new-born child. A description of the picture, with the name and history of the artist and purchaser would be recorded by a clerk, and every time the picture changed hands this register would be consulted. This idea is not very practical, and it would add another circumlocution office to the already large number now in existence. Imagine 50,000 or 60,000 new pictures registered every year! M. Jacques de Biez suggested the creation of a jury of painters, which would replace the experts. When the jury found a false picture they would immediately cause it to be burned. If, however, the jury should make a mistake and condemn a genuine canvas? And who would pay for the picture destroyed? The most practical solution seems to be, now that the existence of frauds is so well known, for amateurs who are in doubt to buy only of the artist or his authorized agent. As for the works of artists who are dead, in these days of false Rembrandts, Teniers, Corots, &c., it is very difficult to give an opinion.

The "Daubigny incident," referred to in the course of the foregoing, was as follows, as given by the same correspondent in an earlier letter:

A few days ago, a sale of pictures was announced to take place at the Hotel Drouot. The list included the names of Corot, Rousseau, Diaz, Jacque, Vollon, Charles Daubigny and others. M. Daubigny's son Karl, having some doubts about the pictures attributed to his father, went to the Hotel Drouot, accompanied by two experts, and made an examination of the paintings. The result was that out of eight pictures, claimed to be painted by Charles Daubigny, only one was found to be genuine. M. Karl Daubigny immediately made known his discoveries to the government prosecuting officer, and orders were at once given to prevent the sale. The organizer of this sale is a M. Garnier, a picture dealer. He tries to exculpate himself by saying that the words "attributed to" had been inadvertently omitted from the catalogue, which is a pretty lame excuse. The number of *croûtes* that are sold each year to unsuspecting "amateurs" by reason of this "attributed to," is larger than most persons suppose. M. Daubigny has brought an action against the organizer of the sale, but unfortunately there is no precise law against counterfeits in artistic work. There is a law which protects manufacturers' names, but none which applies to artists. In the new bill now before the Senate there is a clause which punishes by an imprisonment of one to five years, and a fine of from 16 to 5000 francs any person guilty of using the name of an artist, or putting the name of an artist on a work not his own or fraudulently imitating a signature or sign adopted by any artist. The effect of M. Karl Daubigny's vigorous action may be to stir up the French legislators and cause them to pass the bill now before the Senate.

Edward King recently wrote a letter from Paris to the *Evening Post* of this city, in which he says:

It was only the other day that Jules Claretie frightened all the lovers of true art by declaring that the colors used by the majority of French artists of distinction will not last, and that consequently future generations will sigh in vain for a sight of the marvels of technique achieved by Meissonier and his train. And now we are informed by authorities upon painting that the Paris market is flooded with counterfeits of the great masters. So bold and extensive has this nefarious commerce become that a league has been formed for its suppression, but the league has small hopes of success. \* \* \* These Corots, Roybets, Daubignys, Diazes, Fromentins, Courbets, and Teniers, which are produced in large numbers, are sold to the dealers at prices ranging from three hundred to one thousand francs, and the gulls take them from dealers at from ten to thirty thousand francs. Here is a commerce which pays better even than the adulteration of wine. I often look back with amusement to the time when I saw in the windows of a curio merchant on the exterior boulevards, a Diaz which had such a perfectly honest air that I felt persuaded to buy it. The price was modest; I asked the merchant some leading questions, and his answers seemed eminently satisfactory. Still, it was so

phenomenal a circumstance that this Diaz should have been overlooked by the picture-buyers, who daily sweep and garnish every corner of Paris, that I went away doubting. Next day I asked a friend in the Maison Goupil to look at this so-called Diaz for me. In a short time I received the information that it was the work of an inferior imitator, who had probably received as little as twenty-five francs for his crime. I had not seen so many good pictures then as now, but to-day I am certain that there are a hundred men in Paris who could deceive me with a false Corot. We are told that there is a regular Fromentin factory at Lyons; that a Swiss house launches a new Courbet every week, and that in Brussels the Teniers are made by dozens. A celebrated still-life French painter discovered the Teniers fraud while painting in Brussels recently. \* \* \* This evil is so great that amateurs from over the sea must feel very uncomfortable when they are buying pictures, unless they order them directly from the easels of artists whom they know to be incapable of fraud.

Here is something copied from the New York *Sun*:

"Apropos of the recent sale in Paris of M. Borniche's 17,000 pictures, the question arises how many of these pictures are genuine and how many spurious. A curious study upon this subject, due to the pen of M. Vertan, shows that the number of copies disposed of as originals is quite astonishing. There is one artist, he says, living in the Latin quarter, who has made the fortune of ten picture dealers, with imitations of Leonardo da Vinci, Zurbaran, and other great masters. And sometimes the spurious pictures are detected on account of being superior to anything done by the artist imitated. Turning to the sales at the Hotel Drouot, a writer says, that on an average there are put up for sale every year 1,200 Daubignys, 800 Leopold Roberts, 2,000 Troyons, 3,000 Corots, 2,500 Theodore Rousseaus, 1,800 Rosa Bonheurs, 1,400 Diazes, and so on. He declares that 70,000 Daubignys at present exist, and he expresses his opinion that a century hence there will be a million. M. Vertan naturally complains that nothing is done to put a stop to this wholesale piracy. M. Waddington, when he was in office some years ago, drafted a bill on the subject, but it never got any further, and the forgers have it all their own way.

Of these fictitious pictures, it is a well-known fact that large numbers have been brought to America, and hundreds of them are fondly treasured in many of the best collections in this country. It has been estimated that in New York alone there are more pictures bearing the signatures of Corot, Diaz and Daubigny than these men could ever have painted, had each of them attained the ripe old age of a hundred years.

These publications must undoubtedly cause considerable anxiety among collectors who have paid enormous sums for names rather than for works; indeed they have caused so much general comment in New York, that nearly all of the leading dailies have contained exhaustive editorials upon the subject. In referring to it, the *Sun* editorially remarks:

The desire to gather a collection of the works of famous artists is now so widespread, not only here, but in England, that it is apparent that it could not be met as fully as it seems to be at present unless the artists produced their pictures with the aid of labor-saving machinery, or at least with the help of a large number of hands, which, of course, no great artist does. Every man who is ambitious of possessing a gallery of paintings of the fashionable sort is dissatisfied until he gets examples, or what he regards as examples of the work of perhaps a score of artists of extraordinary contemporary fame. These private picture galleries, too, are found, not in our great Eastern cities merely, but throughout the country as far as the Pacific coast; and they are rapidly increasing in number. All have endeavored, or are endeavoring to acquire pictures by the same artists, who, taken all together, are far too small a company to produce so many works.

The counterfeiting of pictures is so serious an evil, and so dangerous a fraud, extensively practised as it is by dealers and clever masters of the technical details of art, that the people are likely to grow so suspicious that they will doubt the genuineness of all paintings unless they have actually seen them on the easels of the artists.

The most distinguished names are those oftenest counterfeited, and the fraud is most commonly practised when the men are dead, as in the cases of Corot and Diaz. If those two famous painters produced a fraction of all the pictures which have been sold as theirs within the last five or ten years, besides those known to be authentic, they must have wielded the brush with both fingers and toes, and worked twenty-four hours a day without ceasing.

The majority of our picture buyers, who buy most and pay the highest prices, are governed in making their purchases by names merely. Disclosures like those of M. Jacques de Biez must create painful doubts in many of them.

And this is from an editorial in the *Evening Post*:

It is incontestable, as any artist or student of art who has lived long in Paris will agree, that the number of forgeries of the great painters of the century, and especially of those who have died, is enormous. Every habitué of the numerous minor picture dealers' shops in Paris will recall many instances of clever forgeries sold at trivial prices at first-hand—not well enough done to deceive the close study of a thorough connoisseur, but quite enough to catch a millionaire, and some of them we know to have attained finally the degree of accepted past masters. The men most easy to imitate by a clever painter without original ideas are precisely the men of great individuality of manner, as, for instance, Jules Dupré, of whom there are possibly more accepted counterfeits than originals afloat. Those who have had to deal with the men who generally start this class of pictures on their career, know that the question of the authenticity of a picture weighs lightly on some of them. We recall a case—one in which a dealer of established reputation, having purchased a forgery, called in an eminent painter to see it. The latter assured his friend that the picture was not genuine, as he himself had painted it as a study of the master's manner, and to prove it scraped away the paint from one corner and showed his own initials. The dealer, however, sold it as an authentic picture by the master. Huntington used to tell of a "Rembrandt," which he had, which passed the scrutiny of the German experts as an original, but which he saw painted. The fact is, that there is no painter of any time, who has not been imitated by other painters so well that, after a short lapse of time, it has been impossible for the experts to settle the authenticity of the picture. It behooves our capitalists who are investing so largely in the work of eminent painters of other countries, to insist on documentary authentication of works of great value, or, where it is possible, to purchase directly from the artist. Unfortunately, they don't generally know him until he is dead.

This consideration of the frauds in foreign art leads one to inquire somewhat into the state of affairs in America, and the readers of THE ART UNION will doubtless be somewhat surprised when they are informed that just such frauds as have been recounted have been carried on in this country for years. Except to one who has thoroughly examined into this matter, it seems almost incredible that such frauds as have been practised in New York have escaped the general notice and condemnation of the press and the people, and it is astonishing also to learn how many of "our best people" have been "taken in" by the picture charlatans.

Many who read this will remember how, about two years ago, several paintings signed by the names of the American artists, M. F. H. De Haas and Albert Bier-

stadt, were sold in a down-town auction room at high prices, and how it subsequently transpired that these pictures had been painted by a couple of 'enterprising' young men, who had studios in the Tenth-Street Studio Building,—even on the same floor on which was the studio of Mr. De Haas! The auctioneer claimed that he had no idea that the pictures were forged—though he had been handling paintings for years, and assumed to be an expert in such matters. The result showed that the auctioneer was either dishonest or incompetent, and in either case that the casual picture buyer would be wise in avoiding him. The pictures, purporting to be by Messrs. Bierstadt and De Haas, were, of course, taken back by the dealer and the signatures were erased. The ambitious young artists only escaped prosecution and prospective State's prison, because of the prominence of their social connections.

The people in some parts of the West have been systematically swindled for years by untrustworthy picture dealers, who have made periodical forays among them. There will be something said concerning these matters in future numbers of THE ART UNION.

#### "HOW TO LOOK AT A PICTURE."

MONSIGNOR Capel recently lectured in Steinway Hall on "How to look at a picture." He said in part:

There are galleries in New York that will compare favorably with those of Europe. The latter are the work of many centuries; the former are the result of the good taste, labor and energy displayed by collectors during a limited period. In looking at a picture, three things are to be considered: the person who is looking, the object looked at, and the artist who made it. Some see only religious pictures; others never get beyond the realistic qualities of a picture. The education, surroundings and motive of a painter must be considered. We must take the picture in all its bearings and approach it from different points of view. Every picture has a story. What is it that the canvas does for us? Who painted it? When was it painted? What for? Where has it been? No word painting can reach the point a simple picture takes us to. It is superior to language, habits and customs, and becomes the catholic element for the expression of thought. A picture is intended to generate in the mind painful or pleasurable feelings, and it appeals directly to the understanding.—*The Tribune*.

In speaking of the Artists' Fund Sale, the New York *Commercial Advertiser* says:

We note with pleasure the promptness with which bids were made for the best pictures. It showed plainly that the people are beginning to examine into the real merits of American art, and that they find better composition and work in native art than is often found in the clap-trap pictures (which cost twice as much) of Europe. The paintings sold last evening were excellent as a rule, and where they were worthy, fair prices were paid. Paintings are a safe investment, and when well selected will constantly increase in value, and will, in the hardest times, sell for ready cash when often houses and lands will not.



## AMERICAN ART SCHOOLS.

## THE NATIONAL ACADEMY SCHOOLS.

IT is proposed to publish, from time to time, articles upon the principal Art Schools of America, with some account of the methods of instruction employed, and a review of the advantages each can offer. The series may appropriately begin with a consideration of the Schools of the National Academy of Design, New York,—one of the oldest art institutions in the country, and one which, in its long life, has had a greater influence than any other upon the growing Art of America.

The Academy Schools had their origin in the "New York Drawing Association," which was established in the autumn of 1825, "for art study and social intercourse," and which, in its turn, was an offshoot from the earlier "American Academy of the Fine Arts." In 1826, the Drawing Association, which numbered among its members the greater portion of the artists then in the city, became the present National Academy of Design, which was chartered by the Legislature of New York in April, 1828. The National Academy Schools have been open continuously since their foundation, and in them many of the first artists of the country have received much of their art education.

The Academy Schools, at present, are attended by over one hundred and fifty students. Two hundred is the limit of the number that can be accommodated. The departments of instruction comprise the Antique school, the Life school, the Painting school and the Modeling school, besides which there are a Sketch class, a Costume class, a Composition class and courses of lectures on Artistic Anatomy and Perspective.

The Antique and Life schools are under the instruction of Professors L. E. Wilmarth, N. A., and Edgar M. Ward, N. A. Professor Wilmarth received his art education in the schools in which he is now an instructor, in the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Munich under Kaulbach, in the schools of the *Beaux Arts* and in the studio of Jean Leon Gerome, in Paris. Professor Ward was also a pupil of the National Academy, New York, of the *Beaux Arts*, and of Cabanel, Paris. The Antique school is on the Fourth Avenue side of the building, on the ground floor, and is open, both to males and females, from 7 A. M. until 9 P. M. daily, except Saturdays and Sundays. In this school, the students draw from plaster-casts from the antique. The Academy possesses one of the finest collections of casts in the country, comprising reproductions from nearly all of the greatest works of ancient sculpture, besides a large number of casts from modern works of merit. The Life school, on the same floor, has separate classes for males and females, who draw from the nude model. The class for males meets in the forenoons and in the

evenings; the class for females, in the afternoons. The Painting school is under the direction of Mr. William H. Lippincott, who was a pupil of Leon Bonnat, Paris. This school occupies the former Lecture room of the Academy, on the same floor as the Twenty-third street entrance, and is open during the day-time only. In it, students paint from the living model.

J. Q. A. Ward, N. A., has charge of the Modeling school. Mr. Ward first studied his art for a number of years under H. K. Brown, N. A. In the Modeling school, the students at present are all working to reproduce the antique; after they have sufficiently advanced, they will model from life.

The Sketch class, which is open to all the students of the Academy, is peculiarly a students' affair. It meets between four and five o'clock every afternoon except Saturdays and Sundays, and the students themselves take turns in posing; assuming, on such occasions, costumes of some particular historical character or period, or of some contemporary foreign style. Care is taken to have these costumes as accurate as possible, and thus the class work is instructive aside from the value of the practice given in drawing. Announcements of the costumes which will be presented are given out beforehand. Students who wish to be members of the class, but who feel unable to undergo the fatigue of posing for an hour—especially when under the intense observation of their associates—hire models, for whom they furnish the costumes decided upon.

The regular Costume class, however, is a separate affair from this. It meets in the Life school every Saturday and occupies the whole day, the students drawing or painting from the living model in costume. Only members of the Life school are admitted to it.

The Composition class is open to all students of the Academy. Its meetings are held alternate Thursday evenings, after the conclusion of the anatomical lectures. At these meetings drawings made by the members, to illustrate subjects assigned for compositions at the last meeting, are exhibited and criticised by Professor Wilmarth—and sometimes also by some of the other Professors—and subjects are then assigned upon which the students may exercise their minds and pencils during the ensuing two weeks. Usually two subjects are given out; one, an abstract sentiment, the other, a literary work or passage for the suggestion of illustration. The last subjects with which the members of the class labored were "Idleness" and "an illustration of some portion of Longfellow's poem, 'The Building of the Ship.'" Both subjects were illustrated creditably in a number of instances. Students have the privilege of choosing either of the subjects or both of them for illustration, and those who desire may also bring in compositions based upon any other subjects, of their own selection, for criticism.

The Lectures on Artistic Anatomy are delivered Thursday evenings, by J. Wells Champney, A. N. A., who was a pupil of Edouard Frere, Ecouen, France, and of the Academy at Antwerp. These lectures are illustrated by diagrams, the human skeleton and the living model. The Lectures on Perspective are delivered on Tuesday evenings, by Frederick Dielman, N. A., who studied in the schools of the Bavarian Royal Academy and under Diez. These lectures are illustrated by diagrams and sketches. Both courses of lectures begin with the first of the year, and to them all of the Academy students are admitted.

#### ADMISSION TO THE SCHOOLS.

Applicants for admission to the Academy schools must submit to the School Committee a shaded drawing from a plaster cast of some portion of the human figure. This, if considered of sufficient merit and promise, will admit the applicant to the Antique school for the season, upon the payment of the annual entrance fee of ten dollars. Students in the Antique school are admitted to the Life school on submitting to the committee a drawing of a full-length statue made in the Antique school, which may be approved. Admission to the Painting school is granted those who can present before the committee, an acceptable drawing made either in the Antique or Life schools. Students who have been admitted to the Antique school are admitted to the Modeling school upon application.

Students of former years re-enter the schools each season in the same manner as new applicants, except that the recipients of Prizes, Medals, Honorable Mentions, etc., are readmitted simply on request, without showing a drawing, into the school in which the Prize was received, and members of the Life school of the previous year (who have not taken Prizes) may re-enter that school direct, on exhibiting an approved drawing from life, made in that school during the preceding session.

Instruction in all departments of the Academy is free to those who have complied with the requisites for admission, except in the Painting and Modeling schools, in each of which there is a charge of ten dollars a month. Students provide their own materials, but the Academy defrays the cost of models.

The school committee, which this year consists of S. J. Guy, N. A., E. Wood Perry, Jr., N. A., and Carl L. Brandt, N. A., meets every Monday evening in the Council Room of the Academy, and considers the work submitted during the previous week. The schools open, each year, on the first Monday in October, and close in the middle of the following May. Students may enter, however, at any time during the season.

#### ACADEMY PRIZES.

Two classes of Medals are offered for competition in the Academy schools. The Suydam Medals, of silver and bronze, are awarded to the two students making the best drawings from the Antique. The Elliott Medals, also of silver and bronze, are given to the two students who attain the highest degree of proficiency in the Life school. In each class, all of the competitors for prizes make their drawings at the same time, from the same model.

Provision also has been made recently for other prizes. The late Mr. Julius Hallgarten, who recently gave the Academy twelve thousand dollars for Exhibition prizes, also gave five thousand dollars, the interest of which is to be expended for prizes in the Academy schools, which shall be awarded annually to deserving students, in such manner as the Council of the Academy may determine. These prizes will be awarded for the first time, this year, Mr. Hallgarten having generously made up, in money, the amount of a full year's interest, the fund having only been established a short time ago.

#### METHODS OF TEACHING.

"What particular system of teaching do you employ in the Academy?" inquired the writer of Professor Wilmarth, several days ago.

"The same system that is followed in the *Beaux Arts* in Paris, the Bavarian Royal Academy in Munich at the present time, and in all the leading art schools of to-day," answered the Professor. "It is what is called the French, or Painters' system, which, seeing objects in light and shade, represents them as they appear, rather than as they actually are. Our great aim is, *to teach our students to see, and then to express what they see, as they see it.* All of the best artists of the present seek to attain in their works the realization of the same principles which we set before our pupils at the outset. This is in contradistinction with an early German school which taught the student to represent things as they really are, rather than as they appear. That, however, is the method for the sculptor, not for the painter. If you look at a distant object, you see it in masses of light and shade, not in detail; hence to paint it as you know it is, rather than as you see it, is to paint a pictorial falsehood, while to paint the apparent instead of the real thing is to paint the pictorial truth. I have heard truth defined as 'what is, as it is,' but truth in graphic art is rather what is, as it appears. I can illustrate the difference between the two contrasting schools by supposing an artist about to paint a stick, part of which is in the air and part under water. As we look at the stick, it seems to break the straightness of its line where it enters the water, and one part appears to make an angle with the other. We should paint it so, as we see it, but according to the principles



of the school to which I have referred, if they were strictly carried out, we should paint the stick as a straight, unbroken line, because it really is so, and the water only deceives us. Another example of the same thing might be referred to, which would not be quite so extreme as the other. Suppose a man stands just inside a window, between you and the light, and looks toward you. In that case, his face is in deep shadow, and you cannot see the features if you are at some distance from him; yet, according to this old school, all the markings of the features would be painted as seen through this shadow;—a truth in fact, but a truth that the artist could not discover from the standpoint of his picture, and therefore, from that standpoint, an untruth."

"In what way do you teach students to look at Nature?"

"We teach them to approach Nature from the general rather than from the particular. First, they undertake to reproduce the general forms; second, the general masses of light and shadow, and third, the individual forms, with their individual masses of light and shadow. This is the exact antithesis of the tendency of the system of the Pre-Raphaelites, which begins with particulars, with the idea of working toward the general, but usually ends with particulars, the importance of the individual elements being made so great that the general, central thought, is often almost lost sight of altogether."

"Do you insist upon any particular method of *technique*?"

"We do not. If the student succeeds in producing a correct drawing, in which the appearance of Nature is reproduced, that is enough. We will show him what, to us, is the simplest way of getting at results, but if another way is simpler for him, he may employ it. He may use egg-shell paper, English crayon, charcoal-paper or whatever he chooses, and may work with the crayon-point, the stump, a brush or in any other way that he can. We generally recommend the use of the stump and soft crayon, but we do not insist upon this. We only insist upon accuracy of drawing and the realization of the appearances of Nature in the representation."

"It is impossible to formulate methods of teaching art that can be applied in the treatment of all students. You cannot teach them in classes as you would teach them mathematics. Treating a dozen men alike is absolutely ruinous in art. The great object, in my view, is to encourage what talent there may be in the individual and make the most of it, not attempting to change or warp his individuality, but to develop his capability to exercise and express it. Individuality I consider the thing of greatest importance in a man. But the individuality of one man of necessity differs

from that of every other; the instructor, therefore, should find out the peculiarities of each student and instruct him according to his character. Each man has his own organism; in one this may be fine, delicate and exceedingly sensitive, and such a man will work slowly and carefully; in another, the nature may be coarse, blunt and full of brute force, and that man will rush over a prodigious amount of ground, in a strong manner, maybe, in a surprisingly short time. One must be gentle with the refined nature; severity of criticism would discourage and maybe crush it, before, by exercise, it could attain sufficient strength to withstand hard knocks. With the coarser nature one may be more severe and knock off the rough edges as if with a great hammer, until the character is dressed sufficiently to receive the more refining influences. An excess of delicacy, without strength, is useless, and very great strength is valueless if not tempered by refinement. Both elements are necessary to the accomplished artist, and if either element is weak it should be strengthened."

"Again, one man may be able to do in a few moments what another cannot do in an hour. I believe in advancing the rapid worker, and in giving the other time according to his thought. I do not believe in grinding a man through a mill, but in letting him work according to his individual organism and talent. Our great object is to teach the student to think for himself, and learn how to interpret Nature as he goes along. He must learn how to ask Nature questions and also how to receive her answers. One cannot formulate a recipe for learning thus; each man must learn it in his own way. The great end set before the student is to learn to express all the various appearances of Nature truthfully. To do this, he must learn to see the proportions that exist in things, and the relations of light and shade. That includes all of drawing, and with 'truth in color' added, comprehends all there is in painting. If a man has learned these, he can render any effect in Nature. But beyond that power, comes the creative faculty, and that must be in the man himself. No Academy can give him that. We can only assist him by teaching him how to correct his eye and develop quick and accurate perceptions."

"All who study art cannot, of course, become artists, but all will be made to enjoy better both art and Nature for the study; they will be better able to judge the work of others, and to appreciate the refinements of life in general. But it is impossible to make an artist out of 'just any person.' Artistic capability or talent is something born in the individual destined to excel in art, and it must be cultivated by years of earnest study before success can come. It is easy for schools to turn out educated classes, but great men can never be produced by education alone."

## ART CRITICISM

AND

## THE ANALOGY BETWEEN ART AND LITERATURE

ART is a language, and, like any written language, is simply a means of expression. It has aptly been termed the "universal language," because it may be understood by all peoples. As a language, it has its grammar and its dictionary. Its dictionary is Nature. Its grammar is based upon relationships of the various elements of Nature with each other.

Works of art and literary works are constructed upon identically the same principles, and the most intelligent criticism will apply the same tests to both.

Criticism, beginning upon the highest plane, considers first, the idea; second, the expression of the idea.

In the consideration of a work, either of art or literature, the critic, after learning what the artist or author set out to accomplish, may ask if the work was worth doing, and if he concludes that it was, he may proceed to examine in what measure of clearness, force, accuracy and elegance—or how thoroughly well, the man has succeeded in what he set out to do.

In reviewing a literary work, we ask: *Why* was this written? Had the author any good and sufficient reason for publishing it to the world? Has he given in it any new thought, or has he so attractively presented old ideas that they have an air of freshness and interest? Has he sought to teach us any moral or physical truth, or anything of art or nature or human life;—or has he amused us, or awakened our sympathies, or even so much as pleasantly beguiled for us an idle hour? And even if the thought is not great, has the author told us his story in such an elegant way that we can admire it for that?—indeed, after having perused the work, can we feel that there is anything in it which renders it worthy of existence? If we can, then it is worthy of our careful criticism;—if we cannot, then we may ignore it altogether, for intelligent criticism would be wasted upon it.

The same preliminary rule will hold good in the consideration of a work of art. It must be worthy of existence to be worthy of criticism.

## CONSTRUCTION OF AN ARTISTIC OR LITERARY WORK

In the first place, the work, of whichever class, should only be begun when the artist or author feels that it is well worth doing, and that he must do it.

And then, the subject having been selected, or rather having suggested itself, the problem for the consideration of the artist or author is, to so forcibly and attractively present this subject, so strong and beautiful to him, that through the medium of his work it may impress others as it impresses him. To do this, he first outlines the composition for his picture or the plot for

his story, aiming to throw into this outline the strength of his impression in broad masses of light and shadow. Second, he brings the various elements—the minor facts or accessories—together in a harmonious coherence, in which he endeavors to retain the vigor, the intensity of his impression. He carefully studies the possibilities of the relationships he has shown to apparently exist between the various elements he has introduced, and he next considers, in their expression, the truth to nature of each element, with regard to its proportion, its light, its shadow and its color considered in this relationship. We assume that the artist has a knowledge of colors, as the author has a knowledge of words, and we require an observation of the laws of perspective as we equally require a recognition of the rules of grammar.

But after all these requirements are satisfied, the picture or the book is still unfinished. The artist or author has only a strong, vigorous, truthful sketch or study, thus far. There are, necessarily, crudities here and there—places where the thought has advanced more rapidly than the handiwork. The refinement and delicacy of the finished work are lacking, and to secure these, without sacrificing the strength or harmony of his study in any particular, is by no means an easy undertaking. From this point the master shows his superior power, and here the weaker man stops or begins to retrograde. The whole difference between a great man and a little man in the same profession is the ability of the former to go one step further forward than the latter can go.

To finish the picture or book, then, the heated language of enthusiasm must be cooled down, but care must be taken that it is not chilled or frozen; the sharp lines of demarkation between the lights and shadows must be softened, but it must be done so subtly that while the disagreeable sharpness is lost, the relationships are preserved with all their strength, there being no degeneration into insipidity. The last touches must be given deftly; with certainty and decision. They must come from the full artistic knowledge of their requirements. A single touch of sentiment—a "high light"—a bright sparkle of vivid realism is needed here; a too obtrusive element must be made more quiet there; so that, in the completed whole, we may see something like a beautiful, symmetrical, harmonious structure, with none of the effect of its massiveness lost by over-adornment, and with no decoration lacking where the severity of the outline demands relief. In bringing his work into this final, finished condition, the artist or author employs the most subtle *technique* of which he is capable. In the case of the artist, technique pertains to the manner in which he puts paint upon the canvas; with the author, it is his characteristic style in the use of words.



## ART CRITICISM

If an art critic deems a picture worthy of criticism, he should first consider its story and the manner in which it tells it, from a literary point of view; second, he should examine the work with reference to its artistic qualities; third, he should investigate its claims with reference to its truth to nature, and fourth, he should notice carefully the technical manner of its production.

Technique, in art, pertains to the artist's manner of putting on paint; it also measures his ability in the expression of his impressions. He must realize qualities by technique, and he may do this in a broad, simple, suggestive manner, or by a minute and very literal rendition. Good technique is absolutely necessary to good art. If an artist's method of expressing quality is bad, his picture must suffer most seriously, though one may find no fault with its subject, composition, drawing, or its general artistic effect. Technique is an expression of the peculiarity of an artist's method; one manifestation of his individuality. However, it should be remembered that the best technique is that which is least evident to the spectator; that which is simplest, most direct, and most easily lost sight of in the consideration of the thing expressed; so artful, indeed, that it conceals the art that is in it. And when technique approaches that plane, it may compensate, to a certain degree, for lack of interest in the subject itself. But the thought always should be considered as of the first importance, though, it is true, we require the expression to obtain the thought.

In the contemplation of Nature, we are charmed with what we see and the spirit of what we see, and that charm is so great that we rarely think of analyzing the composition—the 'balances' in form and color which delight us—or of examining the details that contribute to the fulness and richness of the impression; and so, in an artist's or an author's work, the highest art is evident when we see only the grand result and are led to forget how it was brought about. But we must not allow ourselves to be deceived by *chic*, by pretension; we must remember that mere dexterity with the brush is not great technique, and that technique itself is not all there is in art.

I have said that an artist's technique was one manifestation of his individuality. Now, while individuality is a great desideratum, it does not necessarily indicate great talent, any more than a display of eccentricity indicates great genius. The worst painters in the world manifest great individuality as a rule—too much of it such as it is.

The greatest artist or author is the man who has the greatest thoughts and the highest capability in expressing them; who has the greatest originality with the greatest technique. Shakespeare's works tower above

those of other men, because of their greatness in thought and sublimity in the method of expression—or their *technique*, so to speak. And in all truly great work, we find both thought and technique developed together.

We should *require* good technique, but we should never expect two men to paint in exactly the same manner. From a faithfully artistic point of view, it should make no difference to us whether a man painted with a whitewash brush or a camel's hair, if only the desired result were obtained.

Let two artists, of comparatively equal ability, consider the same subject from the same standpoint, and what will be the difference in the works they produce? There will be two differences: one in their impressions conveyed by the subject, and the other in their individual methods of expressing these impressions. One man's individuality will produce an effect very greatly differing from that produced by the other, though the productions may be equally true to nature. There is one style for Gerome and another for Couture. Both are excellent, but they are not at all alike. Both tell us facts coherently, naturally, truthfully, but they do not tell them in the same manner, though, at times, they may portray the same general impressions from the same standpoint.

There are schools of technique in painting, as there are schools of style in literature. The greatest men in these allied fields have hosts of followers, but are only followers themselves as they follow Nature. Many have striven to follow in the footsteps of Raphael, and as many have attempted to tread the path of Macaulay, but the greatest men have made a pathway of their own. Who are the imitators of Shakespeare or the close followers after the style of Turner? Their names are not in the biographical dictionaries.

We all see differently, but we may all see justly, if we will. The author who writes the truth, or the artist who paints the truth, as he sees and appreciates it, has the right technique for himself. It only remains for the critic to judge whether or not the man's thoughts or impressions are worth recording, and, if they are, to endeavor to assign to them their proper relative value in the world of thought; to examine whether or not the expression is correct according to the laws which respectively govern literary or artistic composition, and whether it possesses more or less of vigor, clearness, comprehensiveness and beauty.

CHARLES M. KURTZ.

THE citizens of Louisville, Ky., are making exertions in the direction of holding another Exposition next Summer. In case the project is successful, the Art Department will be an especially prominent feature, as it was of the Exposition last year.

## A TALK BY HENRY BLACKBURN.

MR. HENRY BLACKBURN, of London, the editor of the familiar *Academy Notes*, *Grosvenor Notes*, etc., delivered an illustrated lecture to the students of the National Academy of Design, a few evenings ago, discussing the artistic methods of some of the most prominent English artists of the day, touching occasionally upon questions connected with American art, and referring, at some length, to the methods and characteristics of some of the French painters of the time. His remarks were based upon reproductions, shown by the stereopticon, from drawings of pictures which have been in recent exhibitions in the Royal Academy, the Grosvenor Gallery and the French *Salon*. Among the English artists represented by them, were Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir John Gilbert, J. E. Millais, Alma Tadema, W. Q. Orchardson, W. P. Frith, John Pettie, H. S. Marks, Hubert Herkomer, Frank Dicksee, Marcus Stone, C. E. Peugini, Burne Jones and F. Morgan. The reproductions from *Salon* pictures included Bouguereau's "Alma Parens," and Charles Sprague Pearce's "Water Carrier," both now in this city.

The illustrations shown were, for the most part, very interesting, and considering that they displayed nothing of the technique or color of the original pictures, one must be forced to the conclusion that they were interesting simply on account of their subjects as individually presented in outline by the artists. They clearly demonstrated the importance of correct drawing and good composition, and also showed the value, to the artist, of a knowledge of the best methods of drawing for the reproductive processes.

It would be impossible to give anything like a *resume* of Mr. Blackburn's remarks, in the space at our command, but several topics touched upon may be noted. In speaking of the "nationalism" of English art—that is, the disposition of English artists to paint mostly English subjects—he referred to the fact, which he considered deplorable, that so many of the younger American artists turn their backs upon the magnificent subjects for paintings which surround them on every side here, to picture the characteristics of foreign peoples and countries, as gathered from studies made when students, or during subsequent visits abroad. While the art educational advantages of Paris and Munich are undoubtedly very great, the student from America, he believes, makes a great mistake in apparently coming to the conclusion that the technique acquired in these schools is only employed worthily in the reproduction of foreign subjects. The lecturer had seen, in his travels through the United States, vast fields for observant men who are minded to avail themselves of the country's artistic resources, and he felt that it was

rather remarkable that any American artist should think of looking for subjects abroad under the circumstances. (In this connection, however, it must be said that the American artists, young and old, are now devoting themselves more to the consideration of American subjects, especially in *genre*, than ever before, and that upon this very foundation America is building an art as truly national in its subjects and characteristics as is that of England or France.—ED.)

Mr. Blackburn very highly commended the various photographic processes of reproducing artists' works, characterizing the "process electrotpe" which exactly copies an artist's lines, as far superior, from a truly artistic point of view, to the most elaborate wood-cut or other engraving produced by hands other than the artist's. He advised all art students to cultivate a bold and simple method of drawing for the press; a method in which the individuality of the artist can be mechanically reproduced instead of more or less mechanically "translated." While expressing admiration for the exquisite illustrations in the American magazines, the speaker feared that they tended to become more the work of the engraver and the printer than of the artist.

In showing reproductions of some portraits which were in the last *Salon*, Mr. Blackburn dwelt upon the commendable French disposition to paint a portrait as part of an interesting composition, having value as a picture aside from the question of the identity of the person painted. By this method it was shown how, by accessory lines and colors, persons exceedingly unattractive may be depicted in such a way as to appear almost beautiful, though the portrayal may be absolutely correct in feature and expression.

Mr. Blackburn's remarks were listened to with interest. He left America, to return to England, a day or two after the delivery of his lecture. He expects to return to this country next fall.

## OUT OF TOWN EXHIBITIONS.

ONE of the objects of the formation of the American Art Union was that the society should be the medium between the several exhibition associations of the country and the artists—to conduct negotiations that might be mutually advantageous—to furnish such associations meritorious collections of pictures without giving them the trouble of dealing with individual artists, and, on the other hand, to obtain for the artists guarantees of sales to an amount proportionate to the number and value of the pictures exhibited.

Correspondence is requested from friends of art who may wish to hold exhibitions in their several cities during the coming year.

E. WOOD PERRY, Jr., Secretary,  
44 East 14th street, New York City.



## THE TARIFF ON ART.

THE tariff excitement that a short time ago prevailed in artistic circles has quite subsided, some of the free traders feeling satisfied that the efforts they have already made are sufficient for the occasion, and others fearing that if the question is again brought before Congress, that body will not brook the semi-official threats of retaliation that have come from the other side of the water. Many consider that if the tariff is to be one for revenue only, the high-priced pictures, in which only very rich men can indulge, should pay the same duty as their other foreign-made luxuries.

The artists who favor some kind of a duty,—who greatly outnumber the free traders—are content to take no action, feeling that Congress has a pretty just appreciation of the whole business and can perceive the flimsiness of the arguments of that extraordinary coalition—American collectors who seldom or never buy an American picture; American artists (young men generally), and their enemies the French and German picture dealers. In case of a victory, the weakest party in this triple alliance certainly will not get the benefits it expects.

I have talked with many of the artists and find that very few of either party have given the subject much thought;—most of those who signed the memorial for the abolition of all duties on Art works, did so under a general impression that there ought to be no impediments to the importation of fine works of art; they would as readily have signed a petition for a moderate specific duty had it been first presented to them.

Indeed; almost all of the resident artists meet on this common ground; viz.,—they welcome the introduction of all fine works of art, but have no sympathy for the inferior combinations of pigment and canvas that are manufactured solely for the profit of a few foreign dealers. But the question of the means by which this common end can be best accomplished is what divides the artists into two parties.

It is not just that a resident of this country, who follows Art as a profession, should be called upon by virtue of his vocation to bear any burdens not equally imposed upon his fellow residents, who are engaged in like honorable employments. Yet this is exactly what the advocates for "free art" are asking.

In consequence of the protection given to all other industries, the expenses of a resident artist, while producing a work of a certain degree of excellence, are at least fifty per cent higher than they would be if he were living in Europe. It follows, therefore, that as long as these conditions obtain, there can be an equal competition between the resident and the non-resident artist only when there is a duty upon the works of the latter that is equal to the difference in the cost of pro-

duction in the two continents—in accordance with Mr. Hewitt's idea.

It has been urged as a reason for the removal of the duty upon Art works, that they are educational;—if that is an honest reason, why not begin with books—which are much more direct educational factors than works of art? Then there are artistic works in metal, wood, pottery, textile fabrics, etc., that are of very great value in cultivating the taste of the public;—why continue to tax these productions?

But the people at large take another view of the matter; why should any discrimination be made in favor of the few rich men who can well afford to pay a duty on the high-priced pictures they buy as luxuries, while they—the people—are heavily taxed upon the hardly-gotten necessities of life?

This much as a matter of business justice; but most of the artists have a certain amount of sentiment in them, and are perfectly willing to make a large concession of their rights for the sake of facilitating the importation of works that are calculated to aid in the art development of the country; most of them think that this can be best accomplished by a specific duty that would be light upon works of any merit, and would become merely nominal as the pictures increased in excellence.

Any advalorem duty is a premium for fraud, and will be taken advantage of by dishonest importers (who run little or no risk of detection), as there is no standard of values for works of art, and it is impossible for any third person to know the prices that may have been paid for them in Europe,—such prices being known only to the buyer and seller.

The American artist wants no special favors from the Government, but only the same treatment that is given to all other citizens. If we are to have free trade, let it be either free trade upon the necessities of life, or free trade all around.

Y. Z.

THE ART LOAN ASSOCIATION, of Detroit, a few days ago, turned over to the PERMANENT ART ASSOCIATION, of Detroit, all its assets, consisting of cash, paintings and records, on condition that as soon as the latter Association shall have been incorporated under the laws of Michigan, such assets shall be used for the public good in creating and developing a taste for the Fine Arts. In connection with this, a movement made to secure funds for the purchase of a site for a permanent building for a "Detroit Museum of Art," resulted in the receipt of subscriptions to the amount of forty thousand dollars, of which Senator Palmer contributed ten thousand. The accomplishment of this most excellent result for Detroit was due mainly to the energy of Mr. W. H. Brearley, Chairman of the late very successful Loan Exhibition.

## TWO ART LOAN EXHIBITIONS.

THE Loan Exhibition of the Brooklyn Art Association, in aid of the Bartholdi Pedestal Fund, is about to close as we go to press. Like the New York Loan Exhibition for the same cause, it has been a financial success.

In many respects, the collection of paintings shown in Brooklyn was more satisfactory than was the New York collection, in that the former contained excellent examples from almost every contemporary school of art, while the latter illustrated, for the most part, little more than one phase of the French School. The pictures exhibited in New York were beyond the understanding and appreciation of the majority of the visitors, and gave pleasure only to those who believe in art of a certain tendency. I speak now of the collection as a collection. There were some magnificent specimens of Corot's best work, and noteworthy examples of Francois Millet, Daubigny, Dupre, Diaz, Rousseau, Vollon and others, which even those who are uneducated in art could admire; but as a rule, the pictures were not such as would be calculated to give pleasure to, or encourage art interest in, the majority of the visitors who patronize such exhibitions. It is true there were a few pictures, representing men like Meissonier and Detaille, which could be appreciated by the people, but these were half-hidden under the staircases and were likely to be missed altogether by the average visitor. There were no American pictures shown at all.

The Brooklyn Exhibition was formed on more catholic principles. It was rich in examples of leading artists of all countries and schools, and American pictures were not entirely excluded from it. For those who admire Corot, Diaz, Dupre, Daubigny and Francois Millet, there were excellent examples of the works of those artists. For those who delight in Gerome, Cabanel and Bouguereau, there was something to satisfy. Those who worship Rousseau found such a collection of his pictures as is rarely brought together, and those who believe in American art could find much to encourage them. It would be impossible in an article of limited space to refer to many of the Brooklyn pictures, but Jules Breton's "Evening in the Hamlet of Finistere," Millet's "Gleaners," Cabanel's "Carrier Dove," Munkacsy's "In the Studio," and glimpses into the forests of Diaz and through the country of Corot and Dupre and Rousseau, differing as they all do, come vividly before me when I think of the collection, and very strongly tempt me to write about them. The American pictures that were there were very worthy of attention. For the completeness of its story and its excellent manner of telling it, Henry Mosler's "Marriage Contract," was equal to

any picture of its class in the exhibition, and Charles F. Ulrich's "Wood Engraver," was a picture that certainly had no reason to fear anything from comparison with the works of the foreign masters surrounding it.

M. F. H. De Haas was excellently represented by one of his best pictures, "An Off-Shore Breeze, Isle of Shoals." "Two Bootblacks, who had had a dispute and turned their backs upon each other, showed J. G. Brown at his best. By Constant Mayer was "The Lord's Day," a young Quakeress reading a bible; by A. H. Thayer, "A Portrait;" by George Inness, "A June Morning in Connecticut;" by F. A. Bridgman, "The Fortune Teller" and "Afternoon Hours, Cairo;" by Daniel Huntington, "St. Cecilia," and by George H. Smillie, "A View on the Massachusetts Coast."

The Catalogue of the Brooklyn Exhibition was a distressing affair. It was bulky, inconvenient to handle, pretentious, and in its typographical make-up, needlessly lavish and at the same time inartistic. The numbering of the pictures did not follow their order on the walls—a fault which sometimes is unavoidable in the case of catalogues of large permanent galleries, but which is always productive of inconvenience—nor were the pictures catalogued under the names of the artists printed in alphabetical order. Mrs. Van Rensselaer's notices of the artists in the back of the book were interesting.

## ART UNION AGENCIES.

THE following gentlemen have been appointed Honorary Secretaries of the Art Union in their respective cities. They will receive subscriptions to the American Art Union, and will deliver the etchings and journals to subscribers. Specimen copies may be seen at their places of business:

HENRY D. WILLIAMS, Washington St., Boston, Mass.  
 JAMES S. EARLE & SONS, 816 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
 LEONARD B. ELLIS, 76 William St., New Bedford, Mass.  
 EVARTS CUTLER, New Haven, Conn.  
 S. M. VOSE, Westminster St., Providence, R. I.  
 JAMES D. GILL, Springfield, Mass.  
 J. F. RYDER, 239 Superior St., Cleveland, Ohio.  
 WILLIAM MORRIS, 19 & 21 Post St., San Francisco, Cal.  
 D. D. BENSON, Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.  
 S. BOYD & CO., 100 Wood St., Pittsburg, Pa.  
 J. V. ESCOTT & SONS, 521 Fourth Ave., Louisville, Ky.  
 T. J. STUBBS, Portland, Me.  
 BEMENT & DAVENPORT, Elmira, N. Y.  
 D. M. DEWEY, Rochester, N. Y.  
 W. H. BAUMGRAS & CO., 17 Vanderbilt Square, Syracuse, N. Y.  
 HENRY B. PETTES, Sixth & Olive Sts., St. Louis, Mo.  
 V. G. FISCHER, 529 Fifteenth St., Washington, D. C.  
 WILLIAM SCOTT & SON, 363 Notre Dame St., Montreal, Canada.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY acts as the general agency for the sale of THE ART UNION to the trade. Copies may be obtained through any newsdealer.





## The Art Union.

### BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

#### THE AMERICAN ART UNION.

The American Art Union, a society of American artists, including representatives of all the different schools of art, has been organized "for the general advancement of the Fine Arts, and for promoting and facilitating a greater knowledge and love thereof on the part of the public." To accomplish this, the society proposes :

1st. To maintain in the City of New York a permanent exhibition and sales-room for selected American works of art, and to hold occasional similar exhibitions in the chief cities of the country ;

2d. To publish original etchings and engravings of the highest grade ;

3d. To issue an illustrated monthly art journal, of which a leading feature will be the contributions of the artist members, both in the form of papers and illustrations ;

4th. To purchase for the annual subscribers to the UNION original works of art, which will be selected by a committee of artists, and disposed of at the close of each year as the subscribers themselves may desire.

#### MEMBERS.

Nearly all of the leading artists of the country, representing the various schools, are enrolled among the active members of the Art Union, and its President and Vice-President hold similar offices in the National Academy of Design. The Honorary Membership includes some of the most distinguished amateurs and friends of Art in the country. A full list of the members is published in the January number of THE ART UNION.

The Board of Control of the Art Union for 1883-4 consists of :

D. HUNTINGTON, <i>President.</i>	T. W. WOOD, <i>Vice President.</i>
E. WOOD PERRY, JR., <i>Secretary.</i>	FREDERICK DIELMAN, <i>Treasurer.</i>
W. H. BEARD,	HENRY FARRER,
EASTMAN JOHNSON,	J. B. BRISTOL,
A. D. SHATTUCK,	WALTER SHIRLAW.

#### SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE ART UNION.

Upon the payment of the sum of five dollars, any person may become a subscriber to the AMERICAN ART UNION for one year, and will receive for such payment:

FIRST: A season ticket to the permanent Exhibition of Paintings, at the society's Gallery, No. 44 East Fourteenth Street, Union Square, New York City ;

SECOND: A proof before letters, on India paper, of the etching of the year, by Walter Shirlaw, from Eastman Johnson's picture "The Reprimand." This etching is mounted upon heavy plate paper, and is of a size (13x16

inches) and quality such as the leading dealers sell at from twenty to twenty-five dollars ;

THIRD: The illustrated ART UNION, which will be issued monthly, for the current year. (The price of the journal to non-subscribers will be \$3.00 a year.)

FOURTH: An interest in works of art purchased by the Art Union. One-half of the subscription will be set apart for the formation of a fund, to be expended for the joint account of the subscribers in the purchase of works of art, which will be held in trust until the end of the year, when they will be delivered unconditionally to the whole body of the subscribers, represented by a committee. This committee will then make such disposition of the works as may be determined by the majority of the subscribers, each of whom will be entitled to send in one vote as to the manner of disposal.

There are several feasible ways in which to dispose of the purchased works.

They may be sold at auction or private sale, or at an auction which will be attended only by subscribers, and the proceeds divided equally among all the subscribers ; or they may be divided among the bodies of subscribers of the several States, each one to receive its quota according to the amount of the subscriptions from such State. The several state committees may then dispose of the works in one of the aforementioned methods, or present them to form nucleuses of new public art galleries, or additions to some already in existence. Or they may be distributed among the subscribers by lot.

In enumerating these various methods of disposition, the American Art Union expresses no preference of one above another ; its desire and interest are only that the disposition of the collection shall be equitable and satisfactory to all concerned.

No exorbitant prices will be paid to the artists, but such only as are generally obtained at the studios for a similar class of work, and the prices to the subscribers will be exactly those paid to the artists.

The latent taste for art that has existed in the country has been developed in a wonderful degree during the past twenty years, until there is scarcely to be found a home in any section that does not contain some form of art production. It is believed by the projectors of the American Art Union that the time is at hand for such an enterprise, and that the lovers of art will be eager to avail themselves of its benefits.

Honorary Secretaries, to receive subscriptions, will be appointed from time to time in various parts in the country. Money may also be sent by postal or express order, Bank Check or Draft or Registered Letter, payable to the *American Art Union*, No. 44 East 14th Street, New York.

Any person sending a club of twenty subscriptions to the Art Union, will receive an additional subscription free of charge. Specimen copies of the illustrated ART UNION journal will be sent post-paid on application.

By order of the Board of Control,

E. WOOD PERRY, JR., Secretary.

## RECENT, PRESENT AND FUTURE ART EXHIBITIONS.

PAST.—THE BROOKLYN BARTHOLOI ART LOAN EXHIBITION has closed. The gross receipts of the exhibition were \$8 152, of which \$5,652 were received from admissions, \$1,500 from sales of catalogues and \$1,000 from subscriptions to the Fund. The expenses of the exhibition were about \$3,500. A notice of this exhibition is on another page.

THE ARTISTS' FUND EXHIBITION and sale is referred to on another page.

NEW YORK'S BARTHOLOI PEDESTAL FUND EXHIBITION realized \$13,720.25 for the benefit of the Fund, gross receipts being \$29,375.44, and the expenses, \$15,655.19.

THE THOMAS B. CLARKE EXHIBITION, for the benefit of the Academy Prize Fund, was a great success, artistically and financially. From the sales of admission tickets and catalogues over \$1,000 were realized, and, in addition, \$2,315 were received by subscriptions. It is estimated that \$3,000 have been netted for the Fund, for the complete endowment of which about \$6,000 are required. It has been suggested to Mr. Clarke that if he would exhibit his excellent collection in other cities, the additional amount could soon be raised, and American art would also be benefitted greatly by this display of what American artists can do.

PRESENT.—THE AMERICAN ART UNION'S Exhibition of Oil and Water-Color Paintings and Etchings is now open day and evening in the new galleries, No. 44 East Fourteenth street, Union Square. Visitors enter the elevator at the street door. Open from 9 o'clock A. M. until 6 P. M. Admission, 25 cents, except to subscribers to THE ART UNION, who are admitted *free* at all times, on showing their subscription receipts at the door. Each visitor will receive a copy of the catalogue free, and each paying visitor will also be given a copy of THE ART UNION.

THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY'S Seventeenth Annual Exhibition, and THE NEW YORK ETCHING CLUB'S Annual Exhibition are now open in the National Academy of Design, Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue. Admission to the double exhibition, 25 cents. Open every day and evening, including Sundays. Notice on another page.

THE BOSTON ART CLUB'S Twenty-ninth Annual Exhibition is now open. It will close on the 16th of this month. The pictures to be purchased by the Club for its permanent collection, with the thousand dollars appropriated for the purpose this year, will be Mr. Enneking's "November," Mr. Pierce's "Country Lane," and "On the Edge of the Woods," by Mr. E. L. Smyth.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM'S LOAN EXHIBITION, at the Museum, Central Park, Fifth Avenue and Eighty-second Street, which will remain open until April, mainly consists of copies by American artists from works by the old masters. The masters represented most frequently are Rembrandt, Franz Hals, Rubens, Vandyck, Titian, Paul Veronese and Velasquez. Admission, Mondays and Tuesdays, 25 cents. On other days *free*.

THE LENOX LIBRARY, with its collection of paintings and sculptures, is open to the public on Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, from 11 A. M. until 4 P. M. Tickets, admitting a specified number of visitors, may be obtained *free*, on previous application by postal-card, addressed to the "Superintendent of the Lenox Library," Fifth Avenue and Seventieth Street.

JAMES D. GILL'S SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of carefully selected paintings, by New York artists, is now open in Springfield, Mass.

FUTURE.—THE BOSTON PAINT AND CLAY CLUB will open its Annual Exhibition soon after the close of the Art Club's Exhibition.

WORKS intended for Exhibition in this year's Paris *Salon*, must leave New York not later than the 15th of this month.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN will open its Fifty-ninth Annual Exhibition on Monday, April 7th, and close the same on Saturday, May 17th. Works for this exhibition will be received at the Academy from Friday, March 7th, to Wednesday, March 12th, inclusive. Lists should be sent in before March 6th. The press view will be given Friday, April 4, after 2 o'clock P. M., and the Academy Reception will be held on Saturday evening, April 5th. Exhibitor's blanks are to be obtained from MR. T. ADDISON RICHARDS, National Academy of Design, Fourth avenue and Twenty-third street, New York. The Hallgarten and the Clarke Prizes will be awarded to successful Exhibitors, for the first time, this year. Particulars regarding these prizes are given in the January number of THE ART UNION. The Hanging Committee for this Exhibition consists of Jared B. Flagg, R. Swain Gifford, S. J. Guy and M. F. H. De Haas, of the Academicians, and George H. Story and Thomas Moran, of the Associates. The meeting of exhibitors, to award the prizes by ballot, will be held at the Academy, in the afternoon of April 23.

THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS will hold its Seventh Annual Exhibition in the large South Gallery of the National Academy of Design, from May 26th until June 21st. The Jury for the admission of pictures will consist of Charles F. Ulrich, George De F. Brush, Kenyon Cox, A. H. Thayer, W. M. Chase, T. W. Dewing, Augustus St. Gaudens, H. Bolton Jones, and Walter Shirlaw. The first three gentlemen named will constitute the Hanging Committee. By a stipulation in the Academy lease, this Exhibition cannot be open on Sundays. The Society of American Artists, by the way, was one of the first associations to open its galleries on Sundays, when the present movement was started, several years ago.

## GENERAL ART NOTES.

THE PORTLAND (Me.) SOCIETY OF ART has just completed its new Club House, a handsome structure in the Queen Anne style. The Portland Art League will meet in the building on certain days.

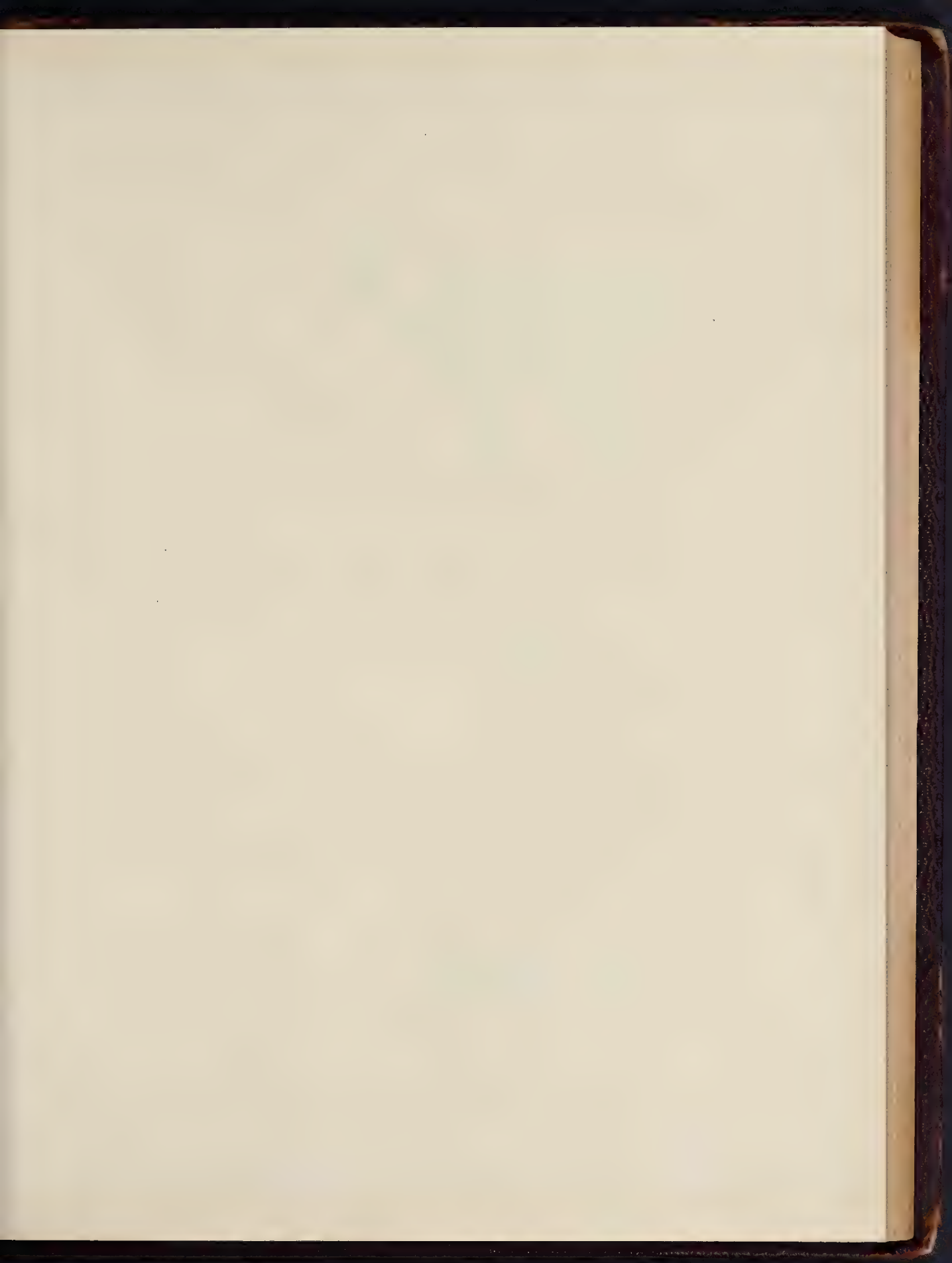
MR. S. R. KOEHLER is diligently at work upon his *Art Directory and Year Book for 1883-4*, and its appearance is eagerly awaited by those who have learned to appreciate the great value of the publication. It is promised that the book will be improved in matter and appearance this year, and will contain some illustrations.

MR. CHARLES M. KURTZ will publish his *Illustrated Art Notes* on the Spring Exhibition of the National Academy, as usual. This year, however, the book will be greatly enlarged and improved. It will include all the matter of the complete catalogue, together with a sketchy history of the National Academy, and some account of its membership, exhibitions, etc. The illustrations will each occupy a full page, as is the case in the French *Salon* catalogues. The biographical notices of the artists and the diagrams of the various galleries, showing the positions on the walls of all of the pictures, will be published, as usual.

CONSIDERABLE interest attaches to the reproduction of F. S. Church's "Lion in Love," which has been printed upon satin, in the original colors, as a Valentine. The charm of the picture lies rather in the sentiment it conveys than in the manner of its execution. Criticism might suggest that the Lion had the air of having yielded somewhat lazily to the charms of the fair one, and that she herself was somewhat listless, but then the languor of summer is in the air and there is a suggestion of *dolce far niente* in the whole work, which is attractive. There is no question of its destined popularity.

LEUTZE's large painting, "The Triumphal Entry of Washington into New York, Nov. 25, 1783," has been offered to the corporation of New York City for ten thousand dollars. The Finance Committee of the corporation, after considering the matter, reported that it did not believe it would be wise to buy the picture, or that action looking to its purchase by the corporation would be sanctioned by the tax-payers of the city; and that was questionable if the Common Council had a legal right to purchase it in the absence of a special appropriation for the purpose.







THE PRAYER—A LEAF FROM FREDERICK DIELMAN'S SKETCH-BOOK.



# THE ART UNION

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN ART UNION

VOL. I.

NEW YORK, MARCH, 1884.

No. 3.

## SOME ILLUSTRATIONS.

OUR frontispiece, this month—THE PRAYER—is a reproduction of a page from the sketch-book of Frederick Dielman. It was not designed for an illustration, but was simply a memoranda, or working sketch, made for future reference. However, in this bit of drawing one can see how much beauty and grace can be expressed in the utmost simplicity of method. From an artistic standpoint, the reproduction is valuable both to the amateur and the artist, and it is interesting to the general observer, moreover, from its charm of subject.

Page 53 contains a group of illustrations from pictures in the Art Union's Water Color gallery:—"Uncle Primus," by Mary Kollock; "Moonlight, Jamaica Bay," by Henry Farrar; "Near Gloucester, Mass.," by Joseph Lyman, Jr.; "Indian Summer," by R. M. Shurtleff, and "Hours of Idleness," by J. Wells Champney. The page of drawings does credit to H. P. Share, who also drew the excellent illustration of the Pastel by Julian Rix, "Among the Marshes," given on page 55.

The very characteristic drawing by Mr. Howland, (page 57), illustrates a fragment from his picture painted for the Spring Academy Exhibition, which will open in a few weeks. It represents a rendezvous of some of the survivors of the old Massachusetts State Militia for one of the "General Musters," which were characteristic features of New England life some thirty years and more ago. The "general muster" was a great occasion in a New England town. Long before daybreak, the old soldiers who were to take part in the affair would begin to come together from neighboring farm-houses, and in parties of a dozen or more—constantly increasing in number as they approached the place for the meeting—they would march into the village to be favored by the event, with flags flying and drums beating. They were a motley crowd, these old men; they attired themselves in such fragmentary portions of military regimentals as had survived the war and subsequent time and elements, and when the old-fashioned regulation muskets were not forthcoming, they substituted for them rakes, pitchforks, broom-handles or whatever was most convenient. The "drill," which was the great feature of the day, is described as having been truly remarkable. The stiff, white-haired old men were filled with martial spirit and youthful fervor when the music sounded, and with fire in their eyes, executed the movements of the drill with an electrical jerkiness that was inexpressably mirth-producing. The day of the "general muster" was one of great festivity. People gathered in from all the country around, bringing their lunches with them. It was a great time for

meeting old acquaintances and making new ones. After the drill, the old soldiers would gather together in groups, and, surrounded by listeners, would tell stories that grew longer and stronger from year to year, of the events of the war of so many years before. Meanwhile, the Medford rum would circulate, and the day would usually terminate with an old-fashioned dance, in which the shaky veterans would take part with as much enthusiasm as they had displayed in their military exercises. And after all was over, it was a lively, light-hearted crowd that separated;—most of the veterans marching home in broken file, full of the events of the day—and the Medford rum,—and the other country-people driving off in farm wagons, from which came snatches of old-time songs, and in which there was many a quiet bit of love making. Mr. Howland's excellent painting—of which he has drawn for us only a portion—shows three of the old men, who have just come together early in the morning. They are thoroughly characteristic, easy-going farmers, clad in the nondescript attire which came to be affected for "muster day." The nervous excitement which the occasion induces is well shown in the manner and expression of each of them. Back in the shed, and not shown in the sketch, is another old fellow, who, with a suspicious looking bottle in his hand, is evidently "priming" himself for the arduous duties of the day. Away down the road, we see more of the veterans coming towards us; some on horseback, others afoot. The sun is just rising behind the farm buildings; the sky is full of glowing yellow light, and the clouds in the upper sky are flushed with crimson. Under the trees and in the foreground are the cool, gray shadows that we see in early morning, when the dew is rising. The distance is vague, mysterious and poetic in its expression; the eye unconsciously strains itself to make out forms of which it imagines it has suggestions.

Mr. Howland's picture satisfies many points of criticism, and is commendable also in being thoroughly American.

## THE COMING ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

MORE pictures have been sent in for the Fifty-ninth Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design than have been sent during any previous period of its history. As we go to press, the Exhibition Committee has already begun its laborious and thankless task of carefully viewing over eighteen hundred pictures, from which to select and hang the seven to eight hundred for which there is available space on the Academy walls.

Judging from the pictures sent by the New York artists—most of which I have seen on their easels in the studios—

the exhibition promises to be one of unusual merit. In the case of a number of the best of the younger artists, their pictures this year appear to be realizations of the "promises" shown by their pictures in the past. I know at least a dozen young men, who have sent to the Academy, this year, unmistakably the best work they have ever done.

There are several reasons why the number of pictures sent to the Academy this year is larger than ever before. In the first place, the Hallgarten and Clarke Exhibition prizes have had considerable influence in the matter; then the rule that "any Associate failing to exhibit for two years in succession shall forfeit his membership," has brought in a large number of works from Associates who have exhibited very irregularly in the past few years; but aside from both of these causes, it is also a fact that the number of artists in this country is constantly increasing, and that each year, for several years back, there has been a marked increase in the number of works sent to the Academy, over the number sent in the previous year.

#### THE ART UNION EXHIBITION.

THE attendance at the Art Union Exhibition, during the past month, has been fair during the pleasant weather and small on the unpleasant days. As the days have been dark and unpleasant for the most part, the average attendance has been comparatively small. A number of new pictures have been received, and "On the Classic Beargrass," by Carl C. Brenner, of Louisville, Ky.—illustrated in the last number of THE ART UNION—has recently been sold. Among the new oil pictures received may be mentioned "Psyche," by Walter Satterlee; "A Rocky Pasture," Virginia Granbery; "Interior of Ann Hathaway's Cottage," L. M. Wiles; "Autumn Gatherings," H. A. Granbery; "Wild Flowers," Julia Dillon; "Love Among the Quakers," F. Schuchardt, Jr.; "Near the Coast, New Jersey," M. De Forest Bolmer; "Near St. Augustine, Fla.," G. H. McCord; "Autumn," Widgery Griswold; "Near the Sea," Peter Moran, and "A Summer Afternoon in Ulster County, N. Y.," Kruseman Van Elten. The following works have also been added to the water color collection: "Indian Summer," by R. M. Shurtleff; "Uncle Primus," and "An Old Furnace in Ulster County," by Mary Kollock, and "The Surf at Southampton," "Sunset," "Isle of Shoals," "Willows at Newburyport," "Apple Blossoms," and "An Orchard, Southampton," by A. T. Bricher.

#### INCREASE OF MEMBERSHIP.

AT a recent meeting of the Board of Control of THE ART UNION, eight active members were elected:

A. M. FARNHAM, Newburgh, N. Y.  
 WILLIAM MAGRATH, Washington, D. C.,  
 CHARLES LANMAN, Washington, D. C.,  
 W. L. SHEPPARD, Richmond, Va.,  
 W. F. LANSIL, Dorchester, Mass.,  
 J. A. S. MONKS, New York,  
 J. WILLIAM PATTON, New York,  
 DAVID NEAL, Munich,

#### FRAUDS IN ART.

—SECOND PAPER.—

THE Dumas-Trouillebert-Corot matter, to which reference was made last month in this connection, is not yet ended. Although the picture was fairly traced back to the studio of Trouillebert, its course thitherward has been interrupted, and various legal complications are liable to grow out of this interruption. It will be remembered that M. Dumas bought the picture from M. Georges Petit, a well-known dealer, for twelve thousand francs, and that after the greatly-worshipped Corot had turned out to be merely a Trouillebert, he returned it to the dealer and received back his money. M. Petit had bought the picture from Tedesco Brothers, prominent dealers, for nine thousand francs, and he in turn took back the picture to the Tedescos and received his nine thousand francs again. Tedesco Brothers then published a card, stating that they had bought the picture from M. Cordeil, a picture restorer, and Cordeil explained that the picture had been left with him by a M. De Beum, in 1880; that he did not pretend to expert knowledge of modern pictures, and had sold the work, through a M. Kiewert, to Tedesco Brothers for four thousand francs,—of which he and Kiewert each received two hundred francs as commission for the sale. M. De Beum, whoever he is, is not to be found, neither can be discovered the man who sold him the picture. However, M. Trouillebert is able to show that he sold this identical picture, seven or eight years ago, to M. Voisinot, a colorman of the *Rue Notre Dame de Lorette*, for three hundred francs. M. Voisinot, after keeping it in his window for a year or two (all the while bearing the signature "Trouillebert,") sold it to a M. Rose for four hundred francs. M. Rose is not to be found. Between the time that M. Rose bought the picture, however, and the time the Tedescos sold it to M. Petit, the transformation of the word "Trouillebert" into the word "Corot" took place, by which simple miracle the value of the painting appreciated from four hundred francs to nine thousand!

But now comes the interesting portion of this remarkable story. When the Tedescos discovered that the person from whom they had bought the picture through Cordeil was not to be found, they looked at the picture again, and concluded that it was really a Corot, after all, and that Trouillebert was a wicked falsifier to claim that he had painted it, and that the friends of Trouillebert who asserted that they had seen him paint it were also devoid of truthfulness. Trouillebert himself then came forward and filed a petition to have the picture sequestered until three experts should agree that it was really his instead of Corot's, when he should request authority to re-establish his own signature. He also claimed heavy damages.

The case came up before the courts some time ago, but a serious hitch occurred in the proceedings. The artist Gérôme, chosen as an expert, for a referee, refused to act, and then M. Cléry, who was to plead for Tedesco Brothers, refused the brief. It now seems somewhat doubtful whether or not the case will get before the court.



Uncle Primus.

by  
M. Kollock

Moonlight Jamaica Bay by Henry Farrar.

Mar  
Glo-  
-cester  
by  
Jos-  
-lyman.Hours of Idleness  
by J. Wells Champney.

Indian Summer by R. M. Sharpleff.



SKETCHES FROM WATER COLORS IN THE AMERICAN ART UNION EXHIBITION.

DRAWN BY H. P. SHARE.

Some time ago, however, the famous ex-auctioneer, Pillet, and the dealer Bague, were proposed for referees by the Tedescos; and M. Oudinot, a former pupil of Corot, who is now believed to be in this country, was proposed by Trouillebert, who demanded, in addition, his right to introduce witnesses to prove that the picture was really painted by him. He also persisted in his claim for damages.

In referring to this matter, recently, the correspondent of the New York *Sun* says :

In presence of the obstinacy of all parties, and their apparently firmly rooted and contradictory convictions, it is hard to see how the matter will be finally settled. M. Edmond About, in referring to this dispute, has hazarded a criticism of Corot and Daubigny which will shock a good many amateurs. I extract the few lines that contain the pith of M. About's opinion :

" If Corot, Daubigny, and the other fashionable landscapists had been true draughtsmen, if the best part of their talent had not been on the surface, if they did not seduce the public by qualities of pure *chic*, easy to counterfeit, the fabricators of false pictures would not take the trouble to produce false Corots and false Daubignys. The fact is, it is impossible to counterfeit a true writer as it is impossible to counterfeit a true draughtsman. Old Corot had qualities of a secondary order, which I appreciate as they deserve, but which are not inimitable, and which seem to invite fraud, since both the glory of the modest artist and the salable value of his work have been so overrated. The cleverest forgers would not risk themselves in the affair if Corot had known how to draw—I do not say like Raphael or even like M. Cabanel, but simply like Theodore Rousseau."

Worse and worse for the thousands of good Americans who have invested large sums of money in pictures bearing the name of Corot ! Not only are they told that the probability is that their treasures are not genuine, but here comes one of the most prominent of the French critics to tell them that Corot's pictures are not worth so very, very much, even when they are unmistakably genuine !

Before taking leave, for a time, of the foreign picture frauds, a brief quotation from the London *Truth* will fit in appropriately :

Several years ago Mlle. Dosne, of Paris, offered to the State the Thiers collection of original pictures and bronzes, on condition that a room in the Louvre Palace should contain them. After some demur, this was at last conceded. But it has now been discovered that scarcely any of the pictures are genuine, and that the Japanese and other bronzes alone are worthy of having a place in the Louvre—a fact of which Mlle. Dosne, of course, refuses to take cognizance.

So it seems that even President Thiers got into the hands of the Philistines to some extent.

#### AMERICAN PICTURE FRAUDS.

We will now come across the water, and take a general look over the various species of picture frauds perpetrated in our own country. Of the fraudulent pictures that are imported into this country much might be written ; the number of such as have been brought over and sold at a profit varying from one hundred to a thousand per cent., is probably almost beyond computation.

There are four classes of pictures which offer inducements of large profits to dishonest dealers, and which the inexperienced picture buyer will do well to look out for. These are :

I.—Fictitious pictures bearing the names of celebrated artists,—close imitations in the manner of the artists whose

names they bear. Pictures of this *most* dangerous character are obtained by dealers in three ways :

(a.) From professional picture forgers ;—in which case they are duly signed and oftentimes "authenticated" by means of forged receipts and other documents. These are the most expensive to the dealer.

(b.) From students of various celebrated masters, who have acquired many of the characteristics of their masters' methods. Such pictures, when purchased, bear the names of the students, which are subsequently transformed into those of the masters. These pictures are the very cheapest of their class, to the dealer.

(c.) From artists who unconsciously paint very much in the manner of men whose works they admire, yet who have never been their pupils. Pictures by such men can be bought at low prices and re-signed. In this division, pictures like the Trouillebert-Corot may be classed.

II.—Fictitious pictures in which an artist's style is imitated, and in which his name also is imitated, instead of being signed literally. The American picture market is simply flooded with pictures of this class, it seeming to be the impression among certain dealers that the misspelling of a name is sufficient defence, from a legal point of view, from a charge of forgery.

III.—Fictitious pictures which are exact copies of the minor works of prominent artists and signed by their names. Pictures of this class are less common than the preceding, because there is more chance of their detection.

It is an easy matter for a picture dealer to purchase a painting from an artist, pay for it, and receive the artist's receipt for the payment (describing the picture paid for) ; it is also an easy matter for the dealer to have copies of this picture painted *and to show the receipt given by the artist for the genuine work* in order to establish the "authenticity" of the copies. The dealer can thus sell a number of copies—so they only go into neighborhoods remote from each other—and can "authenticate" them all by the single receipt given by the artist for the pay for the genuine picture. This is not an unusual performance among dealers of a certain class.

IV.—Fictitious pictures with purely fictitious names. These are pictures painted hastily by professional artists—and artists not always of the lowest class, either,—for which they can usually obtain small sums of ready money, "to keep the pot boiling." While possessing sufficient merit to enable them to find a market, these are not pictures to which the painters would be willing to attach their signatures, so names are invented to suit the respective characters of the sketches. If the little "*chic*" bears a Netherlandish suggestiveness either in subject or treatment, a good strong double Dutch parentage is invented for it ; if it is a not-too-modest sketch from a female model, it is signed by a name with unmistakably French accents ; and if it is full of light, with dots of bright color sprinkled through it plentifully, its signature will bear marks of unmistakably Spanish origin. These pictures are usually disposed of in auction sales, though they are occasionally



met with in the galleries of "reputable" dealers. They are not good, but "clever," and they often give the dealer a respectable percentage of profit on his investment. Often-times one may find these fictitious names fairly burdened with foreign honors and decorations in the dealers' catalogues, and some of them become so well known that the fictitious painter may be said to acquire a recognized identity. It is a fact that a certain artist who, for a time, painted a certain number of "*chics*" of a certain class, which he always signed by the same fictitious name, actually made the artist of his invention a reputation, so that his pictures and the characteristics of his style came to be written about by several wise critics, who saw in the (evidently) young man, "much promise."

wholesale. But let us look into the *atelier* of a picture factory.

We are in a long room in an upper loft of a tall building. There are windows at either end, but no skylights. From one end of the room to the other are stretched long bits of muslin of varying widths, and in front of these are young girls "laying in" the groundwork for various pictures. This they do, through *stencil-cards*, with broad brushes. One of them has a can filled with pale yellow; another, from the appearance of her ragged clothing, we see is manipulating a pale blue, and others are tintured with pink, green, and all the colors that belong to the average landscape scheme—for landscapes only are painted here—figure subjects are painted upon regular "stretcher frames." How



AMONG THE MARSHES—PASTEL—BY JULIAN RIX—(DRAWN BY H. P. SHARE.)

IN THE ART UNION EXHIBITION.

There is another, lower, class of pictures, "painted by the yard" and sold to dealers "by the dozen, framed," at prices ranging—at wholesale rates—from ten dollars a dozen upward. But these burlesques upon art are usually only dangerous to a *nouveau riche* or other densely ignorant person; however, placed under a reflector in an auction room, at a sufficient distance from the spectator, to one not accustomed to looking at pictures, they sometimes present a very deceptive, favorable appearance, and their Dutch-metal frames glitter as gorgeously as real gold. It may not be uninteresting to the reader to learn how pictures of this class are manufactured and sold. There are several factories in this city where such pictures are made, and the "industry" is said to be an exceedingly profitable one, even considering the low rates at which the pictures are sold at

many pictures can be produced in this establishment in a day? Well, several hundred, when there is an active demand for so many. But here is another department; here we see a number of vagabondish old men, mostly Germans, putting the "finishing touches" on pictures like those we have seen under way in the other room. The long pieces of muslin, each containing from a dozen to twenty paintings of the same subject, have been cut up, and the separate "pictures" have been tacked upon rough frames. The "masters" of the establishment—who are miserable men who have made failures as artists, or who have considerable imitative ability and dexterity without any ambition or direction—are busily engaged in "filling in" the landscapes; in uniting their parts; in dashing a suggestion of cloud here, an indication of foliage there, and a wooden look-

ing figure somewhere else. They work rapidly? Oh, yes. They must work rapidly and finish a great many of these things in a day, else how could "genuine oil paintings, painted upon canvas" be offered to the trade at "ten dollars a dozen, framed?" These men, however, from painting dozens of pictures of the same subjects acquire great facility and rapidity in their peculiar work. When these "pictures" are dry, they are put in frames made of a sawdust composition, pressed into shape, and "gilded" with Dutch-metal—a cheap imitation of gold, which, after a time, becomes black.

Ready for the market, the pictures are disposed of in various ways. Some are sent to auction rooms of a low class, here and in other cities; others go to picture dealers in the smaller cities and towns, and others still are "peddled" through the country. Who has not experienced meeting the regulation weather-beaten-looking creature with a huge picture under his arm which is "worth" an untold sum of money, but which the assumed "artist" is willing to dispose of at the merest fraction of its value, in order to save his extraordinarily large family from starving? Offering the picture with a sacrificial air for a large sum of money at the outset, the poor man finally begs you to make him an offer, and if you are so indiscreet as to offer him a very few dollars, you will speedily make a "permanent investment."

It is astonishing how many of these daubs are to be found scattered throughout the country. One often finds them where they apparently might be least expected, and sometimes it is embarrassing when one is called upon to admire such pictures—which have been bought at a high price—and is expected to praise them.

While these very cheap daubs need not necessarily be fraudulent, they usually are. Most of them are sloppy copies of works by well-known artists, and are signed by names resembling those of the artists. I have frequently seen in New York low-class auction rooms, daubs signed "Kenzitt" and "Gifforde"—manifestly copied from paintings by Kensett and Gifford, but copied so badly that no one who has ever seen works by these artists, would ever mistake them for more than vile imitations. But once in a while one who has never seen works by these artists and who does not know anything about art beyond the names of artists, except what he may have read in the newspapers, is inveigled into buying some of this trash. Acquiring it at a low price, he and his friends are led to believe that the works of real artists should cost no more. Thus the artists are damaged, as well as the buyers of the pictures, and the art interests of the country suffer from this, just as literary interests suffer from the publication of much of the vile reading matter that is afloat in these days.

There was for some time an auction room for the sale of "genuine oil paintings on real canvas," in Broadway, near the Grand Central Hotel. This establishment was stocked by a down-town factory whence were turned out some very daring and "ambitious" works. A few anecdotes concerning the methods of this institution may be given further on. Then a year or two ago, there was an almost similar place in Broadway near 28th Street, and even now there is a

periodical fictitious picture auction in Nassau Street, but it does not appear to be very heavily patronized just at present. It is true, the pictures usually all sell, but they sell for the most part as do some foreign pictures of my acquaintance that belong to a certain dealer. I first saw them, a year ago, in an uptown auction room in New York, where they were sold at fair prices—which were published in the newspapers. To my great surprise, I encountered some of these same pictures, or replicas of them, in Louisville and some also in Detroit last summer, still belonging to the same dealer. A few days ago, I found some of the same pictures in another dealer's art sale in New York. Next summer I fear I shall meet them again, if I leave the city. Somehow it seems hard to escape them.

In another paper will be given some anecdotes relating to the manufacture and sale of fictitious pictures in America.

#### ART IN PRINCETON COLLEGE.

THE growth in the Art interest of the people during the past few years has been something really remarkable, and it has come to be so that a certain amount of Art knowledge is considered almost as essential to the cultured lady or gentleman as a knowledge of general polite literature. In recognition of this fact, Art schools, of more or less value, are springing up all over the country, and even the older institutions of learning are beginning to realize the importance of the Fine Arts in liberal education, and are incorporating Art departments into their college courses.

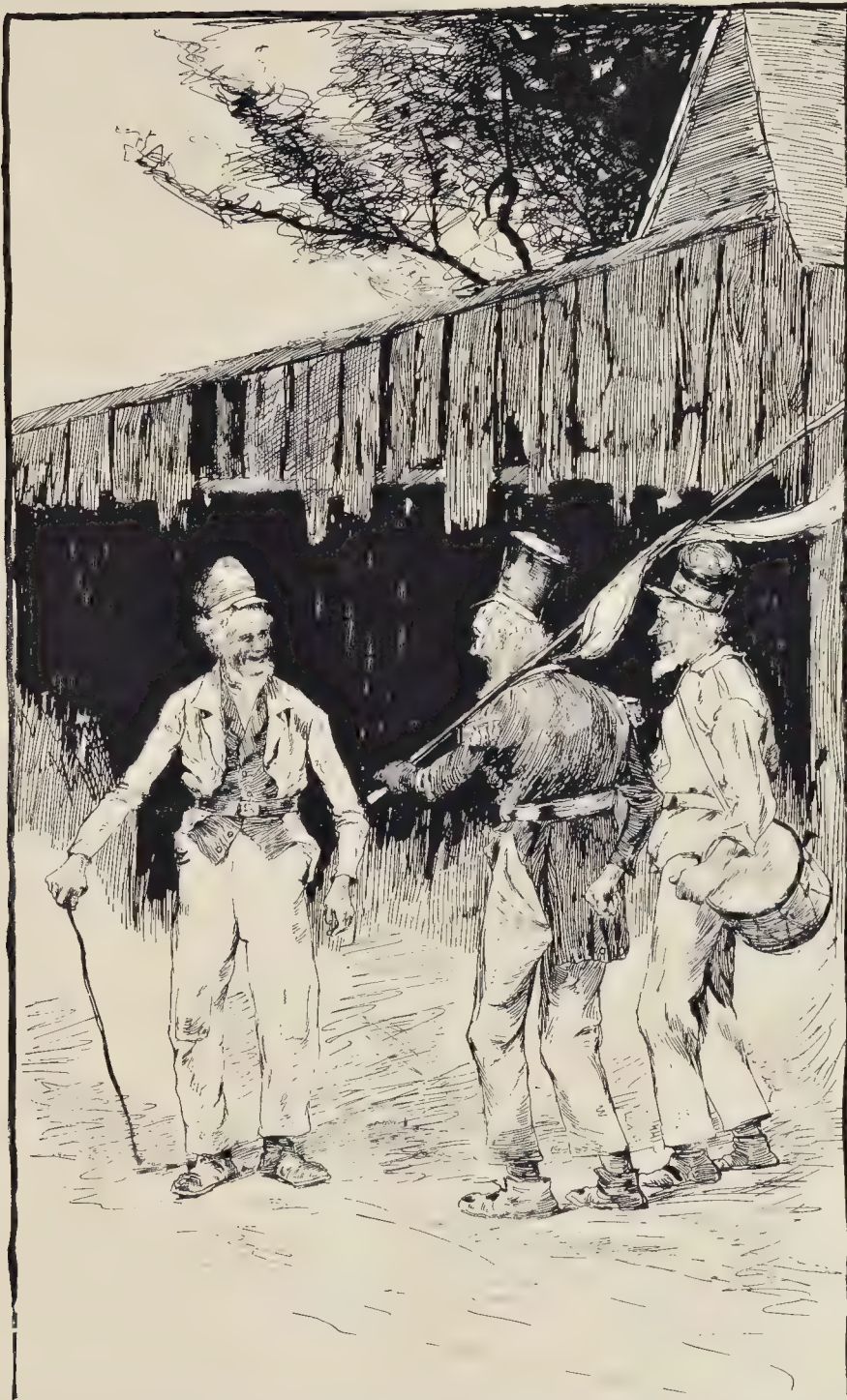
Only a few evenings ago, Dr. McCosh, President of Princeton College, spoke thus at an alumni dinner:

"I believe that the Fine Arts should have a place in every advanced college. The highest American colleges now have Schools of Art. Our friends have come to the conclusion that if Princeton is to keep up with the other high colleges of the country, it must have such an institution. We have \$60,000 for the endowment of a professorship. Dr. Allen Marquand, the most distinguished scholar of his year in Princeton, and afterwards Fellow in Johns Hopkins University, has been appointed professor. Dr. W. C. Prime, gives his collection of pottery and porcelain, unequaled in this country, as soon as we provide a fire-proof building. The Directors of the school, who are the President of the College, Dr. W. C. Prime, Mr. H. G. Marquand, General McClellan, Mr. Jas. W. Alexander, Rev. Samuel Dod, Mr. Moses T. Pyne, and Mr. W. Earl Dodge, recommend that funds should be sought to erect the wing of an art building capable of being enlarged in future years, and that the school be opened formally in September next."

#### NEXT MONTH.

Owing to a pressure of other matter, an interesting article on the Schools of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, of Philadelphia, is held over for the April number of THE ART UNION.





FRAGMENTARY SKETCH FROM "VETERANS OF 1812"—A. C. HOWLAND—(DRAWN BY THE ARTIST.)

SENT TO THE NATIONAL ACADEMY FOR THE ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION.

## THE OLD ART UNION.

—FIRST PAPER.—

THE American Art Union, founded in 1838, and discontinued in 1852, was one of the greatest influences in the upbuilding and strengthening of American Art which ever existed in this country, and probably did more for the popularization of art than has any other agency up to the present time. Mr. Tuckerman, in the *Introduction* of his *Book of the Artists*, thus writes of the Art Union :

The Art Union represented and promoted the Art interests of the country. Characteristic of the age, it emphatically exhibited the alliance between luxury and work, society and culture ; the fusion of interests and influences so peculiar to modern civilization, it emphatically marked the era when Art, emancipated from the care of Kings and Popes, might find sustenance by alliance with commerce and the people. Originated by a French amateur, the *Société des Amis des Arts* soon became a popular model. Artists are proverbially inexpert in affairs ; academies are proverbially jealous of their privileges ; and, therefore, the facilities which Art Unions yield, both to the artists who desire an eligible market for their productions, and for purchasers whose tasteful enthusiasm outruns their means, were at once recognized and adopted. The Art Union of Berlin was essentially promoted by Humboldt ; that of Bremen boasts a fine edifice ; in Prague, Vienna and Düsseldorf, these institutions "for the purchase of pictures to be disposed of by lot" have been remarkably efficient, both in developing artistic talent, and in distributing works of merit. In London, a few years ago, [this was written in 1867—Ed.] the annual subscriptions reached a hundred thousand dollars. The American Art Union was established in 1838, and for more than ten years was a most successful medium for the direct encouragement of native art ; its income reached the sum mentioned as that of the London subscriptions ; it annually distributed from five hundred to more than a thousand works of art ; it published a series of popular engravings from American pictures, and during several years issued a *Bulletin*, wherein much valuable criticism, a complete record of the artistic achievements in this country, and a large amount of interesting information as to the art and artists of Europe, were embodied for immediate satisfaction and future reference. Several American artists, who have since achieved high and prosperous careers, were first substantially encouraged, and their claims made patent by the seasonable commissions of the Art Union. After a brief period of eminent service, the institution was broken up on account of the alleged violation its course offered to the lottery prohibitions of the State law. Perhaps it ceased at a time when its best work had been accomplished, and when American art had acquired enough native impulse and self reliance to flourish without such extraneous support ; but, in the retrospect of our brief artistic annals, the Art Union marks a period of fresh progress and assured prosperity.

The Art Union was originally known as "The Apollo Association," and was founded January 8th, 1838—less than a year after the formation of the Art Union of London. As nearly as can be ascertained, James Herring, a portrait painter, who, in conjunction with James B. Longacre, of Philadelphia, had achieved considerable prominence from the preparation and publication of *The National Portrait Gallery of Prominent Americans*, was the originator of the project. Mr. Herring assumed the rent of the headquarters of the Apollo Association for the first year of its existence, and labored indefatigably to advance its interests.

The preamble of the constitution of the Apollo Association contains this interesting matter (the italics being ours) :

*Although there undoubtedly exists, in the United States, a more general admiration and love for the arts than in any other country, yet there are great numbers of persons who have cultivated a taste for the refined enjoy-*

*ments of art, who are not always able to indulge in the expense of forming collections for themselves ; and it is certain that the artists, with few exceptions, who devote themselves with enthusiasm to the production of works of the highest class, have not an efficient support. If, therefore, no steps are taken to counteract the unfortunate results which must necessarily follow, many artists of fine abilities must either engage in less precarious walks of their profession, or struggle on against adversities.*

Under these circumstances, and with the view of effecting, by mutual co-operation, what might be beyond the reach of individual resources, it is proposed to found an association—similar to those now in successful operation in London and Edinburgh, for the purchase of works of art—which, being based upon principles that neither bear hard upon individuals, nor interfere with private purchases, will, from its extent, produce a large annual fund, and at the same time give an adequate return in value to its supporters.

The "object" of the Apollo Association, in brief, was the patronage of artists and the cultivation of the people, by means of a periodical exhibition of the works of good artists, a permanent gallery, and the annual purchase of American works of art to be distributed among the members of the association.

The necessary funds were to be provided by the receipts of the exhibitions—which were to be free to members only—and by annual subscriptions of five dollars, each subscriber becoming a member of the association for the year, having free admission to the exhibition for himself and family, and having a vote in the deliberations of the association. The subscriber might indicate also, whether his subscription was to be devoted to the purchase of pictures for distribution or for the permanent gallery, which latter seemed to be one of the principal features in the scheme of Mr. Herring. The whole amount of the subscriptions was to be devoted—after the necessary deduction for expenses—to the purchase of pictures from the exhibition for the permanent collection, or for distribution among the subscribers ; the Board of Managers, however, reserving the privilege of expending such portion of the fund as they considered proper, for the production of engravings of works worthy of the distinction, said engravings to be distributed among the subscribers.

A general meeting of the members of the association was to be held each year, in December, for the distribution by lot, among the subscribers, of the pictures purchased for the purpose, and for the election of a "Committee of Managers," to serve during the ensuing year. The Committee of Managers was to consist of fifteen gentlemen (not artists), a President, Secretary and Treasurer. This committee was to have full power to purchase what might appear to its members the most deserving works exhibited in the Apollo Gallery ;—such works only, however, as had been painted in America, or by American artists who were abroad. In the month following the annual distribution, the Committee of Management was to publish an Annual Report, showing the condition of the society, the work accomplished during its past year, explaining the principles which guided the committee in the selection of the works purchased for distribution, and entering into such other details as might appear proper.

The first general meeting of the Apollo Association was held January 16, 1839, when the following Committee of



Management was elected: John W. Francis, M.D., (President); F. W. Edmonds, (Treasurer); Benjamin Nathan, (Recording Secretary); James Herring, (Corresponding Secretary); Philip Hone, James Watson Webb, J. P. Ridner, J. P. Nesmith, Augustus Greele, John H. Austen, William L. Morris, William Kemble, T. N. Campbell, Aaron S. Thompson, George Bruce, Duncan C. Pell, E. Parmy and Prosper M. Wetmore.

In December, 1839, the first distribution of pictures occurred—thirty-six paintings being then given to the

Sully (\$50), to H. H. Schieffelin; "Ship Riding Out on a Gale," by Thomas Birch (\$40), to Prosper M. Wetmore; "Charles I. in the Studio of Van Dyck," by C. Verbryck (\$125), to A. Averill, and "Three Regular Old Bruisers," by James H. Beard—then of Cincinnati—(\$20), to J. A. Dorr.

There were 814 subscribers in 1839, and the receipts amounted, in all, to \$4,200. There was no engraving published that year. The gallery of the association was located in the old Clinton Hall building, at Nassau and



SUMMER ON RONDOUT CREEK—BY M. KOLLOCK—(DRAWN BY THE ARTIST.)

IN THE ART UNION EXHIBITION.

subscribers. Among these pictures may be mentioned: "A Landscape in Early Autumn," by Thomas Doughty, purchased by the association for \$250—given to L. Rawdon; "Landscape—Contrast between Firelight and Moonlight," by Daniel Huntington (\$150), to the Rev. Dr. Milnor; "The First Ship Discovered Approaching the American Continent," by J. G. Chapman (\$135), to Philo T. Ruggles; "Interior of the Ducal Palace, Florence," by G. Cooke (\$125), to William Cullen Bryant; "Mallards," by J. W. Audobon (\$110), to Elijah Paine; "Indian Girl," by R. M.

Beekman Streets, and it there remained until 1841, when it was removed to the "Granite Building," Broadway and Chambers Street.

There were few subscribers for the benefit of the permanent gallery, and it was feared that the mere purchase of a few pictures and their distribution by lot, would be so much like a lottery as to be offensive to many citizens, if not to the laws;—that the association would be sustained by a spirit of gambling rather than a love of art, and that in this case it could not be highly useful nor hope for contin-

ued success. It was accordingly determined, therefore, after one year's experience, to submit the institution to the Legislature, with a request that it might have the sanction of the law. This was given by an act of incorporation, in 1840. It was also determined that after a suitable amount of the funds should be invested in paintings for distribution, an engraving should be produced, of which a copy should be given to every member.

The association met with indifferent success in 1840; there were only 686 subscribers, and the receipts only amounted to \$3,927. Fourteen pictures were distributed among the subscribers, and there was given to each member a mezzotint, by John Sartain, from a painting by John B. White, of Charleston, S. C., representing "General Marion Inviting a British Officer to Dinner."

In 1841 affairs were still worse. Though the number of subscribers had increased to 937, and the receipts to \$5,205, it was only possible to provide six pictures, and a "Bust of Sir Walter Scott, by C. B. Ives, after Chantry," for distribution. A mezzotint, "The Artist's Dream," after a painting by Comeys, was given to the subscribers. Meanwhile, the expenses of the association had increased greatly, while the subscriptions had not increased in relative proportion. The Committee of Managers was discouraged, and at the next annual meeting, with two or three exceptions, refused to be re-elected. In the election which followed, Daniel Stanton was made President of the association, Andrew Warner, Recording Secretary; John P. Ridner, Corresponding Secretary, and W. H. Johnson, Treasurer. Among other members of the new committee were William Cullen Bryant, Jonathan Sturges, John H. Gourlie, Erastus C. Benedict, Prosper M. Wetmore, John A. Austen and Daniel Elliot. The new committee resolved to abandon the exhibition—which, in the past year, had cost \$2,000 more than its receipts—and also to discontinue the subscriptions to a permanent gallery, which, in three years, had amounted only to \$150. Office rent was stopped, and the committee held its meetings in the book-store of Mr. Francis. Each member of the committee for 1842 pledged himself to secure a certain number of new subscribers by personal solicitation, and it was determined to give to the subscribers a fine line steel engraving, instead of a mezzotint print. This year there were 1,120 subscribers, the receipts were \$5,883, and thirty-five paintings were distributed. The engraving given to the subscribers was by A. B. Durand, after Vanderlyn's painting, "Caius Marius on the Ruins of Carthage," which had received the first prize—a gold medal—at one of the annual exhibitions of the French Academy during the time of the First Napoleon, who tendered to the young American artist his personal congratulations upon its merit.

The success of the Art Union really dated from this time. The members of the new Committee of Managers took deep personal interest in the work of extending the list of subscribers, and securing for the annual distribution the best paintings obtainable. In 1843 the result of their labors was shown; the subscription list had increased to

1,452, and the receipts to \$7,129. Fifty-one pictures and five equestrian statuettes of Washington, cast by Kneeland, were distributed. Each subscriber was given a steel engraving, by Alfred Jones, after the painting, "Farmers Nooning," by W. S. Mount. This year the association employed an agent to visit the principal cities and towns in the country, to explain the objects of the society and to solicit subscriptions. In the *Transactions* of the association, published at the close of the year, was a small mezzotint, representing the large engraving to be given to the subscribers for 1844. This feature was incorporated into all of the future numbers of the *Transactions*.

In 1844 the Apollo Association had its name changed, by legislative enactment, and thereafter was known as "THE AMERICAN ART UNION." This year William Cullen Bryant was elected President—in which capacity he served the union for three years—and the prosperity of the association continued to increase in such degree, that before the end of the year, the public gallery was reopened at No. 322 Broadway. There were 2,080 subscribers in 1844, and the receipts were \$10,081. Ninety-two paintings were distributed among the subscribers, and each subscriber received a fine engraving, by Alfred Jones, after a painting by F. W. Edmonds, entitled "Sparking," and an outline etching, "The Escape of Captain Wharton," by Hoppin.

In 1845 the number of subscribers increased to 3,233, and the receipts came up to \$16,165. Each subscriber received an engraving from the painting by A. B. Durand, "The Capture of Major Andre," and one hundred and fifteen paintings were distributed. In 1846 there was the same steady increase in subscriptions and receipts, the former numbering 4,457 and the latter amounting to \$22,293. The engraving for the year was from Leutze's painting, "Sir Walter Raleigh Parting from his Wife," and one hundred and forty-six paintings were given among the subscribers.

In 1847 both the subscriptions and receipts of the previous year were more than doubled. There were 9,666 subscribers, and \$48,734 passed into the treasury of the Union. More capacious quarters for the gallery and offices of the Art Union were secured this year, at No. 497 Broadway. Two fine steel engravings were given to each subscriber; one of them, "A Sybil," engraved by J. W. Casilear, from the painting by D. Huntington, and the other, "The Jolly Flat Boatman," engraved by Doney, from a painting by G. C. Bingham. Two hundred and seventy-two paintings were distributed, besides fifty Art Union medals, in silver, commemorating Washington Allston, and two hundred and fifty medals in bronze from the same dies. These medals were the first of a series designed to represent the leading American artists.

In 1848, the number of subscribers and the amount of the receipts again nearly doubled those of the year before. There were 16,475 subscribers, and the receipts were \$85,134. This year the Union transformed its semi-monthly catalogue into a semi-monthly *Bulletin*, which contained the prospectus of the Union, a descriptive catalogue of the pictures exhibited in its galleries, and various other



matters of interest. The engravings of the year were "Queen Mary Signing the Death Warrant of Lady Jane Gray," after a painting by D. Huntington, and an outline etching of "Rip Van Winkle," by F. O. C. Darley. Four hundred and fifty-four paintings, two hundred and four sets of the Art Union engravings for the previous years, and two hundred and fifty of the Allston medals were distributed among the subscribers.

In 1849—the best year of the Art Union—there were 18,960 subscribers, and the receipts were \$96,300. The semi-monthly *Bulletin* became a monthly, was greatly enlarged, and made to partake of the nature of an art journal. It contained essays, poems, foreign correspondence, biographical sketches of the artists, and art articles of a general nature, besides a number of steel engravings and woodcuts. Among the steel engravings were representations of "The Wages of War," by Henry Peters Gray—a painting now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art; "The Attainder of Strafford," by E. Leutze, and "The Three Marys at the Sepulchre," by D. Huntington. The Art Union this year purchased a piece of real estate in Broadway, and erected a new art gallery. The subscribers for 1849 received a fine steel engraving, by James Smillie, from Thomas Cole's "Youth"—from the "Voyage of Life" series of paintings, which had been distributed by the Art Union the previous year—and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," by F. O. C. Darley. There were 1,010 works of art distributed among the subscribers, including 460 paintings, 20 bronze statuettes, by H. K. Brown, ("Choosing the Arrow,") 500 Art Union medals commemorating Gilbert Stuart, and 30 portfolios of Art Union engravings.

This brings the History of the old Art Union up to 1850. The association enjoyed two more successful years, and then was dissolved. An account of the last days of the Union, and the causes which led to its dissolution, will be given in a future paper.

#### OUT OF TOWN EXHIBITIONS.

One of the objects of the formation of the American Art Union was that the society should be the medium between the several exhibition associations of the country and the artists, to conduct negotiations that might be mutually advantageous—to furnish such associations meritorious collections of pictures without giving them the trouble of dealing with individual artists, and on the other hand, to obtain for the artists guarantees of sales to an amount proportionate to the number and value of the pictures exhibited. In this respect, the late Southern Exposition, at Louisville, Ky., was pre-eminently successful, and that city can now point to the possession of a collection of fifteen pictures as a nucleus of a public art gallery. This result was brought about through the mediumship of the American Art Union, as detailed in THE ART UNION for January.

Correspondence is requested from friends of art who may wish to hold exhibitions in their several cities during the coming year.

Negotiations are now pending with the San Francisco Art Association for the loan of a collection of Art Union pictures, on a basis of the same nature as that made with the Louisville Exposition Art Committee—which resulted so advantageously to the citizens of Louisville, the artists, and the Art Union.

E. WOOD PERRY, Jr., Secretary,  
42 East 14th Street, New York City.

The Art Union's Galleries are open every day from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

Under this heading will be published communications relative to art matters, which may be addressed to the Editor. In each case, the name and address of the writer must accompany the contribution, though not necessarily for publication.

#### A QUESTION.

To the Editor of THE ART UNION:

SIR:—I would like to get a direct answer to one question which has been evaded by every writer who has advocated the Free Art movement, as it is the basis of all of the arguments of the art tariff men. It is this: If the duties on pictures are removed, how will it be possible for a resident artist to support himself, if in consequence of the duties on every item of his expenses it costs him twice as much to paint a picture, as it costs a foreign resident to produce one, both being of the same size and degree of artistic merit? Could an American made piano compete with a foreign made one of the same quality that was manufactured at half its cost? To say, "let the American make twice as valuable work as the foreigner," is simply begging the question, as it removes the competition from the same common plane, and really requires the American producer to give twice as much for the same money as the foreigner.

I would like to have some of our Free Art writers advocate free books. Why are they all so quiet about that item of the tariff bill?

W.

#### THE BELMONT ART BILL.

To the Editor of THE ART UNION:

SIR:—For a movement that pretends to be the outcome of a generous and universal sympathy for art, the Free Art bill recently introduced into Congress is indeed a singular one.

There would seem to be a method in the apparently loose manner in which the bill is drawn;—if not, how can its provisions be explained when one reads between the lines and finds that only "statues of marble or other stone" are to be admitted free, while statues and other art work in terra cotta, bronze, or other metals, which are much more intimately connected with the artist's own hand, are to be taxed;—thus a group by Benvenuto Cellini, the beautiful bronze work of the Japanese, of Barbedienne—the gold work of Castellani, etc., etc., are subjected to heavy duties for the benefit of our already wealthy metal founders, jewelers, *et al.* Likewise for the benefit of our engraving companies, etchings and engravings are to be taxed, while photographs, which are purely mechanical productions, are put on the free list.

Again, to favor our potters, the works of ceramic art from the time of Lucca della Robbia to the modern Sèvres or Faience, are to be heavily taxed—and the same unjust discrimination is to be made against the numberless art works in ivory, wood, glass, and the textile fabrics.

If indeed we are to have this new departure, let it be a thorough one, and let the bill include all works of art, whatever may be the material of which they are made.

Z.



# The Art Union

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN ART UNION.

Correspondence on Art matters is respectfully solicited.

Notices of all forthcoming Exhibitions and Art Sales throughout the country are desired, as well as copies of the Catalogues of Public and Private galleries and transient Exhibitions, and reports of Art Sales.

All communications relating to the Literary Department of this journal should be addressed to CHARLES M. KURTZ, No. 44 East Fourteenth Street, Union Square, New York.

All communications relating to the Business Management of the Journal, or having reference to advertising in the Journal or Catalogues of The Art Union, should be addressed to "Business Department, American Art Union," No. 44 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

For terms of subscription to THE ART UNION, and rates for advertising in the same, see the "Business Department" of this Journal.

VOL. I.

NEW YORK, MARCH, 1884.

NO. 3.

## EDITORIAL.

### TO OUR GOOD FRIENDS.

WE wish to thank our friends—and especially our journalistic friends—for the very cordial reception accorded to the second number of THE ART UNION. We shall strive to merit the many pleasant words which have come to us, by endeavoring to make each number of the journal better than its predecessor. The increase of subscriptions to THE ART UNION during the past month has been exceedingly gratifying. The more subscribers we receive, the better able shall we be to make a success of the Union and the journal. By a change in the size of our type, the present number of the journal contains considerably more matter than either of the first two numbers.

### THE OLD ART UNION AND THE NEW ONE.

THIS month, we publish the first portion of an article upon the old American Art Union, which covers enough of its history to show how much may be accomplished by concentrated efforts, when the sympathies of the people can be aroused in a given direction.

The first Art Union, like the present organization, was founded in order to advance the cause of American Art in the United States. The declaration of its aims and the explanation of the advantages it offered to its annual subscribers were spread broadcast throughout the country, and after the people came to understand what it was and what it meant—for the art of the country and for themselves—they rallied to its support with enthusiasm. There was sincere regret in many circles when the old Art Union was dissolved, and the popular interest in art waned materially

thereafter. At this point, the dealers in foreign pictures saw their opportunity and began to manipulate the market, and they were so successful in creating a fashion for the works of foreign artists, that after a while the average American picture buyer was more willing to pay a high price for an unauthenticated foreign picture of indifferent merit, than to pay any price for an American production of the most decided merit.

The result of this was most disastrous to American Art, and while, in the increasing wealth and art-interest of the country, American artists found sufficient intelligent patronage to make it worth their while to paint, it was a fact that American Art no longer ruled in America. The popular art was imported art, and the popular appreciation of art was an imported appreciation.

\* \* \*

The traditions of the old Art Union still lived, however, and some of the American artists who remembered it gratefully, and who deplored the deposition of American Art and the installation of a foreign standard based upon a fashion governed by dollars and dealers, resolved that if earnest, united efforts could bring before the people a fair representation of the just claims and merits of American Art; if there could be a better dissemination of the principles of art among the people; if American artists could be encouraged to unite to help each other, and be given a practical incentive to strive to surpass the best work produced abroad, these efforts should be made. To this end the present American Art Union was established.

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At first sight it might appear that there was little difference between the first American Art Union and the present organization; but, while both were established for the extension and popularization of American Art, there are very essential differences in the organization, government and methods of the society that was and the society that is, in the direction of the accomplishment of these ends. The former Art Union was established and governed throughout its career by business men; artists had no voice in its management. The paintings selected for its annual distribution were selected by business men, who, though exercising their best intentions, nevertheless could scarcely act with the same discretion that might govern the selections of professional artists, who by reason of special fitness or long study have a better knowledge of such matters, and therefore should be better qualified to present the claims of art intelligently and to discriminate wisely in the purchase of pictures with the Subscription Fund.

\* \* \*

The fact that the present Art Union is governed by artists, commends it not only to the art-loving people of the country, but to the artists themselves. The subscribers to the Union may feel better assured that true artistic principles will be kept in view and good art works will be published and disseminated; and the artists may feel that it will be genuine merit which will be rewarded, and that the benefits and profits accruing to the society through the exhibition and sale of their works will not pass into the hands



of outside parties, but will be shared by themselves in being devoted to the upbuilding, strengthening and popularizing of the art by which they live. Election to active membership in the Art Union is a recognition by the society of distinguished professional merit in the artist so elected.

\* \* \*

The old Art Union was only advantageous to the artists in that it bought pictures from them and advertised them rather extensively. Its exhibition did not contain artists' works that were for sale, but works which had been bought by the Union for the annual distributions. The present Art Union's exhibition contains works that are for sale; its gallery is a permanent salesroom for the artist who is a member of the Union, and he always may be represented there by one or more of his works. But this is not all. Through the Art Union, the artist deals directly with his patron, instead of dealing with him through an art dealer, and thus, by avoiding the payment of heavy commissions, can not only offer his work at a much lower price, but at this lower price has a much better opportunity to sell. He increases the number of persons able to buy his picture in a regular ratio as he decreases its price. In the past, the average artist has been something like the average inventor; he has done the work and other people have manipulated his work so as to make all the money that was to be made out of it, for themselves. The Art Union, in changing this condition of affairs, changes it to the advantage not only of the artist, but of the picture-buyer as well.

\* \* \*

Then the present Art Union does a great deal towards advancing the art interest of the country through its system of special exhibitions held in various cities during the summer months. It takes the best art of the country to the very doors of hundreds and thousands who have little or no opportunity to come to New York to see it; it encourages a love for art among the people; it teaches the differences between worthy and unworthy art, and aids in the cultivation—the refinement—of every community it visits. It thereby also extends the market for each artist, by bringing his work before thousands of persons who otherwise never might see it, and enhances the possibility that it may meet the eye of some picture buyer whose appreciation turns toward its particular subject or method of treatment. But even if the work should not be sold in a season, in its travels through the country, it well advertises the artist—who by the way, realizing the importance of this, is naturally inclined to send out a work which shall advertise him at his very best. This insures an exhibition of a high character, such as is best calculated to advance the art interests of the country.

\* \* \*

The present Art Union is more liberal to its subscribers than was the old Art Union. According to the scheme of the old society, the money received from subscriptions was to be devoted—*after the expenses of the society were paid*, "to the production of a large and costly original engraving from an American painting, and to the purchase of paintings or other works of art for distribution." Thus the

proportion of the subscriptions devoted to the purchase of pictures was indefinite, depending entirely upon the proportionate amount of the expenditures. The present Art Union devotes *one-half* of the money received from the annual subscriptions to the purchase of paintings for its subscribers, without any deduction from it to pay for the etching, or the excess of expenditure beyond the other half, which may be necessary to meet the expense of the gallery or of the journal.

\* \* \*

The former Art Union was practically a lottery, and while its influence for good was paramount, nevertheless it came under the law. The present Union has nothing to do with any lottery scheme. With one-half of the money received from subscriptions, it purchases pictures for its subscribers, and delivers them to a committee of the subscribers. This committee will dispose of them in a manner acceptable to the majority of the subscribers. But however the pictures may be disposed of by the subscribers, each subscriber receives four or five times the value of his subscription in the etching alone, and it will be the endeavor to make the monthly journal worth, at least, five dollars a year, in addition.

#### THE BOGUS PICTURE BUSINESS.

HERE is something from the New York *Tribune*, which is so thoroughly sensible that it will bear republication:

The authenticity of foreign pictures has become a sore subject in many circles during the last few months. M. Vertan's extensively copied statements relative to the number of bogus Corots, Daubignys, etc., sold yearly in Paris, and the lectures upon the counterfeiting of paintings delivered by M. Jacques de Biez, appear to have set the ball in motion, and the matter is likely to be well ventilated on both sides of the water. Artists like Gerome, Carolus Duran, Duez and Boulanger have petitioned the French Senate for immediate action upon the Bardoux bill, which punishes the counterfeiting of pictures or signatures by fine and imprisonment. Two curious cases have recently occurred, one in which a supposititious Corot owned by Alexander Dumas was found to have been painted by Trouillebert, and the other, the prohibition of M. Garnier's sale at the Hotel Drouot by Karl Daubigny on the ground that there were several pictures upon which the signature of his father, Charles Francois Daubigny, had been counterfeited. Such occurrences are hardly reassuring to American collectors, but some of our artists evidently have faith that the collectors will be made to see the error of their ways and turn to buying American pictures. It is not improbable that some good may come from this agitation. If people can be induced to stop buying sheer rubbish which they honestly don't like, simply because it bears fashionable foreign names, if they will select foreign work of sound inherent merit, in case foreign work is preferred, and if they will only stop passing by good American pictures simply because they are American, to buy costly imported daubs, such a change of heart will be well worth the shattering of a few illusions, and perhaps here and there some pecuniary loss. It is quite possible for artists and picture-buyers to steer a middle course between spread-eagleism and snobbery. There is a very common reason for making purchases which is not usually applied in the case of pictures. People buy other things because they like them—why shouldn't they buy the pictures that give them the most satisfaction? If a man begins to make a collection he is reasonably sure to educate his tastes to some extent. If he buys only a handful of pictures which suit his fancy there is no reason why he should not enjoy them although all the critics rage against him. If more independence were shown in picture buying, there might not be such a host

of doubtful or intrinsically worthless foreign pictures in this country. There is a chance for some valuable statistics here. For example, it would be interesting to know how many pictures attributed to Corot, Diaz, Daubigny, Troyon and Rousseau are owned in Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Boston and New York.

#### SOME FRENCH PORTRAITS.

OUR text is found in the following paragraph from the *New York Sun*:

"Mrs John W. Mackay recently sat for a portrait to Meissonier and paid him some fifteen thousand dollars for it. Her friends said it was a caricature, the newspapers criticised it severely, and Mrs. Mackay burned it. Mr. William H. Vanderbilt went to Paris and had his portrait painted by the same artist, and it hangs in the gallery of his palatial abode in the Fifth Avenue. If Mrs. Mackay's portrait was characterized by the same quality of disagreeable candor and unscrupulous truthfulness that Mr. Vanderbilt's picture discloses, there is nothing surprising in her having burned it."

Mr. Vanderbilt's portrait does not show him at his best; it rather exaggerates the least pleasing characteristics of his expression, and conveys the impression of a coarse, sensual man. It is not such a picture, we think, as would be treasured through generations as a "family portrait,"—if treasured at all, it would be more on account of the man who painted it than the man who was painted.

But both Mr. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Mackay know well enough that Meissonier is not a portrait painter, and under the circumstances, it seems very evident that each of them patronized the artist more on account of his great reputation than through the desire to secure a truthful portrait. Under such circumstances we cannot sympathize with them if what has been painted is not thoroughly satisfactory. *The Sun* characterizes Mr. Vanderbilt's portrait as "truthful." It is not wholly truthful—though it is based upon truth, just as is caricature. Meissonier has painted a recognizable portrait of Mr. Vanderbilt, just as Keppler has drawn recognizable pictures of him for *Puck*, yet nobody would think of considering the latter as strictly truthful portraits. Truthful portraiture will not represent the person painted with more graces than he has, or with less, and will not simply take advantage of the strongest characteristics for the sake of producing a recognizable likeness. It should be its aim to represent the person painted in the best manner possible to show him at his best—his best mentally, morally and physically.

A French paper, in commenting upon the Meissonier-Mackay trouble, refers to the fact that M. Meissonier rarely undertakes portraits at all, and states that he particularly dislikes to paint portraits of women. Only at the most urgent solicitation of Madame Mackay, enforced by her well-known ability to pay whatever he might choose to charge her for the work, did M. Meissonier consent to undertake the portrait. During the painting of the picture, Madame Mackay praised various good qualities which appeared in it, but was never thoroughly satisfied with the likeness. The time for the Triennial Exposition came, and M. Meissonier wished to send the picture there, promising to retouch it later, at his leisure, and after its return from the exhibition. The picture was sent and was criticised severely. Meisson-

ier, enraged at the criticisms, then maintained that the picture was an excellent one, and even refused the retouching which he had promised. Indeed, had he painted upon the picture after these criticisms, it would have appeared to the world as if he had recognized some reason in them and was willing to admit that he could be taught something by the critics! Madame Mackay, not satisfied with the picture or with the artists refusal to fulfil his promises, at first refused to pay for it, and sought to have it returned to Meissonier's studio. There was a great deal of trouble, with threats of a legal process, and then M. Cabanel was called in, by the agreement of both parties, to decide the matter. M. Cabanel, without considering the question of the merit of the work, decided in favor of his colleague—that Madame Mackay must receive and pay for the work, since she had ordered it.

"But I do not want it; I ordered something good, and this is bad!"

"That is your opinion, but to others it may appear excellent. At any rate, it is signed, delivered, and you have it in your possession. You certainly cannot reasonably refuse to pay for it."

"But it displeases me horribly, this wretched picture."

"Agreed, but you need not look at it; you may turn it to the wall; you may hang it where you please."

These were the consolations offered by M. Cabanel. It is stated that Madame Mackay then paid the price demanded for the picture, and subsequently destroyed it, as she had a perfect right to do. If that is true, as the papers state it, Mrs. Mackay's experience was rather costly.

The Parisians, however, are disposed to consider it a great outrage that Madame Mackay dared to destroy a work of their much-worshipped master. The *Figaro* published a two-column leader on the affair, by M. Albert Wolff, the distinguished critic, who wrote:

"Foreign millionnaires have rights to be received among us so long as they employ their wealth in purifying the artistic genius of France, and not in destroying its productions by axe blows. One might avenge one's self on his bootmaker by paying his bill and throwing the goods in the fire. But to treat in this fashion a great artist, an illustrious old man with an irreproachable artistic conscience, is to attack the genius of the country and its respect for the men who make it illustrious."

This article is said to reflect the feeling of Parisian society regarding the matter. The French artists, indeed, have been so stirred up by what they term the insult to French art and to a representative French artist, that they have tendered M. Meissonier a complimentary banquet to express their sympathy for him in the affair—though just why M. Meissonier needs any sympathy it is difficult to imagine, since he received his pay for the work. To our mind, it would appear that Madame Mackay should be the person deserving of sympathy, under the circumstances, if there were any sympathy called for, but we have already expressed the opinion that she deserves none.

A ridiculous feature of this affair is the fact that M. Arthur Meyer, Editor of the *Gaulois*, and a devoted friend of the Mackays, sent a challenge to M. Meissonier to fight a duel, on account of certain expressions which the latter made in regard to the portrait and to Madame Mackay.



Subsequently, on the ground that M. Meissonier was too old to fight a duel, the belligerent editor challenged Meissonier *filis*. M. Meyer, it is reported, is not unused to challenging his enemies, and he is said to be skilful with the sword and pistol; however, it is not seriously believed that the affair is to have a tragic termination or that any blood will be spilled over it.

The Parisian press has recently published some very curious articles defining the etiquette which should be observed by visitors to France, and French hospitality to foreigners is spoken of in such touching terms that one is almost led to forget that the foreigner is always charged from one hundred to five hundred per cent. more for everything than is asked of a Frenchman.

### GOOD WORDS FOR OLD WINTER.

BY T. LACHLAN SMITH.

TO the majority of persons, especially those who live and toil throughout the year in the great towns and cities, the advent of the Winter season is anything but cheering. The glad anticipations that mark the approach of the sister seasons are sadly lacking. The bright Summer days are remembered with regret that they are gone, and there is an instinctive shudder at the lengthening wintry shadows, and a shrinking from that icy phantom

"Clothed all in frieze,

Chattering his teeth for cold, that doth him chill,  
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath doth freeze;  
In his right hand a tipped staff he holds,  
With which his feeble steps he stayeth still;  
For he is faint with cold and weak with eld,  
That scarce his loosed limbs he able is to wield."

This is a picture of old Winter drawn for us as long ago as Spenser's time—to many, no doubt, as true to life as it was to the fancy of the writer of so long ago.

But though from the time of Spenser down, many an icy shaft has been hurled at the drear old figure, still he has not gone all lonely on his cheerless way, nor has he been without enthusiastic friends to sing his praises. Much, indeed, may be quoted in his favor—many a glowing picture presented of his short-lived reign, and many a pleasant time recalled of healthful sport or fireside merry-making, in which this grim-visaged old fellow has taken his part as one, at least, who seemed to carry beneath his winter frieze a warmer heart than we are prone to credit him with.

At a much later day we have, from the pen of a less distinguished but equally well-known poet, a kindred picture to this of Spenser's, but one withal so different in its warmth of coloring and feeling of sympathy, that we do not hesitate to present it by way of contrast.

"A wrinkled, crabbed man they picture thee,  
Old Winter, with a rugged beard as gray  
As the long moss upon the apple tree;  
Blue lips, an ice-drop at thy sharp blue nose;  
Close muffled up, and on thy dreary way,  
Plodding alone through sleet and drifting snows.  
They should have drawn thee by the high heath hearth,  
Old Winter, seated in thy great arm-chair,

Watching the children at their Christmas mirth,  
Or circled by them, as thy lips declare  
Some merry jest, or tale of murder dire,  
Or troubled spirit that disturbs the night,  
Pausing at times to rouse the smouldering fire,  
Or taste the old October brown and bright."

But we are not compelled to travel all the way from Spenser down to Southey's time, among the poets, to find this genial spirit of discrimination. Take, for example, the winter song in Shakespeare's "As You Like It"—its every line a *motif* for a picture. How charmingly the great bard brings before us, in a few masterly touches, the varied pageantry of a winter's day in the landscape setting of that old Elizabethan period. There is a positive feeling of exhilaration in his lines; we feel the nipping air that is all about us; we follow through the whitened fields the footprints of yon burly hind, and there we see him in the sheltered lee of some rude cairn guarding his fleecy charge, and blowing on his nails to keep his fingers warm.

We see the white roofs of the cottages, peering over the wintry hedge-rows, where

"Birds sit brooding in the snow;"

the quaint old church—with its older trees about it, where on a cold Sunday,

"When all about the winds doth blow,"

you may well believe the cough contagious passing round the little congregation until it

"Drowns the parson's saw."

And the short service over, you may be sure that parson, squire and cottager alike all hurry homeward—even maid Marion scarce lingers on the snowy path for Tom to overtake her, or to show off her latest fineries before her cottage rivals. Perhaps to her, as to the old and gouty squire, the frosty air has little to recommend it, for she, at least, is not likely to forget the rude liberties it takes, when

"Milk comes frozen home in pails,  
And Marion's nose is red and raw."

Then comes the last but most genial of this series of suggested pictures, for they are but masterly outlines to be filled in by the imagination of the reader—the short, wintry day draws to its close. By the cheerful hall fire sits our genial old squire, and lying near him on the hearth, his nose resting on his outstretched paws, his sleepy eyes in deep content, blinking at the ruddy flame, is his old and favorite hound. Handy by him he sees the bowl of smoking lambswool, with the roasted crabs hissing hot from the embers bobbing on the surface; the warm glow falls in a genial circle all about the old knight's chair, and while he sips, he listens to the wind without; he hears the merry note of the owl from its perch among the old red chimneys—he notes the various evening occupations of his household, the merry quip, the song or laugh that passes round; he thinks of winters past, and of the Christmas festivities in his hall; in the red embers of the glowing fire he builds no castles for the future, but rebuilds the structures of the past from the memories that fill his mind. He is content

and happy in the love and duty of those about him, and his hospitable doors are ever on the latch for the weary or benighted traveler. He sits and sips and smiles in the comfort of this firelight, while without

"The staring owl  
Keeps up his merry note,  
To whit to whoo,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot."

We may pass by good old Thomas Tusser, a noted and popular poet of that and the succeeding age. Many quaintly curious pictures he gives us of the winter customs of his time; for the most part, however, relating to the pious

in his cheerful old home in the winter season—

"With an old study filled full of learned old books,  
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by his looks  
With an old buttery hatch quite worn off the hooks,  
And an old kitchen that maintained half a dozen old cooks."

"With an old hall hung about with pikes, guns and bows,  
With old swords and bucklers, that had borne many shrewd blows,  
And an old frieze coat to cover his worship's trunk hose,  
And a cup of old sherry to comfort his copper nose."

"With a good old fashion when Christmas was come,  
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum,  
With good cheer enough to furnish every old room,  
And old liquor able to make a cat speak and man dumb."



A WINTRY NIGHT—FROM A DRAWING BY T. L. SMITH.

rites and observances of the Christmas period. Famous old Ben Jonson, too, has many a pleasant word for what Sackville calls "The cruel season," in a winter poem addressed to Sir Robert Wroth, too long to quote in full; he refers to the out-of-door sports that may be enjoyed on the short, cold days, such as hawking, the hunting of the hare, or shooting of the greedy thrush,

"Thou dost with some delight the day outwear,  
Although the coldest of the year."

And what a complete and really captivating picture of the jolly old courtier of the period is that we find in a poem printed in the "Percy Reliques," describing the old squire

Among all of the elder poets, perhaps none have equaled that most quaint as well as gifted of singers, Robert Herrick, in his genuine relish for the twilight season of the year. True, his pictures are drawn more from the life of in-doors, as also of the pastimes, feasts and frolics of the ever-joyous yule-tide; but they are so inimitable in character, so redolent of the rustic England of his time—of the observances, customs and peculiar features of old English winters—as to give to his descriptions a value altogether their own. How little like a picture of winter's blustering violence, for instance, is the following, from one of his Christmas carols sung in the presence of the king,



while the latter was enjoying himself at Whitehall :

" Why does the chilling Winter's morn  
Smile, like a field beset with corn ?  
Or smell, like to a mead new shorn,  
Thus, on the sudden ?

Come and see  
The cause, why things thus fragrant be :  
'Tis He is born, whose quickening birth  
Gives life and lustre, public mirth,  
To Heaven and the under earth."

In another of his winter pieces, wherein he weaves the ivy and the Christmas holly with his verse, he tells us of the doings in the old Hall down in Devonshire; of how

own immediate day, and were we intent upon weaving a Christmas garland only for old Winter, we could readily close the interval by a goodly show of carols from the poets of the intervening period; but in the brief space allotted to us, we are desirous, in so far as we can, to show our deep respect for all the long months of his reign—from Autumn's sad retirement in the drear November, to the sweet whisperings of the Spring, in April's opening buds and showers. It would certainly be a pleasant task to write of winter in all the warmth one might summon to one's aid in treating of the vernal seasons; but we have no more desire to see our blustering old hero masquerading in summer motley



A WINTER DAY—FROM A DRAWING BY T. L. SMITH.

they mingled games such as "blind-man's buff," "fox i' the hole," with many another Christmas gambol, around the wassail bowl. And then as they gather round the hearth to circulate the song or winter tale, he tells them—

" Then as ye sit about your embers,  
Call not to mind those fled Decembers;  
But think on these, that are t'appear,  
As daughters to the instant year :

——— and lay upon  
The year, your cares, that's fled and gone."

It is a somewhat long interval from Herrick's time down to that of Cowper, Scott, Wordsworth and the poets of our

than, without protest, to acquiesce in every cruel taunt and unkind thrust that is made at him. 'Tis true, he comes not to us with autumn's glorious sadness in his eye, or summer's tender wooing in his breath, but now, as mostly ever, in the same rude tattered robe, time-stained and torn by many a rough tempestuous blast; or as Cowper, in "The Task," most ably, if severely, fills in the canvas—

" Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,  
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks  
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows  
Than those of age; thy forehead wrapped in clouds.  
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne

A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,  
But urged by storms, along its slippery way!"

And yet, the poet adds—

"I love thee still, unlovely as thou seem'st,  
And dreaded as thou art."

It is pleasant to see that the poet, although constrained to give all this severity of line and color to his portrait, can still retain a feeling of tenderness for his snowy-crowned old subject. Nor need we wonder much at this latent feeling in the old poet, for must he not have remembered those experiences of his younger manhood, when out of doors in the crisp December days, breasting the cold north winds with buoyant step, or skate on heel, emulating on the polished ice the concentric swiftness of the swallow in his summer evolutions on the wing? Only those who have the fortitude to step outside the glow and warmth of their winter homes, to face, on snowy uplands or through sheltered dells, the bracing keenness of the frosty winds, can ever know the healthfulness of such a walk, or realize the varied beauties of the landscape at this time of the year. The long continued nightly frosts have hardened all the surface of the ground to the consistency of iron, so that where the snow has left in spots the highways bare, you may hear from afar the ring of ironed hoof or hob-nailed shoe, as team and driver slowly wind their way across the view. You see the white roofs of the village, glinting through the leafless trees; and if, perchance, the bright December sun is out, the old church may catch the passing ray, and the metal weathercock upon the gable-pointed parsonage may shine like burnished steel. All about you in the near field of vision, the hoar frost decks with silvery hue each thorny bush and tufted clump of withered grass; or, if the passing sunlight shimmers through the winter boughs above your head, it showers crystal sprays upon you, as it glints from stem to bough or through the mazy network of the interlacing twigs. Bright bands of sunshine rest upon the uplands, and edge with silver many a woodland copse or scattered hay-rick lonely in the whitened fields. Extend your walk abroad until the clouds begin to gather in heavy folds about the distant horizon, and the fir-off hill-tops lose their outlines in the murky veil; then turning homeward, mark the change, as all the air begins to thicken with the snowy mist. It is a change indeed! for now, but for the tiny wreaths of smoke curling above the cottage roof, it may hardly be distinguished from the blank grey settling down upon it. Near and familiar objects are rapidly losing all likeness to themselves in the thick incumbrance of the hueless air. Already the sound of near approaching wheels is deadened to the ear, while from the high copse, the sharp ring of the wood-chopper's axe comes at muffled intervals.

Softly now each tiny flake begins to fall; the school-boy will, ere long, reluctantly forsake his sport upon the village pond; the sportsman his less innocent amusement of the day; the curler only, in his keen enthusiasm, will make good his title to the ice, and hold his own amid the thickening flakes, until the gloom of night has driven him from his merry sport, and all the broad expanse of nature will

rest in silent peace within the white folds of the drifting storm. But if the brightest promise of a day may thus, throughout the season, end in many a foul, tempestuous night, let us not forget that summer has her terrors too; her scorching heats and long continued days and nights of feverish drouths, which are no more endurable in their way than winter's rudest cuffs. The winter is as charming to the true lover of nature as is any of the other seasons, and poets have never tuned sweeter lays to summer than those they have penned to celebrate the colder beauties of the winter time.

"Walk now among the forest trees,—  
Said'st thou that they were stripped and bare?  
Each heavy bough is bending down  
With snowy leaves and flowers—the crown  
Which winter regally doth wear.  
"Tis well—thy summer garden ne'er  
Was lovelier with its birds and flowers,  
Than is the silent place of snow,  
With feathery branches drooping low,  
Wreathing around the shadowy bowers!"

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## THE ARTISTS' RECEPTIONS.

THE receptions recently held by the artists of the Sherwood and Holbein studio buildings were attended by hundreds of persons interested in art, and hundreds of others interested in learning to what species of man an artist belongs, how he lives and how he appears under his own vine and fig-tree. There was the usual proportion of bright, handsome, gorgeously costumed ladies, and the groups that gathered around favorite paintings here and there successfully rivalled in composition and brilliancy of coloring, the richest productions on the easels. Both receptions were exceedingly agreeable, despite the large number of visitors, and the artists have reason to congratulate themselves upon the intelligent interest that was shown so generally among those who were there. This interest, too, bore fruit for the artists in several instances—some of the pictures finding admirers who were constrained to take them to their homes, to enjoy them for years after the pleasant reception has become only a shadowy memory.

It seems strange to the writer that artists' receptions are not more general and more frequent—especially "Studio-building receptions." It is true, preparation for one of these occasions interferes with an artist's work for some days both preceding and succeeding the reception, but then he must more than gain what he loses in his increased acquaintance with art-loving people. Very often artists have made important sales in the wake of these receptions, sales which prove the importance of the artist and picture buyer being acquainted and on good terms.

The era of general "studio visiting" seems almost to have departed, and in many cases it is as well for the artist that it has. The average visitor who has no intention of buying pictures, be he ever so agreeable a friend, usually perpetrates an unintentional—but nevertheless real—unkindness in calling, especially if he forgets to make his call short. An interruption to an artist at a critical period in his work may be fatal to its excellence, and actually result in the loss of a large amount of money. Sometimes, too, an expensive model is kept waiting at the artist's expense, and again, a precious bit of daylight may be lost when he is struggling to finish a certain work within a certain length of time, for exhibition purposes. Many of the artists are now setting apart certain days for the reception of visitors, upon these grounds. However, though the picture buying public may be invited to call on such days, persons are more easily attracted for the first time, by a studio reception, particularly when a large number of studios can be visited without special calls upon each artist.

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The studio buildings of the present time, which usually can accommodate a score or more of artists, and which are erected with special reference to their requirements, are most excellent in affording opportunities for these general receptions, and offer advantages to the artists in other ways.

Artists, of all persons, derive peculiarly great benefit from association and the interchange of ideas and criticisms, and in these buildings they can exchange visits easily and

frequently. In such buildings there should be the highest degree of congeniality; there all are striving for the attainment of power in expression, and as nearly all are working for this through different directions, there need be no jealousies. Such association creates a neighborly—brother-like—disposition among the artists, which might never be so strong under other circumstances.

\* \* \*

Years ago, the average artist's studio was little more than a dingy workshop. It was usually on the top floor of some tall building, was small in compass and generally had a single murky window in the roof, through which the light had a painful struggle for admission. Upon the walls appeared fragmentary sketches in oil, charcoal, or whatever medium was most convenient when inspiration came. The floor was bare and spotted with paint. Unframed studies lay here and there; uneasy, shabby furniture obtruded itself, and one or two frail easels and a dirty palette or two gave the room its distinctive character. If the unhappy painter happened to be a bachelor, a rough wooden box doing duty as a table, guiltless of linen, but with some heavy, unclean earthenware upon it, told how he fought the wolf from the door, while a pile of empty bottles in a corner, and some scattered cigar stumps, were mementoes of an occasional sale. An extemporized cot, in a corner partitioned off by some cheap drapery, and a poor little stove that could swallow only a single small shovelful of coal at a time; usually completed the picture when the artist was absent and the work under way was turned with its face to the wall. Otherwise, the scene was even more disordered and discouraging in its principal features.

But all this is greatly changed now; the average studio of to-day is no longer a retreat in which the artist hides from the world, in the midst of disorder that is mis-named artistic; instead, it more often partakes of the nature of a splendid *salon* or interesting museum to which the artist may sometimes invite the world and to which the world is usually very glad to go. The uninitiated visitor, who has been acquainted only with the traditional studio of story writers, is often surprised to see walls hung with costly tapestries and superb mirrors, while his foot sinks into rich rugs from Smyrna and Constantinople, and luxurious, inviting couches tempt him to forget the lapse of time. Not that all studios are of this gorgeous nature, but even the humblest of them now shows steps taken in the direction of convenience and comfort, if not elegance. Some of the studios, as I have remarked, are almost like museums, with armor, trophies of the chase, ceramics, costumes, musical instruments or what not, according to the direction of the artist's work, hung upon the walls or disposed about the apartment. Others filled with paintings—generally attractive studies by the artists, with occasional examples of the works of friends, or valuable works secured at auction sales—almost resemble miniature art galleries.

An article on the distinctive characteristics of the different classes only, of New York studios, while it might contain matter of interest, could scarcely be treated in a single paper.

## AN UNENVIABLE POSITION.

A MAN is rarely called upon to occupy a less enviable position than that of membership in an Academy Exhibition Committee. In the first place, he must interrupt all of his private business, and devote two or three weeks of valuable time to the hardest, most disagreeable kind of labor—labor for the mind, the eyes and the hands—and after he has conscientiously done his best, and his work is completed, and he feels almost worn out, he comes in for the vituperation of disappointed artists whose pictures were not hung; of other artists whose works were not hung to satisfy them, and of the friends of both classes of artists. His work is condemned also by the hundreds of persons who are willing to believe that they could have done it better, and by the hasty newspaper writers, who, by long practice, are enabled to form conclusions upon matters of this kind upon the spur of the moment. And who thanks the member of the Hanging Committee? Not the man whose picture is well hung—that, justly, is not credited to the personal favor of the Committee, but to the excellence of the work. Yet, on the other hand, nine out of ten of the disappointed ones—even though they may be entirely unknown to the members of the Committee, will impute their failure to unrighteous discrimination.

But let us look for a moment at the task placed upon the hands of the Academy Exhibition Committee. Here are eighteen hundred pictures of varying degrees of merit, ranging in size from a few square inches to many square feet. Out of this number probably seven hundred and fifty can be hung. First, the whole list must be looked over and separated into, say, three groups: one, containing pictures of most decided merit; another, those that are entirely too bad to be exhibited; and the third, those in which merits and demerits struggle for the upper hand. This last class will be gone over many times before the hanging is over, and from it will be selected the most meritorious pictures which, in size and color, will be available for certain positions on the walls which must be filled.

When the hanging begins, the larger pictures of most merit are sought for, in order to determine the question of "centers" for various walls or groups. Certain of these pictures are selected for particular rooms, with not only the question of reward of merit in view, but the question of light and distance. Some of the pictures that we will see in the South Gallery could not be fairly seen in any other gallery in the building, because of the impossibility of obtaining positions from which to see them. The larger pictures being disposed of, the smaller meritorious works must be looked over again, and selections for special groups or arrangements must be made, with reference to the size of the frames and the color effects of these groups, and the special light required to show each picture at its best. As everyone knows, pictures may be hung so as to help each other, to utterly kill each other, or so as to increase the effectiveness of one at the expense of another or others. It is the aim of the Exhibition Committee to hang the pictures so that each one, as far as possible, may show at its very best—gaining instead of losing by its associa-

tions; but if, on account of limited space and certain traditional rules regarding the hanging of the works of members of the Academy—such rules as are in vogue in all the Academies in existence—this is not in every instance possible, can we legitimately find fault with the committee that has done its best under the circumstances?

In many cases, the committee is obliged to return works for lack of wall space that it would be glad to hang for the sake of encouraging young artists whose talent promises much to which it is not equal at the present. Every member of every Exhibition Committee has no doubt experienced at some portion of his life, the anxiety which holds a very young artist from the time he sends in his picture to the time of "varnishing day," and if he has never suffered disappointment at having his picture returned, he is at least able to appreciate what disappointment would have been. Therefore he is inclined to be sympathetic; but sympathy cannot extend the wall space of the Academy, and it must not interfere with the obligation which he feels requires him to select what is best now before that which promises far better after awhile.

## A DEFENCE OF FOREIGN ART DEALERS.

THE foreign art dealers of this country have been blamed from time to time by some of our artists and their friends, for their apathy towards American art. I propose to defend them from these unjust accusations.

The art dealer is just like any other trader, and turns his attention to those channels where there is the greatest opportunity for profit, and we should not blame him for that. He has no particular sympathies for the art of any country, and if the foreign dealers could see more profit in an exclusive handling of American pictures than of European, they would, to a man, confine their business to them. Some of our smaller dealers, who have made American art a specialty, have done so not from patriotic motives, but simply because they have not possessed the means requisite to buy a foreign stock. They can do an American art business on comparatively small capital, as they need buy few pictures, obtaining all they wish to sell, on commission.

The reputable foreign dealers have never had any difficulty in getting pictures from the American artists; they simply have not wanted them, and they are not to be blamed for that; nor is the American artist at fault because the foreign dealer has not desired his productions; the reason has been a business, and not a personal, one.

It is well known to those who have bought or priced pictures in the European studios, that there is generally very little profit made on the few first-class ones that are imported for sale; but these serve their purpose in giving tone to the balance of the collections—on which the profits are really made, ranging from 25 to 300 per cent. These latter pictures are generally originals, but are by second rate imitators of this or that popular artist; the subjects, costumes, accessories and general treatment are similar, and having a foreign name and being in good company, it would take more knowledge than the average



picture buyer possesses, to have even a suspicion that they are not of about equal merit. And as with the acquirement of the money that constitutes him a buyer, also comes a thorough knowledge of art (unless, indeed, he have the same opinion about it that *Dogberry* had about reading and writing), the American foreign art collector being thoroughly understood by the shrewd dealer, is easily manipulated.

The commission on the sale of American pictures is from 10 to 15 per cent., and if the pictures are bought from the artist by the dealer, there is no such enormous margin for profit as exists in case of foreign works, as the collectors have too many opportunities for becoming acquainted with the true status of the artists who live amongst them. This difference in profits is, then, the real reason why our foreign dealers ignore American art.

I have referred in this article only to dealers in original pictures;—as for those who are engaged in the fraudulent art transactions that are now being so well ventilated, they are not worthy of a word of defence. X. Y. Z.

#### PICTURE BUYING AND SELLING.

THE reputable dealer in pictures, like the reputable dealer in horses, is beginning to suffer from the shortcomings of his less scrupulous brethren. But why should a person dealing in either of these be regarded with more suspicion than one who deals in salt or sugar?

There is nothing immoral either in horses or pictures *per se*, yet when a man deals in them, the opportunities for enormous gains are so great, with a little deception—and the chances of detection, particularly in the case of foreign pictures, are so small—that the dealer must be little less than a saint to preserve his upright character.

Why is it that the shrewd American merchant, when he buys his fancy horses, does not take the word of the horse-dealer as gospel, and yet, when buying his foreign pictures, has been willing to give entire trust to the dealer, accepting his opinions as if he were a disinterested expert?

The reason is, that the horse dealer knows more about the animal he has to sell than his customer—and pits his knowledge, backed by deceit, against the latter's honest ignorance; but the buyer soon finds out if his purchase is broken-winded or otherwise unsound. These individual experiences have grown into a concrete distrust of all horse dealers, and it is not felt to be a disgrace to confess ignorance of the subject, by calling in the services of an expert.

But in art matters, unfortunately, a different practice obtains: Our rich merchant "knows what pleases him," and his discriminating taste is flatteringly confirmed by the dealer and also by his friends, when, after having dined and wineed them, he shows them his pictures, tells them the high prices he has paid, and shows them the masters' names on the corners of the canvases—which, until recently, have been received as *prima facie* evidence of original authorship and high merit.

And who is to inform the owner of an unsound picture of the fact? Not his friends, for they know as little as

himself, and if an artist should detect a fraud, he generally thinks twice before mentioning it, as he knows that such intimations are nearly always taken as personal insults by picture owners;—small blame, then, to the tongue-tied artist; for how many are willing to risk offending a rich man and a possible customer?

There is a want of friendly feeling towards the foreign dealers by the American artists. The latter know perfectly well that they have been habitually sneered at, more or less openly, by the former; that buyers have been encouraged in their ignorant preference for anything foreign by a disparagement of all American art. Such remarks as "that the American artists are entirely wanting in technique;" "that *we* have peculiar facilities for getting fine European works at low prices, and that if an American artist could paint such a picture as that (pointing to some fourth-rate imitation) he would charge five times as much for it," &c., &c., are well known.

The wealthy Englishman, Frenchman or German remains in all of his feelings true to his nationality, proud of the art of his country, and proud to assist in its development; but the rich American in the first dawn of his æsthetic tastes is too often anything but an American, and never dreams of asking himself, or any one else, if there exists in his own country a struggling art quite as meritorious as that with which he fills his gallery from foreign sources. And his foreign dealer, of course, never hints such a thing.

The worthy foreign pictures that are in the country have been of the greatest value to us. They have helped to educate the public and the artist, and have stimulated the latter to efforts of which he would not have been capable in their absence. Such works will always be valued; but foreign art, merely as such, has about had its day.

The dealer in American pictures will always be a valuable friend to the American artist. He has the means of becoming personally acquainted with an infinitely larger public than the artist. Being simply a business man, no one hesitates to talk freely to him about the price of his pictures, and he can enter into explanations of a picture when the artist often might hesitate to do so. It is perfectly legitimate for him to seek out a customer, while the artist himself generally waits to be sought;—and waiting thus, with hope deferred, he often has a hard time of it. Then, if the dealer has the means, he sometimes either buys or makes advances on pictures sent him for sale, and so enables the artist to continue his work at ease.

Although many pictures will always be sold through the mediumship of the dealer, many will be sold from the studios, as a picture bought from the artist becomes of greater interest by reason of the personal association with its author, and our most sensitive and dignified artists have never objected to such transactions. Very few of them ever "talk up" a picture, and unless the buyer happens to be an exceedingly mean-spirited one, the business is concluded without any objectionable features on either side, whether a sale be effected or not.

B. SIENNA.



## THE MONKEY'S REVENGE.

Four blind puppies I found in the nest  
Of that cross "Yepet"—the vicious beast!  
I've owed her a grudge for over a year,  
And now I'll have my revenge—right here!

Ugly wretches—aren't they, now?  
With flabby cheeks and wrinkled brow,  
Clumsy paws and little spike tails,  
Whimpering cries and whining wails—

No doubt to touch the deep sympathy  
Of a tender-hearted ape, like me;  
But as well go whine to a heart that has ceased  
Ages and ages ago in the East—

In breast of mummy, hard and dry,  
As think of bringing tears to the eye  
Of pity for those of "Yepet's" race;—  
Another cur might alter the case.

They're not like their mother—no, not yet,  
Though will be as vicious—every, bit;  
That is, if they are permitted to grow,  
But I'll strangle the life out of 'em—so!

He tightened his grip—just to show how,  
When the mother, near, hearing the row,  
On flying feet soon answered their call—  
'Twas *she* had the revenge—after all!

W. H. B.



"GOT THEIR EYES OPEN!"





## The Art Union.

### BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

#### THE AMERICAN ART UNION.

The American Art Union, a society of American artists, including representatives of all the different schools of art, has been organized "for the general advancement of the Fine Arts, and for promoting and facilitating a greater knowledge and love thereof on the part of the public." To accomplish this, the society proposes:

1st. To maintain in the City of New York a permanent exhibition and sales-room for selected American works of art, and to hold occasional similar exhibitions in the chief cities of the country;

2d. To publish original etchings and engravings of the highest grade;

3d. To issue an illustrated monthly art journal, of which a leading feature will be the contributions of the artist members, both in the form of papers and illustrations;

4th. To purchase for the annual subscribers to the UNION original works of art, which will be selected by a committee of artists, and disposed of at the close of each year as the subscribers themselves may desire.

#### MEMBERS.

Nearly all of the leading artists of the country, representing the various schools, are enrolled among the active members of the Art Union, and its President and Vice-President hold similar offices in the National Academy of Design. The Honorary Membership includes some of the most distinguished amateurs and friends of Art in the country. A full list of the members is published in the January number of THE ART UNION.

The Board of Control of the Art Union for 1883-4 consists of:

D. HUNTINGTON, <i>President.</i>	T. W. WOOD, <i>Vice President.</i>
E. WOOD PERRY, JR., <i>Secretary.</i>	FREDERICK DIELMAN, <i>Treasurer.</i>
W. H. BEARD,	HENRY FARRER,
EASTMAN JOHNSON,	J. B. BRISTOL,
A. D. SHATTUCK,	WALTER SHIRLAW.

#### SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE ART UNION.

Upon the payment of the sum of five dollars, any person may become a subscriber to the AMERICAN ART UNION for one year, and will receive for such payment:

FIRST: A season ticket to the permanent Exhibition of Paintings, at the society's Gallery, No. 44 East Fourteenth Street, Union Square, New York City;

SECOND: A proof before letters, on India paper, of the etching of the year, by Walter Shirlaw, from Eastman Johnson's picture "The Reprimand." This etching is mounted upon heavy plate paper, and is of a size (13x16

inches) and quality such as the leading dealers sell at from twenty to twenty-five dollars;

THIRD: The illustrated ART UNION, which will be issued monthly, for the current year. (The price of the journal to non-subscribers will be \$3.00 a year.)

FOURTH: An interest in works of art purchased by the Art Union. One-half of the subscription will be set apart for the formation of a fund, to be expended for the joint account of the subscribers in the purchase of works of art, which will be held in trust until the end of the year, when they will be delivered unconditionally to the whole body of the subscribers, represented by a committee. This committee will then make such disposition of the works as may be determined by the majority of the subscribers, each of whom will be entitled to send in one vote as to the manner of disposal.

There are several feasible ways in which to dispose of the purchased works.

They may be sold at auction or private sale, or at an auction which will be attended only by subscribers, and the proceeds divided equally among all the subscribers; or they may be divided among the bodies of subscribers of the several States, each one to receive its quota according to the amount of the subscriptions from such State. The several state committees may then dispose of the works in one of the aforementioned methods, or present them to form nucleiuses of new public art galleries, or additions to some already in existence. Or they may be distributed among the subscribers by lot.

In enumerating these various methods of disposition, the American Art Union expresses no preference of one above another; its desire and interest are only that the disposition of the collection shall be equitable and satisfactory to all concerned.

No exorbitant prices will be paid to the artists, but such only as are generally obtained at the studios for a similar class of work, and the prices to the subscribers will be exactly those paid to the artists.

The latent taste for art that has existed in the country has been developed in a wonderful degree during the past twenty years, until there is scarcely to be found a home in any section that does not contain some form of art production. It is believed by the projectors of the American Art Union that the time is at hand for such an enterprise, and that the lovers of art will be eager to avail themselves of its benefits.

Honorary Secretaries, to receive subscriptions, will be appointed from time to time in various parts in the country. Money may also be sent by postal or express order, Bank Check or Draft or Registered Letter, payable to the *American Art Union*, No. 44 East 14th Street, New York.

Any person sending a club of twenty subscriptions to the Art Union, will receive an additional subscription free of charge. Specimen copies of the illustrated ART UNION journal will be sent post-paid on application.

By order of the Board of Control,

E. WOOD PERRY, JR., Secretary.

## RECENT, PRESENT AND FUTURE ART EXHIBITIONS.

**PAST**—THE AMERICAN WATER COLOR SOCIETY'S Seventeenth Annual Exhibition, which closed since our last issue, was less successful than usual. Only 160 pictures were sold for \$16,000 at catalogue prices, while in 1880 the sales reached a total of \$21,000; in 1881, \$32,000; in 1882, \$33,000; and in 1883, \$18,000. There were sold this year about 12,000 single and 500 season admission tickets, and some 5,000 catalogues.

THE NEW YORK ETCHING CLUB'S Annual Exhibition, held in connection with that of the Water Color Society, did comparatively better than the latter, though its sales were also less than usual. 190 etchings were sold for some \$1,800. In 1882, the sales of etchings amounted to \$3,000, and last year to \$1,900. This year 500 copies of the Etching Club catalogues were sold—just half the edition printed. The catalogue contained eight fine etchings, and was well worth the price asked for it—one dollar a copy.

MR. JAMES D. GILL'S Seventh Annual Exhibition of paintings by New York artists, at Springfield, Mass., was fairly successful considering the condition of affairs in the Art market this season. The sales did not, however, equal the sales of the last two or three years.

THE BOSTON ART CLUB'S sales this year amounted to \$4,200. There was a fair attendance at the galleries.

**PRESENT.**—THE AMERICAN ART UNION'S Exhibition of Oil and Water Color Paintings and Etchings is now open in the new galleries, No. 44 East Fourteenth Street, Union Square. Visitors enter the elevator at the street door. Open from 9 o'clock A. M. until 6 P. M. Admission, 25 cents, except to subscribers to THE ART UNION, who are admitted free at all times, on showing their subscription receipts at the door. Each visitor will receive a copy of the catalogue free, and each paying visitor will also be given a copy of THE ART UNION.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM'S LOAN EXHIBITION, at the Museum, Central Park, Fifth Avenue and Eighty-second Street, which will remain open until April, mainly consists of copies by American artists from works by the old masters. The masters represented most frequently are Rembrandt, Franz Hals, Rubens, Vandyck, Titian, Paul Veronese and Velasquez. Admission, Mondays and Tuesdays, 25 cents. On other days free.

THE LENOX LIBRARY, with its collection of paintings and sculptures, is open to the public on Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, from 11 A. M. until 4 P. M. Tickets, admitting a specified number of visitors, may be obtained free, on previous application by postal-card, addressed to the "Superintendent of the Lenox Library," Fifth Avenue and Seventieth Street.

THE BOSTON PAINT AND CLAY CLUB'S Third Annual Exhibition is now open in the Boston Art Club's galleries. It will close about April 1st.

**FUTURE.**—THE PASTEL CLUB, of this city, recently organized, opens its first exhibition March 17th, at the galleries No. 290 Fifth Avenue. Private view March 15th.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN will open its Fifty-ninth Annual Exhibition on Monday, April 7th, and close the same on Saturday, May 17th. The press view will be given Friday, April 4, after 2 P. M., and the Academy Reception will be held on Saturday evening, April 5th. The Hallgarten and the Clarke Prizes will be awarded to successful Exhibitors, for the first time, this year. Particulars regarding these prizes are given in the January number of THE ART UNION. The Hanging Committee for this Exhibition consists of James M. Hart, R. Swain Gifford, Jared B. Flagg, S. J. Guy and M. F. H. De Haas, of the Academicians, and George H. Story and Thomas Moran, of the Associates. The meeting of Exhibitors, to award the prizes by ballot, will be held at the Academy, in the afternoon of April 23.

THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS will hold its Seventh Annual Exhibition in the large South Gallery of the National Academy of Design, from May 26th until June 21st. The Jury for the admission of pictures will consist of Charles F. Ulrich, George De F. Brush, Kenyon Cox, A. H. Thayer, W. M. Chase, T. W. Dewing, Augustus St. Gaudens, H. Bolton Jones, and Walter Shirlaw. The first three gentlemen named will constitute the Hanging Committee. By a stipulation in the Academy lease, this Exhibition cannot be open on Sundays. The Society of American Artists, by the way, was one of the first associations to open its galleries on Sundays, when the present movement was started, several years ago.

A SPECIAL EXHIBITION of paintings by Mr. GEORGE INNESS will be held at the Art Galleries No. 6 East Twenty-third Street, during the latter part of this month. Besides the pictures which will be offered for sale, the collection will contain many important works by the artist, borrowed from their owners. Mr. Inness's admirers will thoroughly enjoy this exhibition. The large "Niagara" will be exhibited here to the public, for the first time.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART will open its Summer Loan Collection of Paintings in April. The pictures will remain on the walls until October, when the next Winter Loan Collection will replace them.

THE ESSEX ART ASSOCIATION, of Newark, N. J., will hold a Spring Exhibition of paintings from March 15th to April 1st.

THE BROOKLYN ART ASSOCIATION will hold a special WATER COLOR EXHIBITION this year, opening March 17, and continuing for two weeks.

THE PROVIDENCE (R. I.) ART CLUB opens its Fifth Annual Exhibition, March 13th; it will close April 4th.

THE WORCESTER (MASS.) ART STUDENTS' CLUB will hold an Annual Exhibition from April 22d to the 29th.

THE BALTIMORE ARTISTS will shortly open a Loan Exhibition in Baltimore, which will consist mainly of the works of resident artists, and of Baltimoreans who have distinguished themselves in Art elsewhere.

THE SYRACUSE (N. Y.) ART ASSOCIATION will hold its first Exhibition from April 5th to the 19th.

## GENERAL ART NOTES.

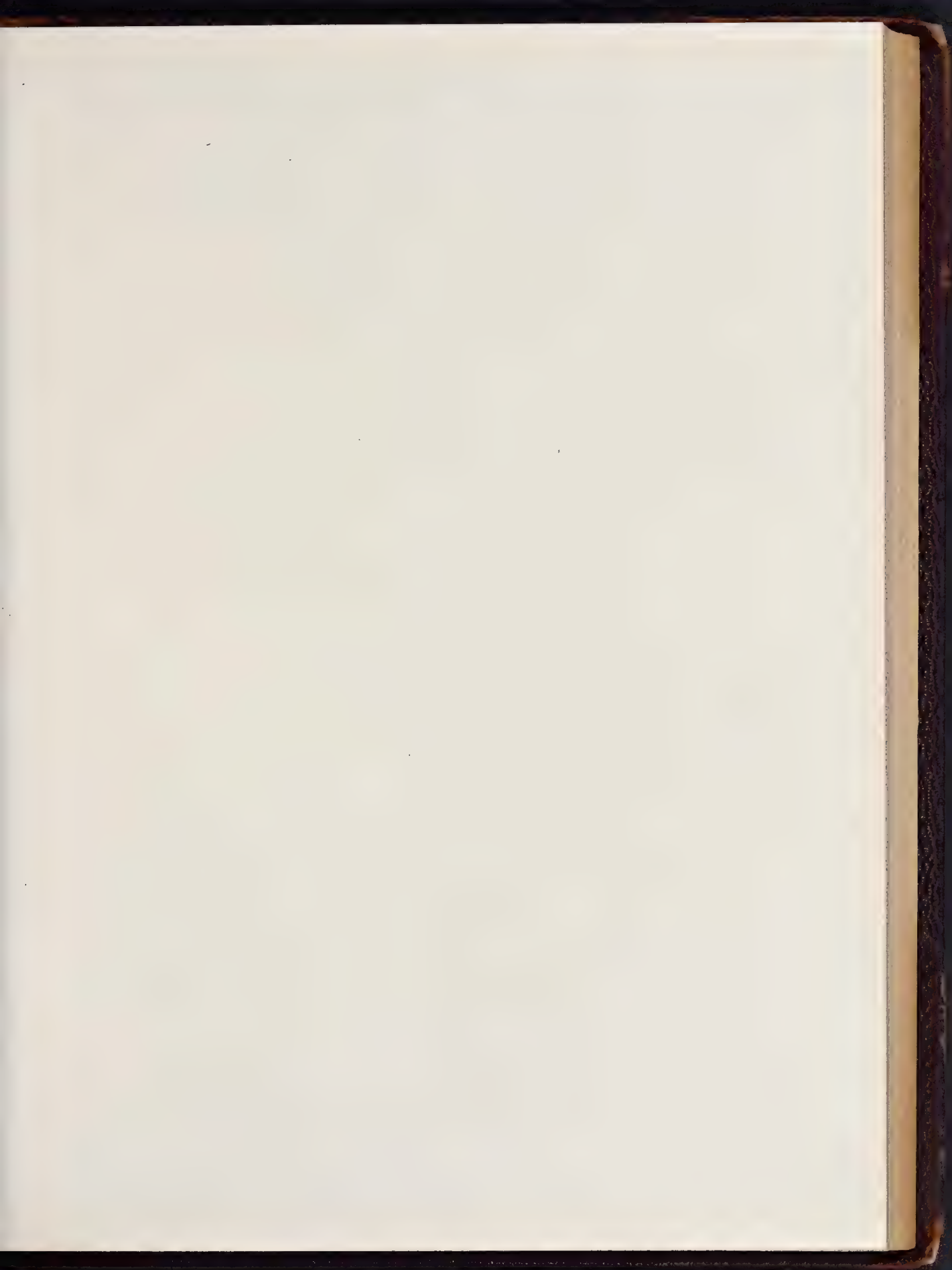
WE noted the fact, last month, that forty thousand dollars had been raised by the citizens of Detroit for the purchase of a site for a Detroit Museum of Art. At a meeting of the subscribers to the forty thousand dollar fund, a few days ago, it was decided that one hundred thousand dollars additional should be secured, by means of subscriptions, for the erection of a building for the Museum. Proposals of property for a site for the Museum have been advertised for, and there is a prospect that a piece of valuable property will be secured at a low price, owing to the competition of residents of different portions of the city who desire the location of the institution in their respective neighborhoods. It is even possible that the land may be donated for the purpose. By the time the site is obtained, the enterprising citizens of Detroit doubtless will have secured the hundred thousand dollars for the building. It is inspiring to hear from such people; they waste so little time, and bore each other and the world in general with so little talk;—a project seems to strike their community favorably, and before the knowledge of it has fairly reached the outside world, it is carried into effect.

Success to the new Museum! There cannot be established in our country too many institutions of this kind.

## ERRATA.

IN the February number of THE ART UNION, in the article "A Just Enactment," the statement, "A wood-engraving, photograph, or other reproduction was *presented* only as such," should have read "*produced* only as such," and later in the article, the clause "Should not be required to make any further movement than *introduction*," should read "any further movement than *production*."







ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP  
ON EAGLE HORN



# THE ART UNION

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN ART UNION

VOL. I.

NEW YORK, APRIL, 1884.

No. 4.

## MR. BIERSTADT'S "MOUNTAIN SHEEP."

MR. BIERSTADT'S painting, reproduced for the present issue by the artotype process, gives a graphic idea of the peculiar species of wild or mountain sheep found throughout the Rocky Mountains and Sierra Nevadas. The *ovis montana*, as zoologists call the mountain sheep, is much larger than the ordinary domestic sheep, and the horns of the male are so immense as to fully justify the popular name of "bighorn," bestowed upon the animal. The wonderful stories that are told of mountain sheep leaping down sheer precipices and alighting on their horns, savor more of fiction than of fact, but it is safe to say that no animal of America is such a born mountain climber. No peak is too high, no pinnacle of rock is too steep to be surmounted by these sure-footed beasts; in the lofty solitudes of our western wilds the scent of man or wolf sends them flying to inaccessible retreats, and so alert and agile are they, that their extinction need not soon be feared. With his well-known love of the sublime in nature, Mr. Bierstadt has done well to go up among the clouds and eternal snows of the American Alps to depict for us these hardy climbers in their chosen haunts.

## THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE Fifty-ninth Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design, which opened April 7th and will close May 17th, is generally conceded to be the best exhibition ever held by the Academy. There are seven hundred and nine works exhibited—a less number than last year or the year before—but the pictures have been selected from the vast number sent in with wise discrimination in the main, and show an average of merit considerably higher than usual. One notices, in the first place, that there is evidence of greater attention having been paid to choice of subject than heretofore; second, that there is a great general improvement in *technique*, and third, that the work shown this year is more distinctively American throughout than has usually been the case in latter-day exhibitions.

In the early days of American art, the subject of the picture was the chief consideration of the artist, and correct drawing, the proper ideas of relation and feeling for qualities were matters to which comparatively slight attention was paid. Benjamin West, though he lived in England, exerted a strong influence upon the early art of America. His tremendous canvases, full of vigor—but full of faults nevertheless—overawed the average American mind, which thought it saw great art in what was little more than great conception. For many years the principal pictures painted

in this country were of this same general nature; excellent in thought, but poor in expression. However, here and there an artist, with clearer artistic appreciation than the others, appeared, and we were given approximate excellence in what might be called the grammar of art; but it is a fact that serious study from nature, the employment of the living model and a real striving for the expression of *truth in quality* only began to be common among American artists in the memory of men now living!

After the American painters, as a class, had drifted along for a score or more of years, attempting to tell stories on their canvases in a weak, ungrammatical way, the influence of the Düsseldorf school began to impress itself upon the country, and the artists then began to pay more attention to their drawing and to the rendition of qualities. But in following the new idea, they came to disregard, to a great degree, the question of *what* they should paint, and so, aside from landscape and portraiture, there was little painted that was valuable for the thought conveyed. The influence of the Düsseldorf school was waning when Pre-Raphælitism found followers here. The tendency of this led to a greater consideration of the minutiae of detail, while breadth and proper relations were almost lost sight of by those who drifted into the movement and followed it in its extreme phases. After this there was a general relapse for a time, and American art drifted lazily along—all that was good in it being kept alive by perhaps a dozen men—until, within the past ten or twelve years, when the modern foreign influences began to creep in; first, through the importation of some good foreign pictures, and second, through the return of young Americans who had been studying abroad. The effect of these at first was gradual, though it was unmistakable. Matters were mending—but very slowly—when the wave of "impressionism" rolled over the country. Impressionism, in its true sense, is the true art, but what popularly bore the name of impressionism in the recent craze was nothing more nor less than a certain exaggerated suggestiveness that might be termed "cleverness" in some cases, while it was no more than vulgar presumption and ostentation in others. The extremist of the new reaction declared that all of the old art was weak and bad; that it was prosy and commonplace and all untrue. In impressionism alone dwelt all the poetry there was in art. The art writers of the day were nearly all engulfed in the sweeping tide, and they too cried out for the greatness of impressionism. "Breadth" became a mighty word in the mouths of the new leaders, and hundreds of young persons who were unequal to the requirements of the Antique and the Life schools, saw success ahead in the palette knife.



*The Goldsmith's Daughter.*—D. HUNTINGTON, P. N. A.

Art at last was to be emancipated from labor. Painstaking drawing was to be done away with. The true artist, his soul surcharged with poetry, henceforth should find in art only a delightful recreation.

But the vigor of the extreme impressionists died out. The painted "impressions" were not popular with picture buyers. Yet the movement had worked a most beneficent effect upon American art; the wiser of the artists saw in the best works of the followers of the "revolution" much that was good. Men who had worked in ruts for years began to find wherein they had been weak, and strove to correct themselves. On the other hand, some of those who had been swept along by the impressionistic tide, saw the danger ahead, were wise in time, and began to work for truth in outline, truth in color and truth in texture. The best men of the two schools began to approach each other closely upon common ground, and the Art of America began to hold up her head. For the past few years, American Art has advanced mainly in the direction of realization in quality, while the subjective part has been made almost subservient to the technical. Now, however, the importance of having thoughts as well as the capability of expression appears to have asserted itself. Pictures are now being painted, not alone to show the extreme cleverness or dexterity of the artist in the use of his media, but to transmit to us thoughts and impressions worthy of record in elegant language. Noble thoughts, nobly expressed, in painting or in language, alone will give us noble art or noble literature.

The present Academy Exhibition gives a very much fairer and better showing of the true condition of American Art to-day than any words can give. The representation is full and thorough. Every influence in our Art to-day is shown. Men who have not advanced mark the advancement of others who have, and to one familiar with the Academy exhibitions of the past three years, the exhibition shows a very marked advancement, not only in the general average of the art exhibited, but in the works of a number of men whose honest efforts have been conspicuous in previous exhibitions.

As the visitor ascends the staircase in the corridor, he faces two interesting pictures on the line, at the sides of the entrance to the North Gallery. One of them, by William Bliss Baker, gives us a glimpse of a "Woodland Brook" at the close of an autumn day. The leaves have nearly all fallen from the trees, half cover the ground, and float upon the water, caught here and there by the stones in the bed of the stream. Through the trees the light comes with charming effect, falling upon the water in the middle-ground and giving value to the shadows in the foreground and the hazy distance in which the eye loses itself. This picture, faithfully painted from Nature, is more than a mere transcription of a picturesque scene; into it has been painted much of the spirit of Nature.

Mr. M'Cord's picture, "The Ice Harvest," on the other side of the doorway, is a faithful rendition of a pleasing effect late in the afternoon of a winter day, and contains much to interest one. Harry Chase's "Battery Park, New York," is a painting that takes one out of doors and makes him feel the wind and chill of an April day. For atmospheric quality and the ex-



*"See-Saw, Margery Daw."*—SEYMOUR J. GUY, N. A.





*A Summer Evening.*—KRUSEMAN VAN ELTEN, N. A.

—another picture in the corridor that honors its position—is a study of a mental condition rather than of a merely physical ideal. Mr Champney has pictured Ophelia as standing, with a book held open in her hands, gazing vacantly into space, apparently half-crazed by the troubles which have crowded upon her. Hamlet, having soliloquised upon the evils of existence, has paused, and noting her attitude and expression—suggestive of prayer for strength to bear her trials—in his own trouble cries :

“Nymph, in thy orisons be all my sins remembered.”

The large painting over the door to the North gallery, “The Fisherman’s Return,” by Mrs. Chadwick, is a picture of many excellencies and some faults. It depicts a charming scene from real life, the father seated on the edge of his boat, tossing his de-



*“Good Night.”*—T. W. WOOD, V. P. N. A.

pression of motion in the sky and water, the picture is remarkable ; moreover, it has a historical value in being a clearly recognizable portrait of an interesting locality. Miss Dodson’s large painting, over the door leading into the South gallery, is an ambitious work giving evidence of careful study. The subject is the initiation of a descendant of Bacis into the mysteries of augury. An old priestess is examining the bleeding entrails of several fowls which lie on an altar before her, from which she derives prophecies of dire import. The neophyte, horror stricken, covers her ears with her hands, to shut out the awful words. The picture tells an interesting story well, and is full of dramatic action. J. Wells Champney’s “Ophelia”



*A Cloudy Day.*—J. A. S. MONKS.

lighted child in the air, while the mother standing on a stone not completely covered by the water, with basket under her arm, awaits a report of the result of the last cruise.

Entering the North gallery, one of the first pictures to attract attention is “The Life Line” by Winslow Homer, a painting full of dramatic power, strong in the rendition of its various elements, instructive and interesting to a fascinating degree. The artist has chosen a noble subject,—a life risked to save life. We look into the trough of a tremendous sea, above which, stretching through the crests of the lifted waves, extends the “life line” from the wreck (faintly suggested by a torn sail seen through the mist on the extreme left) to the shore, hidden away beyond the waves on the right. From the line is sus-





*Through the Willows*—H. BOLTON JONES, N. A.

pendent a chair, in which is seated a member of the life-saving service holding in his arms the unconscious form of a woman whose fingers are clasped upon the rope with a rigid grip. Her wet garments cling about her, torn by the waves in places. The man's face is hidden by a muffler blown in front of it by the heavy wind. Looking upon this furious sea and perilous situation, so thrilling in its realism, one may almost forget that he is looking simply at a picture. Thomas Moran's "Gathering Storm, Long Island," James D. Smillie's "Pond's Outlet," Krusemen Van Elten's "Summer Evening," Jervis M'Entee's "Yellow Autumn Woods," and R. M. Shurtleff's "By the Still Water," contain much of the poetry of Nature. F. K. M. Rehn's "Little Good Harbor Beach, Massachusetts Coast," J. C. Nicoll's "Sunlight on the Sea," and "The Wild New England Shore," by W. T. Richards, are marines differing greatly in methods of treatment, yet all excellent in quality. "How it Happened," by M. Angelo Woolf, shows the interior of a tenement room, where a number of the inhabitants of the house have been brought together by an accident to a forlorn looking little boy who stands with bandaged arm in the foreground, while a middle aged woman is explaining to the sympathetic visitors "how it happened." The expressions on the various faces are well drawn. One woman, with brows drawn down, seems almost to feel the pain the child has suffered, and a pale sickly looking girl half hides her face in the bosom of a companion. There are



*A Fresh Breeze*—M. F. DE HAAS, N. A.

several children in the group, with faces expressive of curiosity, sympathy, and a disposition to regard the victim almost in the light of a hero. The picture illustrates a not uncommon page in tenement-house life; it is interesting not only in its story, but in the manner in which it tells the story. "Maiden Meditation," by Benoni Irwin, depicts a bright looking child, pausing in the reading of a book, with an expression of grave seriousness in her face that is very charming. "Adagio," by Frederick W. Freer, shows a young woman in a pink satin dress, seated at a piano near an open window. "The Bill of Fare," by P. P. Ryder; "Gathering Wild Flowers," by Mary Kollock; "Under the Weather," by



*By the Still Water*—R. M. SHURTLEFF, A. N. A.

J. G. Brown; "A Cross-Road Bridge," by G. H. M'Cord, and "Philomena," by Charles Sprague Pearce, are well worthy of notice. By G. W. Brenneman is a small, carefully painted picture of an "Antiquarian," and there is a portrait of the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, by President Huntington, and a portrait of the Hon. Charles J. Folger, by Eastman Johnson. By George H. Story is "The Broken Vase,"—a child with a serious expression, holding a broken vase in her hand.

In the East Gallery, on the centre of the main wall, is "The Mother," by J. Alden Weir; a study made in Holland. Near this are Words-



worth Thompson's "Moorish Hunters Returning to Tangier," over a stretch of sandy desert; "Good Doggie," a domestic study by E. Wood Perry; "Bracing Up," an old man whom E. L. Henry has persuaded to pour himself out a glass of apple-jack, and another old man who is being made to shave himself, by P. P. Ryder. By George C. Lambdin is a picture of a smiling young woman. On the opposite side of the gallery, "Good Night," by T. W. Wood, is a charming candle-light effect. A colored nurse has brought a pretty child, attired in her night dress, into the room to bid us good-night. The child shades the bright light with her hand, and we have its effect upon the incident and accessories of the picture without having the light itself by its superior power take our attention from the real point of interest. "Solitaire," by E. Wood Perry, is a carefully painted picture, showing a young woman seated in a handsome apartment deep in the intricacies of the game of cards which gives the title to the work. "The Knitting Lesson," by William Morgan, is a pleasing picture of two peasant children in characteristic costume. There are several interesting landscapes in this gallery, among which may be mentioned William L. Sonntag's "Edge of a Pond, Maine," "An October Evening," by D. W. Tryon; "Through the Willows," by H. Bolton Jones; "Long Island Scenery," by J. W. Casilear; "The Napanock Meadows," by William Hart; "Turning the Fallow," by Thomas B. Craig; "After the Frost," by J. Francis Murphy, and "A Cloudy Day," with a flock of sheep, by J. A. S. Monks. An effective "Interior of St. Mark's, Venice," is by Otto H. Bacher. "Waiting for Mackerel," by M. F. H. De Haas, depicts an effect of light coming through the fog over the water early in the morning; "Sur la Grand Route," by Arthur Hoeber, shows a French peasant woman and child walking along a highway; "Tessa," by Frederick Dielman, is the head of a bright faced child; "Little Pets," by A. F. Tait, is a characteristic picture of some young chickens.



*A Dreamer.*—HAMILTON HAMILTON.



*Ophelia.*—J. WELLS CHAMPNEY, A. N. A.

The South Gallery contains more than a quarter of the whole number of pictures in the exhibition. As one enters from the East Gallery, the first picture on the line is "Uninvited Guests," by E. L. Henry, in which an old man has fallen asleep at the table after a noon-time meal, and a number of chickens have come in and taken possession of the feast; "Primavere," by G. Ruger Donoho, shows a peasant girl gathering primroses, and "Keene Valley, Adirondacks," is a picturesque scene by J. B. Bristol; "The Rat Retired from the World," from one of La Fontaine's fables, is the subject of a well-painted picture by J. H. Dolph; another picture by E. L. Henry, "In the Roaring Forties," gives a scene on shipboard on a breezy day. By George H. Smillie, is a charmingly painted "Summer Morning on Long Island," and Robert C. Minor contributes an "Evening," containing much poetical suggestiveness.

On the centre of the east wall of the South Gallery hangs a "Portrait of the late Mr. Julius Hallgarten," the founder of the Hallgarten National Academy Exhibition Prizes, painted by President Huntington, and presented to the Academy by a number of the friends of the late Mr. Hallgarten. "The Morning Ride," by Arthur Parton, gives a bright summer morning effect on a picturesque Pennsylvania hillside. "A Capmaker at Work," by Henry Alexander, is a strong work technically; the man is seated at a machine near a window which looks out upon brick walls. The qualities throughout the picture are truthfully rendered. "The Wine Tasters," by William H. Beard, shows a number of brown bears in a cellar holding high carnival. It is quaint in conception and effective in composition. "A Norther in the Gulf of Mexico," is a stretch of turbulent water with a glowing streak of sky, by Thomas Moran, and is full of vigorous movement. "Boughs for Christmas," by James M. Hart; "When the Dew is on the Grass," by N. S. Jacobs Smillie; "Evening," by F. Schuchardt, Jr.,

and "A Country Home," by R. Swain Gifford, are pictures that will repay careful observation. "The Wedding Dress," by Charles D. Weldon, is the most ambitious picture this artist has painted thus far, and is technically most admirable. A lady in deep mourning is offering a white satin dress for sale or for an advance of money. The interior of the shop is filled with exquisitely carved cabinets, superb rugs, costumes, musical instruments, and various objects which combine to produce rich effects in composition and color. By Constant Mayer, is a "Mandolin Player," a bright young Italian girl, seated at the base of a monument, playing a mandolin with easy, graceful movement.

"The Old Road to the Sea," by Worthington Whittredge, is a view on a sunny summer morning on the Rhode Island coast. Near it is a "Portrait of the Rev. Dr. M'Cosh," by Eastman Johnson, which will be appreciated by Princeton College men. Frederick A. Bridgman is represented by a "First Lesson in Arabic," and Alice Barber by a portrait of a child, seated in a quaint old-fashioned chair; interesting for its composition, color and qualities, aside from its value as a portrait. M. F. H. De Haas, in "A Fresh Breeze," has well realized the title of his picture, which is a view out over Massachusetts Bay, with a fishing smack coming toward the spectator. "The Courtship of Miles Standish," by C. Y. Turner, shows John Alden on his visit to the fair Priscilla, and is a conscientiously painted picture.

Edward Gay's "Waving Grain," is a bright impression of a summer day, and A. H. Wyant's "Forenoon, Adirondacks," is a lookout over a wild, rugged piece of country under a

morning effect, and is charmingly painted. By J. G. Brown, "The Wounded Playfellow," shows a number of children in the street binding up the wounded limb of a dog. "The Summer Moon," by Henry A. Loop, is an idyllic picture representing a woman and child enjoying the music of the reeds near the border of a lake, across which the sun is setting in a crimson sky. The subject is treated with Mr. Loop's usual delicacy and grace. "A Bouquet of Oaks," by Charles

H. Miller, is an autumn effect on Long Island, and is full of the spirit of Nature.

Seymour J. Guy, in "See Saw, Margery Daw," has ex-

quisitely portrayed an incident of home life, under a candle-light effect. A mother is playing with her half-dressed infant, and a child stands beside them with interested expression. As a color composition, the picture is exceptionally fine, the gradations being expressed with marvelous subtlety and truthfulness. Louis Moeller's picture, "Puzzled," has attracted much attention for its wonderful technique, which is not unlike that of Meissonier, with

which it is fairly comparable. An old philosopher is seen seated in his study, with globes and maps about him, deep in the consideration of some geographical problem. Miss Conant's "Knitting Lesson" is a creditable picture, hung



*A Woodland Brook—Decline of an Autumn Day.*—WILLIAM BLISS BAKER.



*The Knitting Lesson.*—C. W. CONANT.



too high to be seen to advantage. "A Charity Home," by Francis Miller, shows a number of old women engaged at light tasks in one of the city institutions. William Magrath has produced rich effects in color and *chiar-oscuro* in a small picture entitled, "A Sop for Neddy," showing a donkey feeding in a stable.

"On Herring Run, near Baltimore, Md., is an autumnal landscape of pleasing subject, by H. Bolton Jones, over which is a Dalecarlian interior by T. de Thulstrup, showing a family assembled for worship. "An Old-Time Melody," by Percy Moran, shows a young lady in old-fashioned costume, seated at a harpsichord before a window, through which the light comes with charming effect.

By George B. Butler, Jr., is "A Capri Lace Maker," and by Harry Chase, one of his characteristic and realistic Dordrecht pictures. "Morning at Lakeside, Michigan," is a bright landscape by Charles Harry Eaton. "Please May I Keep Him?" by L. E. Wilmarth, shows a boy pleading with his mother for permission to keep a rather sorry-looking dog he has picked up somewhere. The dog apprehensively appears to be awaiting the verdict. Arthur Quartley in "Dignity and Impudence," contrasts a stately ship coming up the bay with a tug which jauntily steams past it. Edward Moran is represented by "Crab Catching, Greenport, Staten Island."

"In the Land of Promise, Castle Garden," by Charles F. Ulrich, shows a number of newly arrived immigrants of typical characteristics. Mr. Ulrich has not only painted for us the people themselves, but gives us an insight to their

thoughts and feelings through their faces. "After Sundown" is a poetic landscape, by Charles Warren Eaton. "Happy Hours," by William H. Lippincott, presents several children in a handsomely furnished parlor, and is a picture carefully drawn,

brilliant in color, and containing some excellent realizations in quality. Over the door leading into the East Gallery is a large picture by Julian O. Davidson, "The Battle of Lake Champlain," one of the very rare historical pictures painted lately in America.

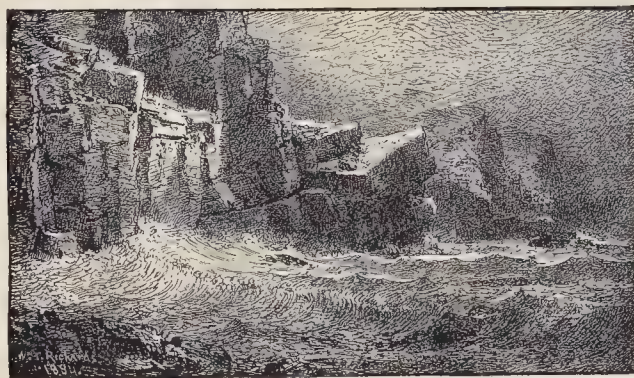
In the West gallery, President Huntington's "Goldsmith's Daughter" occupies a place of honor. She is a dark-haired, dark-eyed Florentine girl of a rich, generous type of beauty, attired in a costume of rich crimson brocade of the period of Raphael.

Near it hangs Mr. Howland's picture, "The Veterans of 1812," illustrated and described in last month's ART UNION. "A Dreamer," by Hamilton Hamilton, is a young girl sitting on a rock, at the top of a high hill, looking toward the setting sun, the full moon rising behind her at her left. The picture contains contrasting lights which produce singularly delicate effects. The dying sunlight casts a rosy glow upon the figure from in front, while the light from overhead gives a pale bluish effect. "The Spoils of a Garden," showing a young woman arranging roses in a vase, is by Walter Satterlee, and is a pleasing picture.

"On the Marne," by George A. M'Kinstry, is a poetically suggestive painting of a cool gray day in early summer, in the charming valley not far from Paris. A child with an armful of quaintly costumed dolls is entitled "The Chinese must



*Happy Hours.*—WM. H. LIPPINCOTT.



*The Wild New England Shore.*—W. T. RICHARDS.



*The Battery Park, New York.*—HARRY CHASE, A. N. A.

go;" it is the work of F. Schuchardt, Jr. "Who's Afraid," by William H. Beard, shows a number of rabbits which have suddenly come across a fox asleep in the undergrowth. The expression of terror in their faces is well realized, and the fox is moved to laughter as he guardedly watches their consternation out of one eye. Walter Shir-law's "Gossip," depicts several women gathered about one of the public fountains in Holland, exchanging the news of the day. In artistic grouping, in color, quality and in the story told, the picture is an eminent success. We are not only shown the women, but we are taught something of their lives. "In Winter Quarters," Stephen Parrish gives a sunset effect with a view of a portion of river front at Trenton, N. J. David Neal's picture, "Oliver Cromwell, of Ely, visits Mr. John Milton," shows the protector standing in a handsomely appointed room; Milton is seen seated at an organ in a small apartment beyond, doubtless unaware of the presence of his visitor. A group of pictures exceedingly bright and vivid in color hangs on the East wall; J. F. Cropsey's "Lake Thrasemine, Italy;" Albert Bierstadt's "Near Monterey, California," and Julian Davidson's "U. S. Frigate, 'Constitution,' Escaping from the British Fleet." Rhoda Holmes Nicholls has an excellently painted picture entitled "Mendicant Monks, Venice," showing the interior of a Venetian Court-yard.

"Retaliation," by Frederick S. Church, is in the same artistic vein as his "Pandora" in the recent Water Color Exhibition. A young woman has imprisoned a cupid and is tormenting him through the wires of his cage. In color, the picture is a combination of pinks and light greens. By William Page there is an excellent and interesting portrait of Hiram Powers, painted in Florence about 1848.

The North-West Gallery contains some excellent pictures this year. The place of

honor is occupied by Bruce Crane's "Waning Year," a stretch of New Jersey landscape late in November, just before sunset. This is the most realistic piece of work Mr. Crane has done thus far. It is an admirable transcription of Nature and is poetic in its sentiment. "The Winnowers," by Edward E. Simmons is another of the important pictures of the Exhibition; its effect of light in the sky is realistic and the figures are well drawn. Among other pictures in this gallery which are worthy of notice are "La Cameraderie," by Mrs. L. L. Williams,—a child with some goats in a field in Burgundy; "The Return of the Labrador Fishing Boats," by William Bradford; "Monmouth

Beach, New Jersey," by Francis A. Silva; "The Last Look,"—A young girl putting the finishing touches to her toilet—by Jennie Brownscombe; "In the Studio," by W. H. Churchill, and "Jeannette,—a portrait study," by Frederick W. Freer. By Arthur Quartley is a marine, containing a handsome yacht and a freight boat, bearing the title: "Lofty and Lowly." Frank Waller is represented by "Hop-Picking, Cooperstown, N. Y.;" L. M. Wiles by "St. Catherine's Window, Dryburgh Abbey, England;" Alfred Fredericks by "Cinderella and her Godmother," and William Morgan by "La Sortie"—the latter a merry crowd of school-boys, just released from lessons, forming in line of march with various extemporized weapons. By T. Addison Richards is a picturesque view "In the Valley of the Delaware;" by Edward Gay, "Haymaking;" by Joseph Lyman, a "View in St. Augustine, Fla.," and by T. L. Smith, "A Winter Night in the Country."

In an article of this kind it is impossible either to mention all the pictures which are worthy of notice or to go



*The Summer Moon.*—H. A. LOOP, N. A.





*The Morning Ride.*—ARTHUR PARTON, A. N. A.

into any extended special criticism. The object of the article is to give a fair idea of the exhibition to those who may not be able to visit the Academy; to suggest some of the pictures which are most apt to interest the spectator, to those who have not yet seen them but intend to do so, and to help those who have already seen them to recall them.

The illustrations herewith presented are from Mr. Kurtz's *National Academy Notes*—a publication now in its fourth year, which comes to us greatly improved both in form and contents. This year's book contains all the matter of the complete official catalogue, with diagrams of the galleries, showing the positions on the walls of all the pictures. One hundred and twenty-three illustrations are given—drawn by the artists from their paintings, and accompanied by biographical notices of the artists and descriptive comments upon the pictures. There is also included a history of the National Academy, with some account of its foundation, membership, government, exhibitions, schools, etc., and a brief account is given of the various art attractions of New York. The book is a very complete record of the exhibition. \* \* \*

#### THE SUCCESS OF THE EXHIBITION.

Up to the close of the second week of the Exhibition, the sales have amounted to nearly thirty thousand dollars—the largest record of sales for the period ever made at the Academy, and especially remarkable considering the depressed condition of the picture market during the past winter. Only a few days ago, a prominent dealer in foreign paintings told the writer that the past season had been the

worst he had experienced for years, though his house had an abundance of first class paintings on hand. Reports from the studios have been of the same nature—with a few noteworthy exceptions—and the results of the Water Color, Art Union and other exhibitions have been very discouraging. The successful opening at the Academy will not only encourage those who have sold pictures, but those who have been depressed by the generally stagnant condition of affairs through the winter.

#### THE NATIONAL ACADEMY PRIZES.

Since the above has been put in type, the exhibitors' meeting for the award by ballot of the Clarke and Hallgarten prizes has been held, and for the first time these prizes have been awarded. The result of the awards caused little surprise as it was not materially different from the general popular decision. These prizes and the method of their award have been described already in *THE ART UNION*.

The Clarke Prize of \$300, "for the best American figure composition painted in the United States, by an American citizen, not a member of the Academy," was awarded to Charles F. Ulrich, for his painting "In the Land of Promise" showing a room full of immigrants at Castle Garden. The first of the three Hallgarten Prizes—of \$300, \$200, and \$100, respectively, "for the best pictures painted in the United States by American citizens, under thirty-five years of age, and shown in the annual Academy exhibition"—was voted Louis Moeller for his picture, "Puzzled." The second prize was given to Charles Y. Turner for his "Courtship of



*The Yellow Autumn Woods.*—JERVIS M'ENTEE, N. A.





*The Road to the Sea.*—WORTHINGTON WHITTREDGE, N. A.

Miles Standish," and the third, to William Bliss Baker for his "Woodland Brook,—Decline of an Autumn Day." The Clarke Prize and the first and third Hallgarten Prizes were awarded on the first ballot; the second Hallgarten Prize was voted on the second ballot. It is a noteworthy fact that all of the prize-winners have been students at some time in the National Academy Schools.

#### A LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, April 3, 1884.

WITH the going out of the first month of Spring, which this year has been lamb-like in the extreme, the Artists' show-Sunday has also come and gone. The year's pictures have been finished; shown in the studios to friends and critics, and passed on to the various exhibitions. Now the Artists breathe free once more, and many of them have already packed their trunks and started off to sweet country-places in England or to foreign storehouses of beauty, to renew their spirits and seek out "subjects" for the art of another year. The weather being so mild and warm at home will tempt many to remain in England who usually go where the east wind does not so often blow.

A recent tour of the studios was made with great pleasure, and from what I have seen in them, I think the public will have no reason to complain of the feast which has been pre-

pared for it in the Royal Academy, Grosvenor Gallery and other, smaller, exhibitions.

Among Americans sending pictures to England for exhibition, Mr. Abbey and Mrs. Merritt are prominent. The former has a large water-color for the Institute, called "Stony Ground"—a Puritan preacher holding forth to a party of young women seated around an old-fashioned oak table by an open fire-place. The preacher appears to be directing his discourse especially to one of the young ladies, whose thoughts seem far away.

Mrs. Merritt shows a portrait of Mrs. Coleman, and a large picture, suggested by the poem "La belle dame sans merci." In the former, the pose is graceful—the tone and color are good and the execution is masterly. The other picture is more ambitious, but less satisfactory on the whole, though the color is rich and quiet. Mrs. Merritt also sends to the exhibition a portrait picture of Tennyson's two sons. Many of your readers will remember with pleasure Mr Alfred Parsons, who is well known in New York art circles. His two landscapes, it is to be hoped, will have as good place in the exhibitions as they deserve. The largest and most striking one is going to the Royal Academy. The quieter and more poetical one is for the Grosvenor. They are among the very best landscape works of the year. The subjects were found in Warwickshire, by the banks of the gentle Avon. There is to be seen in this work an unusual combination of breadth with elaboration of detail, skilfully harmonized and brought into right relation with the



*"Who's Afraid?"*—W. H. BEARD, N. A.

whole. It is realistic Art with a very personal and poetic element infused into it.

Mr. Boughton has an important single figure subject for the Royal Academy, called the "Handmaiden of the Fields," a robust country girl carrying a load of cabbages.

The most remarkable work by an outsider going to the



Academy this year is a picture by J. W. Waterhouse, entitled "The Oracle." A semi-circular group of maidens in a Jewish Temple anxiously await the fateful words of hope or despair from the Oracle. Brilliant and tender in color, and elaborate and careful in drawing, it shows a mastery in composition and a power of working out successfully a complicated theme scarcely to be expected in the work of so young a painter, and showing a bold advance on his last year's work.

John Pettie, R. A., is sending a powerful picture of a Crusader keeping watch over his armor, in front of an altar, in an early Norman church. It has the usual splendor of color with which we are familiar in Mr. Pettie's work. He sends also a portrait of Mr. Winn to the Royal Academy, which will attract much attention by the life-like simplicity of the painting and its beautiful color.

But the picture of the year, in my opinion, is Mr. Alma Tadema's "Emperor and Empress of Rome at a Pottery"—supposed to be in England—examining and choosing among the treasures of Ceramic art there exposed to view. This is the largest picture Mr. Tadema has painted since the famous one of the "Sculptor's Studio," and will probably rank among his finest works. The painting of the back of the slave who is carrying a tray full of specimens up the stairs, is a marvel of realistic flesh painting. The figure is nearly nude. To say that the pottery—the mosaics and the flowers—are superbly done, is almost unnecessary. In color the prevailing tone is terra cotta red. In the distance, under a staircase, a row of workmen are seen moulding the pots—a striking bit of perspective. The work gives one the impression of reality, so vividly is it painted. Mr. Tadema is also sending to the Grosvenor a clever portrait of an etcher at work on a plate with acids and needles, and we shall not fail to find also a choice bit of marble beach, blue sea and sky, and classic figures in conversation, on a tiny canvas which makes us wonder at the keenness of sight and skilfulness of fingers which can do such minute work as well as the broad handling in the larger picture. All these three pictures are characterized by the same unerring precision of drawing, in combination with that most tender and subtle feeling for color, which has given Mr. Tadema such a high place among modern painters.

John Sargent, the daring American impressionist, has deserted his well-beloved Paris, and is sending his best work this year to the Royal Academy. In my next letter I shall hope to be able to give a more detailed and critical notice of the above mentioned work. *On dit*, that many thousands of pictures—more than ever before—have been sent into the Academy to fight and struggle for the few hundred places in corners and on the sky line, and to distract and torture the much abused hanging committee, who, be their natures ever so generous, and spirits ever so willing, cannot enlarge the rooms or make a hundred spaces of wall into many thousands.

Last Saturday saw the closing of one of the most interesting and fascinating exhibitions that it has been the good fortune of your correspondent to see for many years, viz.,

the Reynolds' exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery. Such a gathering of superb, fascinating portraits we never remember having seen before. Great numbers of persons came to see them, and the influence of such a collection of noble work over the public taste must be very great. In filling its galleries each winter with the works of great men, Sir Coutts Lindsay and his committee are tendering a great service to Art at the cost of much time and trouble to themselves. On looking at these pictures of Reynolds, I was much impressed by the simplicity and directness of the execution, in so marked contrast to so much of our elaborate modern painting. All seemed to be done with the greatest ease, pleasure, and consequently, success. Reynolds' skill in painting children is most wonderful, as well as his ability in representing their dear and intimate companion, the dog, who is so often associated with them in these pictures. Children in action, doing something pleasant and childlike, are a difficult problem for most painters, but in this collection all the best pictures gave accurate portraiture in the most difficult and complicated movement—so full of grace and charm and unconscious ease—so completely lost in the thing they were doing, that the effect was of nature itself. I can never forget the charming picture of a little girl, carrying her skye-terrier across a brook, or the look of pleased helplessness in the dog, and the intentness and delight in the sweet face of the child, who must get her dog safely over, heavy though he be. But probably the most remarkable instance of his skill in seizing childish expression was shown in the famous picture of the Duchess of Devonshire and her child. It is, throughout, painted with much *verve*. Another charming picture was the little girl with a robin on her arm.

The luscious splendor of color, in all these finest examples, produced a deep, rich and charmingly quiet *ensemble* in the two handsome galleries, that quite reminded us of the tone of our favorite Cathedral of St. Mark, in Venice—no garishness, no startling contrasts—as seen in most collections of modern works.

This is to be the last year of grace for the American artists at the Salon, they say, unless the tariff be removed. Next March all American works are positively to be ignominiously thrown out. This is the ultimatum. T. C. F.

WE have received the Annual Report of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts for the year ending with February, 1884, which contains statistics of the exhibitions, the permanent collections of the Academy, the schools, etc., together with an account of the Temple Prizes and the report of the jury, which, by its award caused so much dissatisfaction among some of the Philadelphia artists. In the latter portion of the pamphlet are some remarks on "Duties on works of art," in which the writer, after referring to the last art tariff legislation, says that "the present congress will be asked to repeal this law; but, *should a duty on pictures seem to be imperatively required*, then to fix a special duty, a certain sum,—\$50 or \$100,—on each work, irrespective of its cost." The book contains a reproduction of the handsome Temple Medal.



# The Art Union

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN ART UNION.

Correspondence on Art matters is respectfully solicited.

Notices of all forthcoming Exhibitions and Art Sales throughout the country are desired, as well as copies of the Catalogues of Public and Private galleries and transient Exhibitions, and reports of Art Sales.

All communications relating to the Literary Department of this journal should be addressed to CHARLES M. KURTZ, No. 44 East Fourteenth Street, Union Square, New York.

All communications relating to the Business Management of the Journal, or having reference to advertising in the Journal or Catalogues of The Art Union, should be addressed to "Business Department, American Art Union," No. 44 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

For terms of subscription to THE ART UNION, and rates for advertising in the same, see the "Business Department" of this Journal.

VOL. I.

NEW YORK, APRIL, 1884.

No. 4.

## EDITORIAL.

THE ART UNION is issued at the close instead of at the beginning of each month. The first issue was delayed nearly a month by the printers then employed, and while at first it was intended to publish each issue a few days earlier in the month than its predecessor—until the first of the month could be reached, it has been concluded, after due consideration, that it is wiser to continue the date of publication as it was begun. By this system, each number covers the month of its issue, instead of the preceding month.

At a late moment, it was decided to present with this number of THE ART UNION the artotype reproduction of Mr. Bierstadt's effective painting of the Rocky Mountain Sheep. This delayed the issue of the journal so that it appears considerably later than usual.

IT has been deemed advisable by the Management of the American Art Union to close its galleries in Fourteenth Street, Union Square, as soon as the present lease expires, (June 1st), with the intention of reopening the exhibition when suitable galleries, in a more desirable location and at a reasonable rent can be obtained. It is hoped that new galleries may be opened, with a full representation of the members by fresh canvases, early in the Fall.

The present gallery, while in a most central and pleasant location, has not been at all well patronized, and has been unprofitable to the Union from the first. It has suffered a considerable disadvantage in being on the fourth floor of the building;—persons who might be inclined to walk into a first-floor gallery, seem to hesitate about taking an elevator—even though it may be entered from the street.

The Management of the Union regrets the necessity of closing its New York exhibition, even temporarily; how-

ever, judging from the number of visitors during the winter, the galleries would serve little more than office purposes during the summer, and would be kept open at a considerable financial sacrifice, which it is not desirable to incur. After June 1st, the Art Union will occupy an office for the receipt of subscriptions and the transaction of its general business, on the first floor of the Studio Building, No. 51 West Tenth Street, New York, where visits may be made and communications may be addressed after that date.

THE members of the Art Union have been requested to sign an agreement "not to treat individually with art exhibitions that are connected with fairs, or with those where the receipts from admissions are large enough to justify the claims of the exhibiting artists either to a small share thereof, or to some exertion on the part of the directors to effect sales."

This action has been misconstrued by the managers of two or three such exhibitions as being a declaration of war against them; but, on the other hand, the directors of several of the leading exhibitions have pronounced the movement a perfectly just one—one that ought to have been made years ago.

The Art Union will make no demands that any disinterested person would not deem entirely reasonable and liberal. It does not propose to force any one to buy poor pictures or even to exhibit them; but leaves the exhibiting institutions entirely free in their selection of works. It simply says, that if our pictures are good enough to attract paying visitors to your exhibitions, they are good enough to demand a fair percentage of sales, or, in default, the payment of a fair percentage of their value for their loan.

None of these exhibitions would dream of getting their music for nothing—but that is just the price most of them have been paying for their pictures—unless, indeed, unredeemed promises of large sales are to be counted as coin.

The agreement is not intended to apply to art dealers or associations that derive no profits from admissions.

One or two of the fair associations have threatened that if they cannot get American pictures for nothing, they will exhibit only foreign works, which they say they can easily obtain from dealers and from private collections; but we think that the public will hardly countenance a display of only foreign art at a fair instituted for the exhibition of American products, especially when the reasons are, not that American pictures are not good enough or cannot be obtained, but that the managers are not willing to pay a reasonable price for their use.

At a fair exhibition held a few years ago in one of our largest cities, the payment of a debt of nearly fifty thousand dollars was due mainly to the attractions of the picture gallery, from which the sales amounted to less than four thousand dollars—and the histories of other exhibitions, with two or three exceptions, are only repetitions in lesser degrees of this one.

We believe that the great public is interested in American art and will cordially approve of this business-like effort of the artists to help themselves.



## COMMUNICATIONS.

Under this heading will be published communications relative to art matters. In each case, the name and address of the writer must accompany the contribution, though not necessarily for publication.

A LETTER FROM MR. PRANG, AND ITS ANSWER.

*To the Editor of THE ART UNION :*

SIR :—In your issue for March, one of your correspondents desires a direct answer to the question : "If the duties on pictures are removed, how will it be possible for a resident artist to support himself, if, in consequence of the duties on every item of his expenses, it costs him twice as much to paint a picture as it costs a foreign resident to produce one, both being of the same size and degree of artistic merit?" Although not called upon to answer this question, I venture, as a purchaser of the works of American artists to a considerable amount, to give an opinion upon this vexed question, leaving it to you to decide whether or not it is worthy of record.

Your correspondent evidently looks upon the producing artist simply from the manufacturer's point of view, and the direct answer to his question from that standpoint can be only one thing, i. e., that under the conditions assumed the home artist will not be able to make his bread and butter. But your correspondent should remember that there is an element in art work which free trade cannot reach, and that element is "individuality;" the soul of the artist is shown in his style,—those innate ideas which he strives to convey in his work cannot be influenced either by protective duties or by free trade, and they chiefly are the qualities that determine the value of his pictures; without them he is no artist; with them, if he can find no purchaser of his works under free trade, neither will he find him under protection. The true artist stands upon ethical ground; he is one of the teachers of the nation, helping in his way to lift it up to the highest ideals of life, and it must not be forgotten that the importation of foreign works, by able artists, into this country, is in itself one most important factor in his art education, deepening and widening his sympathy with what is highest and best, and fitting him the better for the expression of his own individuality. He will realize that if his painting pictures depends upon protective duties (one of the most demoralizing agencies in our social organization) it is his duty to give up his painting and turn to hoeing corn or to some other honest way of making a living. Healthy manhood—pure character—are what the nation needs far more than pictures; all that tends to degradation must be shunned by the true artist; self-sacrifice may become his duty. He will always stand on the side of free trade in everything, and especially in all art products, no matter what the consequences to himself may be.

L. PRANG.

*To the Editor of THE ART UNION :*

SIR :—I would like to reply to some fallacies contained

in Mr. Prang's letter which you have shown me;—to many of its sentiments every artist will readily subscribe.

During the production of a work of art, the artist thinks but little of the fame or money it may bring him; but the work completed, he exhibits it to the best advantage and sells it for the highest obtainable price. A completed picture is a piece of merchandise; i. e., a thing to buy and a thing to sell, and it submits to the same laws of trade that govern other merchandise—and these are not regulated by its artistic value. If American pictures were the only ones that possessed "individuality" and if that quality determined their saleableness, then no foreign works could compete with them no matter how cheaply produced; but as foreign artists also have "individuality" some other solution of the problem is required.

"Individuality" is all-important for the *artistic* value of a work of art; but it does not guarantee its sale at a high price, while servile imitations of fashionable artists are generally successful. This has been the experience of thousands of artists—Jean François Millet had the greatest difficulty in selling pictures for a few hundred francs, that afterwards brought as many thousand dollars. The same "individuality" was in "The Sower" thirty years ago as to-day. Go to any of the collections of our foreign dealers and see how well the imitations of various foreign masters sell. It is very easy for a rich man who seldom or never buys an American picture (I admit that Mr. Prang is not one of these), to say to an artist, "My friend, self-sacrifice may become your duty, you stand upon ethical grounds and are one of the nation's teachers, and you should stand on the side of free trade in art products, no matter what may be the consequences to yourself." Unfortunately for the artist, his landlord, his tailor and his butcher, do not appreciate that kind of argument.

If Mr. Prang knows the artists who favor "free art," and those who wish for some kind of duty, he will acknowledge that the latter are, as true artists, as much devoted to art for its own sake, and as little given to making it the means merely for acquiring either money or notoriety, as the former; and that they would be as willing to admit "foreign works by able artists" entirely free of duty if it were practicable (a low specific duty is the nearest approach to this)—and would treat inferior art work that benefits only the importers, the same as other manufactures.

If the American resident artist were specially favored by either the government or the public, then these could with some show of propriety ask some special sacrifices from him in return; but now they have no right to do so, particularly when the Belmont bill proposes to continue the duty upon books, etchings, engravings, lithographs, bronze and other metal art work, terra cotta and enameled art wares, etc. The present duty is better than no duty; but a low specific duty will be the best of all, as it will be only nominal upon "the works by able masters," many of whom have been our teachers. As these are the only ones considered by Mr. Prang in his argument, it appears that we both want virtually the same thing.

W.

## THE ART TARIFF.

To the Editor of THE ART UNION :

SIR :—Says the *Evening Post* : " There can be no doubt that the permission to our painters and sculptors living abroad to import their work free of duty, while the European artist, whose studio is next door to that of the American, must pay a duty on his work, is a violation of the spirit of our treaties, and that we have no right, by these treaties, to exempt manufacturers of American nationality naturally residing abroad under the protection and advantages accorded by the State in which they reside, from the burdens we impose upon the citizens of that State." But have we the right, on the other hand, to exempt American artists living abroad and European artists from burdens we impose upon American artists residing in this country ?

The American artist who sticks to his own country, certainly should not be burdened in order to place the American who lives abroad and the European artist upon the same footing. Let it be done rather by taxing the works of the American who lives permanently abroad and who is too often an American only in name. If he don't like it, let him come home and identify himself with the Art of his own country.

ARTIST.

## MR. MARQUAND'S TARIFF IDEAS CRITICISED.

To the Editor of THE ART UNION :

SIR :—The views taken by Mr. Marquand in his able article on Free Art, in the April number of the *Princeton Review*, are generally those that have always obtained amongst the artists of this country, but like all of the writers on the Free Art side, he does not appear to understand the real meaning of a tax laid upon the importation of foreign works of art. He says of such a tax that " it assumes that the American work of art cannot on a basis of *equality* stand comparison with foreign works, and that it must have the advantage of a handicap, etc., etc." On the contrary, it assumes that the American work of art *can*, on a basis of *equality*, but *cannot*, on a basis of *inequality*, stand comparison with foreign works that are produced in countries where the expenses of living are not half as large as they are here—and the duty is simply to *equalize* conditions that without it are unequal for reasons given in my letter in the March number of THE ART UNION.

No one will object to the exemption from duty of all works of art of more than fifty years of age.

If Congress insists on giving a Free Art bill, let it be a genuine one and not one that is a mockery, as is the Belmont bill. Let the bill admit " Lithographs, etchings, and engravings of every kind ; and all statuary of whatever material, such as marble, stone, wood, ivory, metal or plaster." This is the wording of the genuine Free Art bill that was introduced in January, 1883, and defeated in the Committee of Ways and Means.

— W.

## GENERAL ART NOTES.

WILLIAM T. TREGO, the Philadelphia painter, has entered suit in the Court of Common Pleas of that city against the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts to recover the \$3,000 that institution offered for the best painting of a Revolutionary subject. The jury reported that Mr. Trego's picture was the best of those submitted, but merited nothing better than the third prize, a silver medal. This the artist refused. He states that no standard of excellence was mentioned in the offer of the prizes—*N. Y. Herald*.

THE SALON JURY on paintings for this year's exhibition was as follows :—President—M. Bouguereau. Vice Presidents—MM. Cabanel, Bonnat and Busson. Secretaries—MM. de Vuillefroy, Tony Robert Fleury, Humbert and Guillemet. MM. Baudry, Jules Breton and De Neuville who resigned from the Salon Jury, were replaced by MM. Renouf, Bastien-Lepage and Emile Van Marcke.

LAST YEAR nearly sixty thousand copies of the Illustrated Salon Catalogue were sold !

JOHN S. SARGENT, who has lately taken up his abode in England, is painting a picture showing Queen Victoria holding a drawing room at Buckingham Palace, which promises well—according to those who have noted the advancement of the work.

## ART UNION MATTERS.

## THE ART UNION EXHIBITION.

DURING the past month, the number of visitors to the Art Union galleries has been exceedingly small, despite the pleasant weather, and every day the wisdom of the Board of Control in giving up the present galleries at the expiration of the lease, becomes more evident.



A Votive Offering.—W. SATTERLEE, A. N. A.

IN THE ART UNION EXHIBITION.

The Management of the Art Union believed that the selection of a central location would enable the galleries to secure a large number of visitors. The fact that it was necessary to ascend to the fourth floor, to obtain access to the galleries, was not considered of great moment, considering the fact that the elevator ascended from the street door, yet doubtless this has had its effect upon the attendance, and in the selection of new galleries the results of past experience will be manifest.

A number of new paintings have been received and hung in the galleries during the past month. Among these may be mentioned " Far Away," " In Florida," and " Cattle," by



Johannes A. Oertel; "A Summer Morning in Ulster County," by Kruseman Van Elten; "A Midsummer Afternoon," by Carl Brenner; "Pretty Poll," by De Scott Evans; "A Seasoned Cup," by Carl Gutherz, and a landscape by Charles Lanman. An opportunity for seeing the present exhibition will be given visitors until June 1st, then it will close for the summer.

We illustrate, herewith, a painting by Walter Satterlee, entitled "A Votive Offering." A young peasant woman has approached one of the shrines frequently to be found by the roadside in most of the European countries, and is decorating it with wild flowers. The scene is located on the coast of France, on a bluff overlooking the sea. There is a bright effect of sunshine in the picture, which is interesting both in subject and treatment.

#### ANNUAL MEETING AND ELECTIONS.

The American Art Union held its first Annual Meeting, April 2, when officers were elected to serve during the ensuing year. The Board of Control was re-elected, with the exception of A. D. Shattuck and J. B. Bristol, whose resignations were tendered sometime ago. To fill the places of these gentlemen, George H. Story and Thomas Moran were elected.

#### NEW MEMBERS.

Since the publication of the March number of THE ART UNION, the following artists have been elected to active membership and have duly qualified:

DE SCOTT EVANS, Cleveland, O.; CARL GUTHERZ, St. Louis, Mo.; W. HAMILTON GIBSON, Brooklyn, N. Y.; T. C. FARRER, London, England; BENJ. LANDER, New York; WALTER PARIS, Washington, D. C.; W. H. RANGER, New York; MAX WEYL, Washington, D. C.

#### CALIFORNIA EXHIBITIONS.

Some three weeks ago, the Art Union closed negotiations with the San Francisco Art Association by which the Art Union agreed to furnish a collection of fifty paintings, by members of the Union, to be exhibited by the Art Association in San Francisco, afterward by the same association at the Sacramento State Fair, and later still, with the Mechanics' Institute, of San Francisco. The Art Association contracted to pay the cost of transporting the pictures both ways, and guaranteed sales to the amount of \$5,000—or failing in sales to that amount, to pay the Art Union \$1,000 for the loan of the pictures. To save expense in transportation, the pictures were taken *unframed*, the Art Association finding it more profitable to purchase suitable frames in San Francisco, even if they should have to be thrown away after the exhibitions are over, than to pay the freight on frames from here. This is very satisfactory to the artists whose pictures are sent, for if their works are not sold, they will at least be put to no expense for repairing and regilding frames, as is usually the case.

At a meeting of the Art Union, April 17, Harry Chase, Edward Gay and J. William Pattison were chosen to select the paintings to be sent to San Francisco, and on April 19,

the following were selected from a large number sent in:

"The Forests of Mt. Washington,"	ALBERT BIERSTADT.
"Summer Days,"	W. C. BAUER.
"Her First Proposal,"	W. L. SHEPPARD.
"On the Meadows, Sussex, England,"	WILLIAM MAGRATH.
"In the Grove,"	K. VAN ELTEN.
"The Toilet,"	J. H. DOLPH.
"An Upland Farm,"	JERVIS M'ENTEE.
"The Spirit of the Storm,"	CHARLES H. MILLEP.
"Satisfied,"	ALFRED FREDERICKS.
"In a New England Quarry,"	J. A. OERTEL.
"An Art Votary,"	BENONI IRWIN.
"Hide and Seek,"	J. WELLS CHAMNEY.
"Sunset Near Morelia, Mexico,"	THOMAS MORAN.
"Evening,"	A. H. WYANT.
"The Monopolist,"	WILLIAM MORGAN.
"Lake George,"	G. W. WATERS.
"Morning in the Meadows,"	CHARLES HARRY EATON.
"Flowers,"	JULIA DILLON.
"Grandfather's Slippers,"	E. WOOD PERRY.
"On the Desert,"	FRANK WALLER.
"Live Oaks in Louisiana,"	J. R. MEEKER.
"Married in Court,"	F. SCHUCHARDT, JR.
"Spring on the Hillside,"	HAMILTON HAMILTON.
"View on Mt. Willard, N. H.,"	W. L. SONNTAG.
"La Petite Leoline,"	E. F. ANDREWS.
"Gray Dawn,"	JULIAN RIX.
"The Hunters,"	GEORGE INNESS, JR.
"Evening, Coast of New Jersey,"	F. K. M. REHN.
"Near Lake Champlain,"	R. M. SHURTLEFF.
"Coming Home,"	MARY KOLLOCK.
"The Chimney Corner"	P. P. RYDER.
"Tuning Up,"	WALTER SHIRLAW.
"Love's Crown,"	HENRY A. LOOP.
"October by the Sea,"	M. DE F. BOLMER.
"Ann Port, Isle of Jersey,"	THOMAS ALLEN.
"The Cobbler,"	J. H. NIEMEYER.
"On the Delaware River,"	H. A. GRANBERY.
"Keeping Guard,"	WIDGERY GRISWOLD.
"Little Sunshine,"	GEORGE C. LAMBDIN.
"Peaches,"	W. M. BROWN.
"The Bird's Breakfast,"	PERCIVAL DE LUCE.
"The Broken Pitcher,"	GEORGE H. STORY.
"The Old Williams House,"	C. B. COMAN.
"A Close Shave,"	E. L. HENRY.
"Bacchantes,"	P. F. ROTHERMEL.
"Summer Days,"	A. M. FARNHAM.
"The Spinner,"	FREDERICK JAMES.
"Song of the Twilight,"	CONSTANT MAYER.
"The Quiet Waters of the Mohawk,"	EDWARD GAY.
"Grandma's Visitors,"	DE SCOTT EVANS.
"A Winter in New England,"	W. S. MACY.

These pictures have been sent to San Francisco.

Negotiations are now pending with Art associations in several cities, and by the time the summer exhibition season is well open, the Art Union will probably have collections of its paintings in the North, South, East and West.

The closing part of the History of the Old Art Union is laid over for another issue on account of a pressure of other, more urgent matter.

Any subscriber to THE ART UNION who desires to have his address changed for the Summer, will kindly send the old as well as the new address to the office of publication.

## THE INNESS EXHIBITION.

THE Exhibition of the works of Mr. George Inness, of this city, deserves more than a passing mention, and only lack of space prevents an extended notice of one of the most interesting collections of pictures ever exhibited in this city. The "Niagara Falls" and the "Mount Washington," both finished this year, and which have been written upon and talked about probably more than any other two pictures painted this season, are alone worth a pilgrimage to see and study. It would be hazardous to begin a consideration of the smaller paintings, for once beginning, limitations of time and space too easily could be forgotten. Those who love Nature, and who love Art because of its very aim to interpret Nature and reveal the spirit breathing through the beauties of tree and cloud and landscape,—who seek for God's revelations in His works, and who literally find "sermons in stones," and "books in the running brooks," may here find many a sermon and many a poem wrought out of the impressions of one who has dwelt with Nature for many years, who has entered into her household and has been received as an honored guest; who has communed with her in her many changing moods, yet to whom she has never been unkind,—but whom, rather, she has taken by the hand and led to the temple wherein are concealed her hoarded secrets, many of which to him she has whispered lovingly, revealing herself in such splendor as it is granted to few to look upon, and to very few to look upon and be able to describe in language that does not pale before the image,—in language whose strength and eloquence are equal to the conception it must clothe.

## MR. PAGE'S PORTRAIT OF HIRAM POWERS.

AT the Academy of Design, a few days ago, the writer found Mr. Seymour J. Guy absorbed in the contemplation of William Page's portrait of Hiram Powers. After several moments of silence, the artist turned and remarked:

"What a magnificent bit of work that is! Painted, as I understand, about thirty years ago, it represents Page's work when he was at his best,—during his 'middle period' we might say. And though the canvas is cracked and seamed and discolored in places, after I look at it awhile, the blemishes—which are mainly the fault of time—all pass away; I do not see them; I feel as if I were looking at a real person! It seems that there must be a human soul in that picture; and some of Page's soul and a great deal of his genius is in it certainly. How feeble it makes a great deal of the portraiture of the day appear! There are not many men who could do what Page has done in this.

"Have you really *seen* this picture? Note the pose, how exceedingly easy and natural! We feel that the sculptor has just returned from a walk; his hat is held over a walking stick underneath. His gaze is not directed towards the spectator; he appears to be looking critically at some object before him which has just arrested his attention. The head is a masterpiece of painting, and when I look at

it, I cannot help recalling Haydon's criticism of Titian's painting, which it seems to me might apply to this. 'To Titian, and to him alone,' says Haydon, 'you must turn for the perfection of execution, *stopping at the exact point, and conveying the impression of the object so predominantly that the execution is lost in the effect.*'

"Parts of this picture, however, seem to have been re-touched in recent years, and this, to me mars the effect somewhat. I notice this particularly in the hands and in the collar where there is considerable discoloration. The coat also bears marks of discoloration, but the head, which is, after all, the picture, stands out as nobly as the day it was painted. The expression is peculiarly happy, and I think the painting must portray Powers in his best character.

"One cannot see this picture at a glance; it must be studied to be appreciated,—but one with true art feeling who seriously considers it, must feel that it is a work of no common merit. The picture has been criticised by many, I know, but let any one of those who have criticised it undertake to reproduce gradations of color and light and shade by such imperceptible means as are here employed, and he will soon be ready to appreciate the success of this picture by Page."

## GEORGE FULLER.

GEORGE FULLER, A. N. A., of Boston, who died March 21, was one of the painters whose works will long survive the artist. George Fuller was born at Deerfield, Mass., in 1822. When twenty years of age, he began drawing and modeling from casts in the studio of H. K. Brown, at Albany, N. Y., and during the few months he studied, made great advancement. After spending several years in portrait painting in various country towns, during which, as opportunity offered, he studied the works of Stuart, Allston and Copley, Mr. Fuller came to New York, where he remained twelve years, being elected an Associate of the National Academy in 1857. In 1859 he went to Europe and spent nearly a year in visiting the most noteworthy collections there. After his return to America, the artist retired to his farm in Deerfield, Mass. (where he died), and devoted his time to diligent study. He did not come before the public again until 1876, when he opened a studio in Boston and soon obtained wide recognition for his work. In 1881, Mr. Fuller contributed to the National Academy "Winnifred Dysart," one of the first of those dreamy, poetic pictures, full of twilight haze, for which he afterward became so noted, and one of the most satisfactory of them all. An illustration of the picture, reproduced from a drawing by Mr. Fuller, appears in *Academy Notes* for that year, and fairly indicates the character of the work in all but its richness in color. The same year he exhibited with the Society of American Artists, "A Reminiscence of Sicily." In 1882 and 1883, Mr. Fuller was not represented at the Academy, but contributed "Evening,—Lorette" and "Priscilla Fauntleroy" to the American Artists' Exhibition of 1882, and "Nydia" to the same Society's exhibition last year. The last mentioned picture, while attracting



much attention and being criticised on the one hand for phenomenal excellence, and on the other for what were termed inexcusable mannerisms and faults, was not equal to the artist's best work. It was very charming in conception, but the peculiarities of the painter's technique were shown in an extreme degree.

Mr. Fuller was undoubtedly an artist of a deeply poetic nature, whose mind was filled with ideals of grace and beauty which he conscientiously endeavored to give to the world. Those who best appreciated the artist's methods of treatment, went half-way into his domain of ideality to receive the treasures he had to give them. Of the rest of the world, a large portion could never understand George Fuller, and another portion would have to live with his pictures for a time before they could begin to feel the spirit pervading them. One, however, loving all good art for art's sake, fettered by no schools or traditions, and seeing the good that is in "impressionism" and in the most elaborate finish on the same day; seeing Nature, however, above all masters, and appreciating the individuality that gives peculiar charm to another man's conscientious record of the impressions of nature upon his own soul, will find much to admire in George Fuller's works, though he may not, like the *New York Sun*, characterize him as the greatest American painter of the day.

An exhibition of Mr. Fuller's works was opened in Boston a short time before the artist's death—which occurred during its progress. A Memorial Exhibition of the artist's works will probably be held by the Boston Art Club or the St. Botolph Club of the same city.

#### A NEW SOUTHERN ART MUSEUM.

THE TELFAIR ACADEMY, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

DIRECTOR BRANDT'S EUROPEAN MISSION.

WITHIN the past few years the growth of general interest in the Fine Arts has been most remarkable throughout the country, and with this interest has sprung up means for its cultivation in many localities. At least three permanent art galleries have been begun in Northern cities during the past year, and one has been started most successfully in the South through the mediumship of the Art Union. Another Art Institution of great promise is now being established in another Southern State, and before very long almost every prominent city in this country will have its Art Museum just as has almost every prominent city in Europe.

The South offers a wide field for the future of American art. The climatic conditions of some of our Southern States do not differ materially from those of certain European States whence have sprung many of the greatest painters and writers of the time; our Southern country has as bright blue skies as those of Italy, and it contains much excellent matter that is paintable and that thus far has scarcely come under the brush. The Southern people seem to have an inherent cultivation; they love what is beautiful, and, when they are able to do so, surround themselves with

elegance. If they come to take up art, they will surround themselves with what is best in art, and if the Southerner resolves to follow art, he will follow it with earnestness. That there have been few Southern artists may be attributed mainly to the fact that there has been little or no art in the South to encourage the art-student. The rebellion swept away what had been gathered together previous to 1861, and since that time many of those who might have been particularly friendly to art, have found themselves without the means to gratify their tastes.

A new Art Academy, with a permanent gallery of carefully selected works, now being established in Savannah, Ga., will doubtless have a great influence in the artistic development of the South. Some seven years ago, Miss Telfair, the daughter of one of the former governors of Georgia, died, and left, among other bequests, the old Telfair mansion with its contents—comprising some works of art of more or less historic interest and value—together with a large sum of money, to the Georgia Historical Society, to be used in the establishment and future maintenance of an academy to be known as "The Telfair Academy of Arts and Sciences."

For about six years Miss Telfair's testament was contested, but a year ago the courts decided that it should stand. In the meanwhile, interest on the money involved had accumulated to the amount of nearly fifty thousand dollars. The trustees of the Fund then came to consider what active measures should be taken for the consummation of Miss Telfair's intentions, and after some correspondence, the President of the Georgia Historical Society came North, and, at the instance of the Board, tendered the directorship of the new Academy to MR. CARL L. BRANDT, N. A. Mr. Brandt immediately went South, inspected the building at the disposal of the trustees, and projected the alterations necessary to render it adaptable for its new purposes, and which are now nearly completed. As director of the enterprise, Mr. Brandt suggested that it would be wise to visit Europe to obtain casts, pictures and other suitable works of art for the nucleus of the Academy collections, and that that would be an especially favorable time to visit Europe, on account of the various prominent art exhibitions to be held during the season. The Trustees of the Society thereupon desired Mr. Brandt to go abroad for this purpose.

Three great art exhibitions were held in Europe last Summer; the Amsterdam Exhibition, the Munich Exhibition and the French Salon Triennial. Mr. Brandt visited all of them and the principal art centres of Europe besides. In conversing with him concerning this mission abroad, he said:

"In Amsterdam there were many pictures of great excellence, loaned by various museums, but few of importance or value that were offered for sale. French art was fairly well represented by pictures loaned by the government; German art was feebly shown (with the exception of some excellent pictures by Achenbach), probably on account of the demands made upon their national art by the Munich Exhibition. The Japanese department, at Amsterdam, particularly interested me. Never before had I realized how far

Japanese art had advanced. Some of the bronzes and textiles were perfect marvels of beauty, and I was glad to secure some of them for the Southern Museum. A large plaque which I purchased is the work of the artist Muracami, probably the most expert of the Japanese artists of the present time. The design is traced in gold and silver lines in a metal ground (inlaid), and is most exquisitely beautiful. It was manufactured expressly for the Amsterdam exhibition and is unique. A fine piece of Japanese embroidery which I purchased, was greatly desired by the Director of the South Kensington Museum, who had been requested by the Director of the Hermetage, of St. Petersburg, to buy a few unique specimens for it from the Japanese department.

"In Munich, I purchased a number of pictures, and a series of tapestry paintings which had been executed by Director Schraudolph, of the Stuttgart Academy, for the Exposition of Nuremberg, held some years ago. These paintings attracted considerable attention at Nuremberg, and the managers of the Munich exhibition were very glad to secure them for their exhibition. The series constitutes a frieze ten feet high, and, in its entirety, nearly two hundred feet long. It contains a number of figures representing the different arts, with goddesses distributing wreaths of honor and fame." ("Each figure of this composition, says Friederich Pecht, in his letters on *Die moderne Kunst auf der Internationalen Kunstausstellung zu München*, 1883, "expresses the vocation assigned in so characteristic a manner, that one is astonished at the talent displayed in the production of this creation, so rich and elegant, and so correct in the character of the German Renaissance."—Ed.) "When the Director of the Kensington Museum, Sir Philip Conliffe Owen, first saw these paintings, at the Nuremberg Exposition, he prevailed upon Schraudolph to make him copies of two of them for the Museum, and subsequently induced the artist to visit Kensington to give instruction to the students there in the method of producing the effects shown in these works,—which, at the proper distance, can scarcely be distinguished from superb tapestries. These paintings, which were placed as a frieze about the central hall of the German Department of the Munich Exhibition, are to be hung as a frieze in our gallery of paintings in Savannah."

Mr. Brandt next went to Vienna, where he ordered a number of statues to be cut in stone, for the ornamentation of the grounds about the Telfair Academy, representing Phidias, Raphael, Michel Angelo, Rubens and Rembrandt. From Vienna the Director went to Venice, Florence and Rome, where he was exceptionally successful in obtaining permission from the Vatican to have made from thirty to forty new moulds from the most famous sculptures in the collection, from which casts in plaster are now being made for the Telfair Gallery. This is a permission rarely granted. Mr. Brandt was greatly aided in his enterprise by the efforts of Minister W. W. Astor, who for many years has been his personal friend, and is the possessor of a number of his paintings. In Naples, were ordered a large number of duplicate casts from the National Museum, and, among others, one of the celebrated Farnese Bull, one of the

largest sculpture groups from the antique in existence, containing seven figures, and admirably calculated for a *piece de resistance* for a gallery. And, by the way, this is the second copy that has been made directly from the original,—the first one being in the Berlin Museum. In Florence, some fine wood-carvings were ordered and then Mr. Brandt recrossed the Alps into Germany, visiting many of the smaller schools and museums, where paintings and other objects of art were purchased, as opportunity offered. In Berlin, he ordered a cast from the cast of the *Hermes*, found in Olympia a few years ago—(the original of which, discovered by a Prussian commission sent to make excavations, was retained by the government at Athens).

Mr. Brandt then visited Hamburg, Düsseldorf, Cologne and Paris, making purchases here and there. In Paris he ordered a number of casts from the Louvre, and bought some fine etchings.

In England, Mr. Brandt was fortunate in being able to secure casts from nearly all of the Elgin marbles. The casts from the frieze of the Parthenon will be arranged to form the frieze of the Hall of the Telfair Academy.

Among the paintings purchased by Mr. Brandt in Europe were examples by Braith, Zügel, Brütt, Oesterly, Von Maffi, Rondini, Kauffmann and Hacker. The picture by Hacker is a large canvas bought from the Liverpool Exhibition, and is the most important work of the artist thus far. Its subject is "Relics of the Brave"—showing an interior of a home, with the family gathered together, and the mother attempting to read a letter sent from the battlefield and accompanied by medals which had been won and worn by her dead husband. The story is told with great pathos. The picture was illustrated in the London *Graphic*, and the Liverpool papers editorially deplored the fact that it was not purchased for the Walker Gallery of that city.

A purchase of very great importance made by Mr. Brandt was a collection containing nearly one thousand large photographs of the principal paintings in the various European museums. A collection of this kind is invaluable to the Art student and to one unable to travel abroad who wishes to gain some acquaintance with the contents of the foreign galleries. A collection of this kind should be possessed by every Art Academy.

Mr. Brandt's purchases were made with economy as well as discretion; and without spending the total amount of money at his command, he bought enough to more than fill the present Telfair building. A plan which he considered some time ago will now be followed out. An addition to the original structure will be made, in which will be placed the paintings, sculptures and casts of the Academy. This addition will be sixty feet square and two stories high, the lower story to be floored with marble and to contain the collection of casts from the antique; the upper story to contain the collection of paintings which the institution may acquire. A handsome iron and marble staircase, after original designs, will give access both to the annex and the upper floor of the original structure.

Mr. Brandt will leave New York for Savannah in a few weeks to further superintend the details of arrangements in the new Academy, and the placing of the sculptures, casts,



etc., as they arrive. Many of the European purchases have already reached Savannah. It is Mr. Brandt's idea to furnish instruction in the new Academy, not alone to artists, but to those who practise the decorative and mechanical arts; and to make a collection of objects relating to the arts of various portions of the world, which may convey practical ideas to architects, engravers, designers, carvers, decorators, workers in textile fabrics, and others.

At first there will be the museum of casts and the gallery of pictures, which will encourage a greater taste for art in the community. It will be the aim to make these collections so interesting that they will attract visitors not only from the South but from other portions of the country. Savannah is a most charming city; its climate in winter is mild and pleasant, and in time it may come to be a popular winter resort, as its attractions are better known by the people of the North. The Telfair Academy under the efficient direction of Mr. Brandt, may do much for the city and much for the development of the Fine Arts in the South.

The schools will open as soon as practicable. There will be classes in drawing from the Antique, and, in time, from Life. There will be classes in painting and modeling from the first, and instruction will also be given in matters relating to decorative art. Mr. Brandt has arranged to spend several months each winter in personally superintending the schools, and after they are fairly established there will be a number of qualified instructors for the various departments.

#### SCULPTURE.

**H**AIL all to sculpture, art of graven grace!—  
Most noble art, that calls the hidden face  
From inert matter, giving stone impress  
Of soulful attributes of loveliness!

Most precious art!—to thy fair truth we owe  
Our knowledge of past ages,—what we know  
Of peoples far, their gods and worship then;  
Their rulers, warriors, poets, noble men.

To thee we owe our knowledge of the days  
Of sweet mythology, whose mystic maze  
Of half-veiled symbolism taught before  
Our Christian age, the God whom we adore.

Thy forms both history and art unite,  
And poesy and letters shed their light  
*First* in thy footsteps, which the way prepared  
For all the other arts thou since hast reared.

#### THE BIRTH OF SCULPTURE.

Coincident with Nature, Sculpture's birth;—  
Long ages ere the time of youthful earth,  
When elements first joined hand in hand,  
'Twas Sculpture gave them form, at God's command.

Vast emptiness!—an unconfined space  
Where human reason fails;—alone the place

Where God existed in His strength sublime,  
Eternal, ere the birth of fleeting Time.

And God, *the first great Sculptor*, from His hand  
Evolved the heavens, the skies, the seas, the land:  
Peopled the world according to His plan,  
And *in His image* formed a mortal, man.

Thus, God *Himself*, in *His most grand design*,  
*Copied from Nature* (*His own form divine*);  
Then, giving souls, immortal fruits to bear,  
Set man on earth to find instruction here.

Man He gave powers—limited indeed,  
But yet sufficient to fulfill his need;  
Gave He him genius, e'en to beautify  
The world with works of thought and purity.

#### THE STORY OF PYGMALION.

The Ancients had a tale of beauteous rhyme  
Brought down to us from Ovid, of a time  
When Nature oft transformed her shape and dress  
As 'twas decreed by gods and goddesses.

There was a famous sculptor in those days,  
Pygmalion his name,—the story says—  
Who, hating women for their vices, strove  
Against all thoughts of marriage or of love.

In sculpture only could his pure mind  
In equal purity expression find;  
And from his standpoint of the good and true,  
He carved a maid, most beauteous to view.

Ivory her bosom, golden was her hair,  
Her eyes cerulean blue,\* her form most fair;  
So perfectly his art disguised all art,  
The sculptor to his statue gave his heart.

And loving blindly—as most mortals do—  
Left reason out of mind;—he only knew  
His idol was his all,—and oft embraced  
The graceful form, and pressed the slender waist.

His passion grew; his soul within him burned;  
He kissed her lips;—the kisses unreturned  
From icy ivory, mocked his earnest love,  
And the fair statue did not deign to move.

Pygmalion's love grows stronger even, then;—  
'Tis madness, and he knows it, yet, again,  
*He loves*, and from his mind puts out the thought  
That *he*, from ivory, this fair maid has wrought.

And, seeking with rich gifts to win her o'er,  
He brings her jewels, shells from every shore,  
Bright singing birds; and flowers odorous, rare,  
He twines in garlands through her shining hair;

\* In early times it was not unusual to color statues to represent the appearances of life. Frequently too, they were decorated lavishly with gold and precious stones.

Decks her with diamonds, sparkling stores of light ;  
Dresses with satin, and, when comes the night,  
Builds her a couch, on which most regal bed  
Sidonian purple coverings are spread.

But all in vain ; the maiden doth not move.  
Pygmalion, then, consumed by burning love,  
Hastes to the Feast of Venus, solemn day,  
When all her followers due devotion pay.

Most pious offerings on her altars burn ;  
Pygmalion sacrifices, then doth turn  
To pray the goddess that, with healing art,  
She'll soothe the sorrow in his aching heart.

In modesty, he fain would ask the boon  
That he might meet some mortal maiden soon  
Who should some likeness to his maid possess  
(It were impossible *her* loveliness).

The favoring goddess, fathoming his prayer,  
Gives sign of granting his devout desire.  
Pygmalion, joyful, to his statue hies,  
Again upon her turning loving eyes.

Ye gods !—her bosom heaves,—her temples burn !  
Zeus !—*she lives*, his kisses to return !  
She loves, she listens and she finds her voice,  
And Venus smiles upon their mutual choice.

Their love was constant and their years were crowned  
With all the blessings which in love abound.  
A son their union blessed ; fair Paphos came,  
And built the city which doth bear his name.

L'ENVOI.

A wondrous fable, and methinks there's more  
Than first discovers in its scanning o'er ;  
Like other mythic tales of simpler span,  
This likewise carries in its form a plan.

To him who studies this divinest art,  
To him who gives it mind, who gives it heart,  
Who is its priest, who follows its decrees,  
And in its ministry fair Nature sees,

If faith and love with truth be added strong,  
And purity and beauty go along,  
*An endless life shall crown his work*, and fame  
With immortality shall wreath his name.

CHARLES M. KURTZ.

#### ART UNION AGENCIES.

THE following gentlemen have been appointed Honorary Secretaries of the Art Union in their respective cities. They will receive subscriptions to the AMERICAN ART UNION, and will deliver the etchings and journals to subscribers. Specimen copies may be seen at their places of business :

HENRY D. WILLIAMS, 508 Washington St., Boston, Mass.  
JAMES S. EARLE & SONS, 816 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

LEONARD B. ELLIS, 76 William St., New Bedford, Mass.  
EVARTS CUTLER, New Haven, Conn.  
S. M. VOSE, Westminster St., Providence, R. I.  
JAMES D. GILL, Springfield, Mass.  
J. F. RYDER, 239 Superior St., Cleveland, Ohio.  
WILLIAM MORRIS, 19 & 21 Post St., San Francisco, Cal.  
D. D. BENSON, Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.  
S. BOYD & CO., 100 Wood St., Pittsburg, Pa.  
J. V. ESCOTT & SONS, 521 Fourth Avenue., Louisville, Ky.  
T. J. STUBBS, Portland, Me.  
BEMENT & DAVENPORT, Elmira, N. Y.  
D. M. DEWEY, Rochester, N. Y.  
W. H. BAUMGRAS, 17 Vanderbilt Square, Syracuse, N. Y.  
HENRY B. PETTES, Sixth and Olive Sts., St. Louis, Mo.  
V. G. FISCHER, 529 Fifteenth St., Washington, D. C.  
WILLIAM SCOTT & SON, 363 Notre Dame St., Montreal, Canada.  
MYERS & HEDIAN, 46 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.  
MRS. C. D. ADSIT, 268 Knapp St., Milwaukee, Wis.  
C. S. HARTMAN, Grand Rapids, Mich.  
C. F. MUNROE, 36 W. Main St., Meriden, Conn.  
A. D. VORCE & CO., 276 Main St., Hartford, Conn.  
E. H. BARTON, 17 Emery Arcade, Cincinnati, O.  
JOHN R. RUNYON, Morristown, N. J.  
ARMAND HAWKINS, 196½ Canal St., New Orleans, La.  
CHARLES G. CAMPBELL & SON, Newark, N. J.  
HORATIO S. STEVENSON, 175 Federal St., Allegheny, Pa.  
ANNESLEY & VINT, 57 N. Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.  
WM. C. STEVENS, 24 E. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.  
WM. HART & COMPANY, 34 King St., West Toronto, Canada.  
STEVENS & ROBERTSON, 71 E. Third St., St. Paul, Minn.  
GEO. R. ANGELL, 158 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.  
WALES & CO., 425 Nicolet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.  
CHARLES TARKING, 823 Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.  
MULFORD ESTIL, 7 Park Ave., Plainfield, N. J.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY acts as the general agency for the sale of THE ART UNION to the trade. Copies may be obtained through any newsdealer.

#### OUT OF TOWN EXHIBITIONS.

One of the objects of the formation of the American Art Union was that the society should be the medium between the several exhibition associations of the country and the artists, to conduct negotiations that might be mutually advantageous—to furnish such associations meritorious collections of pictures without giving them the trouble of dealing with individual artists, and on the other hand, to obtain for the artists guarantees of sales to an amount proportionate to the number and value of the pictures exhibited. In this respect, the late Southern Exposition, at Louisville, Ky., was pre-eminently successful, and that city can now point to the possession of a collection of fifteen pictures as a nucleus of a public art gallery. This result was brought about through the mediumship of the American Art Union, as detailed in THE ART UNION for January.

Correspondence is requested from friends of art who may wish to hold exhibitions in their several cities during the coming year.

Negotiations are now pending with the San Francisco Art Association for the loan of a collection of Art Union pictures, on a basis of the same nature as that made with the Louisville Exposition Art Committee—which resulted so advantageously to the citizens of Louisville, the artists, and the Art Union.

E. WOOD PERRY, JR., Secretary,  
42 East 14th Street, New York City.

THE ART UNION for May will contain an interesting conversation with WILLIAM HART on *Influence and Individuality*; an article on the Schools of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, a scientific discussion of the proper manner in which to look at a picture, etc.





## The Art Union.

### BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

#### THE AMERICAN ART UNION.

The American Art Union, a society of American artists, including representatives of all the different schools of art, has been organized "for the general advancement of the Fine Arts, and for promoting and facilitating a greater knowledge and love thereof on the part of the public." To accomplish this, the society proposes:

1st. To maintain in the City of New York a permanent exhibition and sales-room for selected American works of art, and to hold occasional similar exhibitions in the chief cities of the country;

2d. To publish original etchings and engravings of the highest grade;

3d. To issue an illustrated monthly art journal, of which a leading feature will be the contributions of the artist members, both in the form of papers and illustrations;

4th. To purchase for the annual subscribers to the UNION original works of art, which will be selected by a committee of artists, and disposed of at the close of each year as the subscribers themselves may desire.

#### MEMBERS.

Nearly all of the leading artists of the country, representing the various schools, are enrolled among the active members of the Art Union, and its President and Vice-President hold similar offices in the National Academy of Design. The Honorary Membership includes some of the most distinguished amateurs and friends of Art in the country. A full list of the members is published in the January number of THE ART UNION.

The Board of Control of the Art Union for 1884-5 consists of:

D. HUNTINGTON, <i>President.</i>	T. W. WOOD, <i>Vice President.</i>	
E. WOOD PERRY, JR., <i>Secretary.</i>	FREDERICK DIELMAN, <i>Treasurer.</i>	
W. H. BEARD,	HENRY FARRER,	ALBERT BIERSTADT,
EASTMAN JOHNSON,	THOMAS MORAN,	JERVIS M'ENTEE,
GEO. H. STORY,	WALTER SHIRLAW.	

#### SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE ART UNION.

Upon the payment of the sum of five dollars, any person may become a subscriber to the AMERICAN ART UNION for one year, and will receive for such payment:

FIRST: A season ticket to the permanent Exhibition of Paintings, at the society's Gallery, No. 44 East Fourteenth Street, Union Square, New York City;

SECOND: A proof before letters, on India paper, of the etching of the year, by Walter Shirlaw, from Eastman Johnson's picture "The Reprimand." This etching is mounted upon heavy plate paper, and is of a size (13x16

inches) and quality such as the leading dealers sell at from twenty to twenty-five dollars;

THIRD: The illustrated ART UNION, which will be issued monthly, for the current year. (The price of the journal to non-subscribers will be \$3.00 a year.)

FOURTH: An interest in works of art purchased by the Art Union. One-half of the subscription will be set apart for the formation of a fund, to be expended for the joint account of the subscribers in the purchase of works of art, which will be held in trust until the end of the year, when they will be delivered unconditionally to the whole body of the subscribers, represented by a committee. This committee will then make such disposition of the works as may be determined by the majority of the subscribers, each of whom will be entitled to send in one vote as to the manner of disposal.

There are several feasible ways in which to dispose of the purchased works.

They may be sold at auction or private sale, or at an auction which will be attended only by subscribers, and the proceeds divided equally among all the subscribers; or they may be divided among the bodies of subscribers of the several States, each one to receive its quota according to the amount of the subscriptions from such State. The several state committees may then dispose of the works in one of the aforementioned methods, or present them to form nucleuses of new public art galleries, or additions to some already in existence. Or they may be distributed among the subscribers by lot.

In enumerating these various methods of disposition, the American Art Union expresses no preference of one above another; its desire and interest are only that the disposition of the collection shall be equitable and satisfactory to all concerned.

No exorbitant prices will be paid to the artists, but such only as are generally obtained at the studios for a similar class of work, and the prices to the subscribers will be exactly those paid to the artists.

The latent taste for art that has existed in the country has been developed in a wonderful degree during the past twenty years, until there is scarcely to be found a home in any section that does not contain some form of art production. It is believed by the projectors of the American Art Union that the time is at hand for such an enterprise, and that the lovers of art will be eager to avail themselves of its benefits.

Honorary Secretaries, to receive subscriptions, will be appointed from time to time in various parts in the country. Money may also be sent by postal or express order, Bank Check or Draft or Registered Letter, payable to the *American Art Union*, No. 44 East 14th Street, New York.

Any person sending a club of twenty subscriptions to the Art Union, will receive an additional subscription free of charge. Specimen copies of the illustrated ART UNION journal will be sent post-paid on application.

By order of the Board of Control,

E. WOOD PERRY, JR., Secretary.

## RECENT, PRESENT AND FUTURE ART EXHIBITIONS.

PAST.—THE FIRST EXHIBITION OF PAINTERS IN PASTEL contained 64 works by 16 contributors, and was interesting, if not remarkably strong.

THE BROOKLYN ART ASSOCIATION'S WATER COLOR EXHIBITION was fairly successful. Between thirty and forty paintings were sold. Among the exhibits were many pictures from the New York Water Color Exhibition held in February.

THE HARTFORD (Conn.) VETERAN CITY GUARD'S LOAN EXHIBITION, —of which a notice reached us too late for insertion in the March number of THE ART UNION—was very successful and interesting. Leading foreign and American artists were well represented.

WILLIAM SARTAIN'S EXHIBITION, held in the Williams & Everett Galleries, in Boston, was very successful.

PRESENT.—THE AMERICAN ART UNION'S Exhibition of Oil and Water Color Paintings and Etchings is now open in the new galleries No. 44 East Fourteenth Street, Union Square. Visitors enter the elevator at the street door. Open from 9 o'clock A. M. until 6 P. M. Admission 25 cents, except to subscribers to THE ART UNION, who are admitted free at all times, on showing their subscription receipts at the door. Each visitor will receive a copy of the catalogue free, and each paying visitor will also be given a copy of THE ART UNION. The galleries close June 1.

The Fifty-Ninth Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design is now open at the Academy, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third St.—See Notice on other pages.—The Exhibition will remain open until Saturday evening, May 17th.—Admission, twenty-five cents.

THE SPECIAL EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF GEORGE INNESS, N. A., is now open at the Art Gallery, No. 6 East Twenty-third Street. There are fifty-seven works exhibited, which show the artist in various phases of subject and treatment and at different periods in his artistic career. Many of the paintings are loaned from prominent private collections; others are for sale, and, of the latter, seven works were sold during the first week of the exhibition, for \$6,875. The catalogue of this exhibition is neat and attractive, and contains some interesting criticisms of Mr. Inness and his works, selected from leading magazines and newspapers. An appreciative, well written and very interesting essay upon "George Inness, N. A.," by Mr. J. R. W. Hitchcock, art critic of the New York Tribune, opens the catalogue and renders it very worthy of preservation.

THE LENOX LIBRARY, with its collection of paintings and sculptures, is open to the public on Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, from 11 A. M. until 4 P. M. Tickets, admitting a specified number of visitors, may be obtained free, on previous application by postal-card, addressed to the "Superintendent of the Lenox Library," Fifth Avenue and Seventieth Street.

THE BOSTON ART CLUB'S THIRTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of Water Colors and works in black and white, is now open.

THE WHISTLER EXHIBITION is now open in Philadelphia at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

THE GEORGE FULLER MEMORIAL EXHIBITION is now open at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and will continue for two weeks or more. About one hundred and fifty paintings are shown, many of which are portraits. About sixty studies and sketches will be sold at auction for the benefit of the estate, on May 9. "The Quadroon," by Mr. Fuller, was sold recently for \$3,500.

FUTURE.—THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM'S LOAN EXHIBITION, at the Museum, Central Park, Fifth Avenue and Eighty-second Street, will open with a private reception, May 5, and will remain open until November. Admission, Mondays and Tuesdays, 25 cents. On other days free.

THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS will hold its Seventh Annual Exhibition in the large South Gallery of the National Academy of Design, from May 26th until June 21st. The Jury for the admission of pictures will consist of Charles F. Ulrich, George De F. Brush, Kenyon Cox, A. H. Thayer, W. M. Chase, T. W. Dewing, Augustus St. Gaudens, H. Bolton Jones, and Walter Shirlaw. The first three gentlemen named will constitute the Hanging Committee.

THERE ARE ENCOURAGING PROSPECTS that excellent art exhibitions will be held during the Summer in BOSTON, CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, DETROIT, LOUISVILLE and ST. LOUIS. Circulars have recently been issued soliciting pictures for a Loan Exhibition to be held at BUFFALO, N. Y. The WORLD'S FAIR AND COTTON CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION Committee, of NEW ORLEANS, proposes to have an exceptionally fine Art Department. The last-named exhibition will open December 1st, and continue for six months.

THE MASSACHUSETTS CHARITABLE MECHANICS' ASSOCIATION OF BOSTON offers to buy \$5,000 worth of pictures out of its next and fifteenth triennial exhibition. Medals of gold, silver and bronze will be awarded. The display will be held in September and October next, and the art department will be in charge of Mr. Charles W. Slack.—N. Y. Herald.

## LITERARY NOTES.

MR. S. R. KOEHLER'S *United States Art Directory and Year Book*, recently issued by Cassell and Company, is a publication upon which much careful, discriminating and thoroughly conscientious labor has been expended, and no one in anyway interested in art can afford to be without it. It is to American Art what one of Baedeker's Handbooks is to a section of Europe. In addition to a full American Art Chronicle, the work contains a statistical table of exhibitions; a list of the academies, art schools, museums, collections, permanent exhibitions, art societies and art clubs in the United States; a directory of the artists of standing throughout the country, a list of art teachers, and a number of selected illustrations from the various illustrated catalogues of the past year. The book is attractive in appearance and is worth many times the price asked for it. (Cassell & Co., 739 and 741 Broadway, New York.)

*The Magazine of Art* for May is now ready. It contains interesting articles on "Syon House" (near London), "The Lower Thames," "The Royal Scottish Academy" and "The Exhibition at Leeds"—all superbly illustrated with wood-engravings. The frontispiece, "Home, Sweet Home" is from the painting by Phil Morris, A. R. A. The American art record is very full, and an interesting article on the National Academy Exhibition, by Mr. Koehler, is illustrated by engravings from Mr. Kurtz's *National Academy Notes*. (Cassell & Co.)

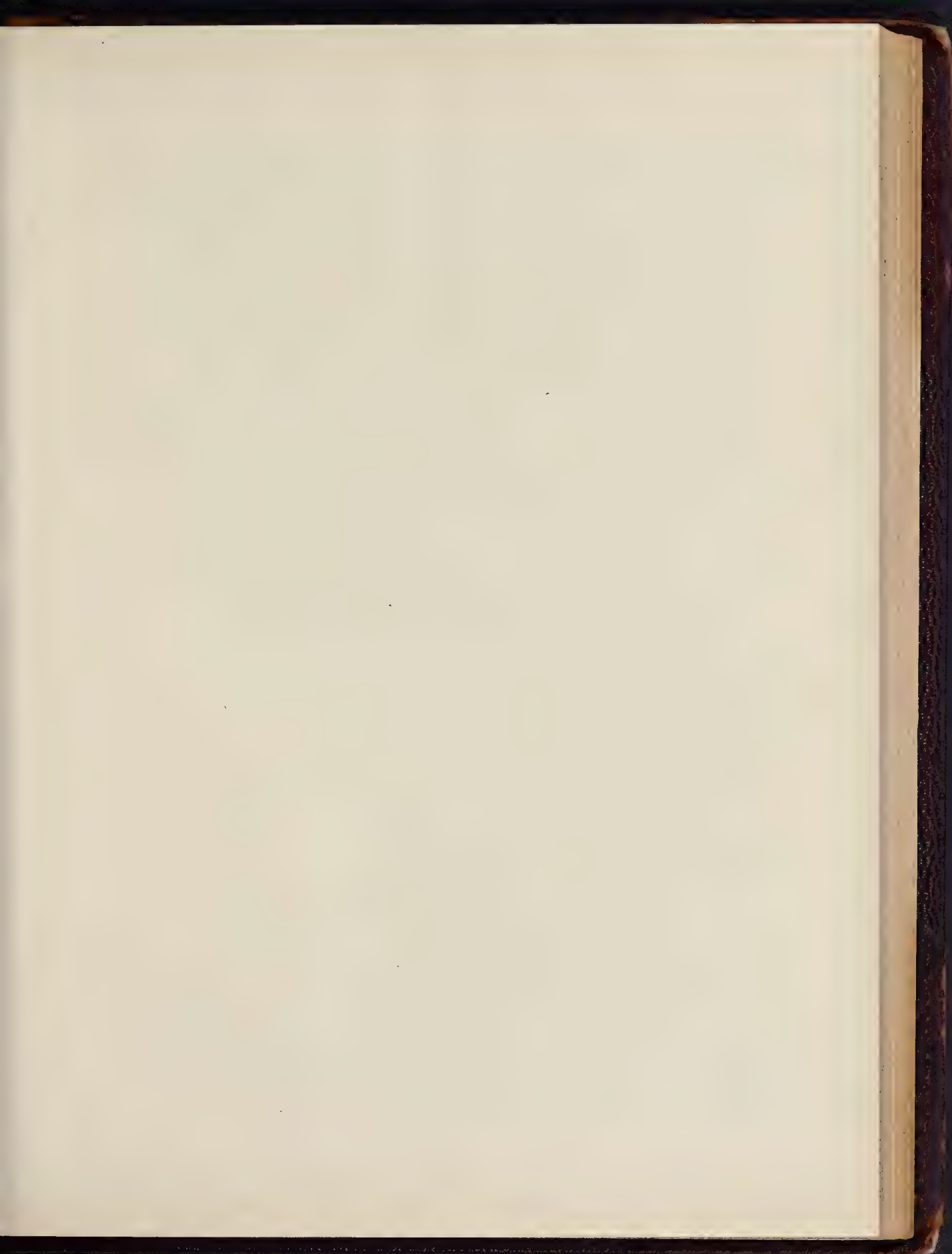
*The Continent*, which has been devoting some attention to Art matters, recently published two interesting papers from Mr. Henry Blackburn, of London (editor of the Royal Academy and Grosvenor Notes), on "The Value of a Line." These were illustrated by reproductions of drawings by the artists for Mr. Blackburn's handbooks. Last week the *Continent* published an article on "The Arts of Decoration," by Hester M. Poole, illustrated by designs by Walter Shirlaw and Francis H. Lathrop. The illustrations, intended simply to convey the ideas of the artists in a sketchy way, and not designed for works of art in themselves, have come in for some severe criticism by persons who, very evidently, have not understood them. They are really very effective and interesting and accompany well Miss Poole's clever article. (*The Continent*, 23 Park Row, New York.)

*The Art Amateur* for May contains the usual amount of Art news and criticism and a profusion of supplementary sheets of designs for wood carvings, plaques, etc. Several of the artists' drawings prepared for Mr. Kurtz's *National Academy Notes* are herein reproduced in greatly enlarged size. A reproduction of a drawing in red chalk of the head of a child is very effective. (Montague Marks, 23 Union Square, New York.)

*Wide Awake*, the illustrated magazine for children, usually contains an interesting paper upon one of our prominent artists. The matter of Mr. Benjamin's pleasantly written volumes, "Our American Artists" originally appeared in this publication from month to month. The April number contains a biographical sketch of the late William M. Hunt—which is interesting to old as well as to young readers. The periodical is very well conducted throughout. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.)

*Harper's Weekly* for April 28, contains a page of illustrations from Mr. Kurtz's *National Academy Notes*, and a brief notice of the current exhibition.







SILENCED.—BY GILBERT GAUL, N. A.

DRAWN BY JAMES D. SMILLIE, N. A.



# THE ART UNION

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN ART UNION

VOL. I.

NEW YORK, MAY, 1884.

No. 5.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OUR Frontispiece, "SILENCED," by GILBERT GAUL, N. A., is one of the paintings which has been selected by Mr. Kurtz for the Southern Exposition at Louisville, Ky., this summer. In many respects it is one of the most powerful pictures that has been painted in this country. It represents a recently deserted battlefield on a moonlight night in winter. Dead bodies are strewn over the ground, and a dismembered cannon, silenced, stands in the middle-ground, suggestively pointing toward the hazy distance. The moon is not visible in the picture, but the moonlight falls on the snow, and here and there it glistens, reflected from parts of the cannon and from an occasional button or weapon. A soldier, wounded and left for dead, has recovered consciousness and has partially raised himself on his left arm. There is no one near to help him, and his head sinks upon his breast as he sees his late comrades lying dead around him. The dead soldier in the foreground lies as rigid as only a dead body can. Mr. Gaul has succeeded in painting the effect of violent death with startling and horrible realism, yet his picture has a fascination that attracts the visitor again and again. A weirdness and mystery hang over the subject, out of which the imagination draws much food for thought.

"CHIANTI," by WALTER SHIRLAW (see page 99), is reproduced from a charcoal sketch made by the artist one afternoon in Florence. It shows a young woman, going to the wine-shop to have her bottles refilled, loitering by the way, in no haste to return. There is a charming grace in the languid pose of the figure as Mr. Shirlaw has represented it, and the *technique* of the sketch, hastily as it was made, is very simple and very admirable from an artistic point of view.

"HUMBLE LIFE," by J. H. DOLPH, A. N. A. (page 103), is a drawing from a painting exhibited by the artist in the National Academy Exhibition of 1882, and which represents him at his best, in a subject of a favorite nature. Another picture painted the same year, was entitled "High Life," and exhibited several kittens in a gorgeously furnished apartment, surrounded by luxury.

"EVENING ON THE FRENCH COAST" (page 106), is a reproduction from a crayon drawing by HARRY CHASE, A. N. A., whose paintings of subjects of this nature are so favorably known. This is another drawing made in a most simple manner, yet containing effects of quality that are very admirable,—imparting to us the feeling that the clouds are vaporous, and that the water is actually wet.

## THE AMERICAN ARTISTS' EXHIBITION.

THE Seventh Annual Exhibition of the Society of American Artists opened in the large South Gallery of the National Academy of Design, with a reception and "private view" May 24, to continue until June 21. It is said that over five hundred paintings were sent in for the exhibition, but however many may have been sent, only eighty-nine were hung, and these only partially fill the walls which were too crowded during the recent Academy exhibition. There are only two lines of pictures around the gallery, and hence, every work can be seen to fair advantage, but on the whole the gallery lacks much of the brilliancy of general effect which it possessed during the recent Academy exhibition,—over-crowded as it was. However, we can lose something of the *ensemble* of the gallery with a good grace, if we can see, as it should be seen, every picture which we may desire to see.

The pictures of the exhibition are most diverse in artistic value. There are several veritable masterpieces in the collection, but there are many works that cause one to wonder how bad the rejected pictures must have been if only the very best were hung. Some of the pictures tell us of artists of decided talent, vigorous imagination, fine appreciation and excellent education. Others seem to indicate artists of a certain degree of talent, but talent that has not been fairly cultivated; that is vigorous, but lacking in refinement; that is so well satisfied with itself it is unwilling to admit the necessity either of study or advice. Others are excellent as sketches, but should not be considered otherwise; they exhibit some technical dexterity, but do not indicate the ability of the artists to carry their work further. Descending in the scale, we find a number of pictures painted by men whose chief idea of excellence appears to have been novelty in the manner of expression; a desire to do certain things in a different manner from that of anyone who has painted hitherto; an apparent disposition to secure what might be called a certain individuality, no matter at what expense of truth. It is a question, however, whether pictures of this last class should be considered as works of art, at all.

One of the finest paintings in the exhibition is a portrait by J. W. Alexander,—No. 3 in the catalogue—which is a production of no common order. Mr. Alexander has painted some portraits in the past that have won him very favorable notice, but never before has he shown us anything nearly equal to this. As one looks upon it his mind is carried back to the works of the old masters. He sees in it much that is suggestive of Rembrandt at his best. The

quality of the flesh very closely approximates perfection. The expression is lifelike, the pose is natural. The background, dark and rich in tone, is transparent and atmospheric. After studying this picture it is almost painful to look upon some of the other portraits in the exhibition, and one is made to appreciate how much knowledge is required for the proper painting of flesh, so that it is firm and yet not hard like wood or iron or ivory; so that it is yielding, and yet not soft like dough or putty; so that it is smooth without being polished; so that it is full of subtle gradations of light and shadow and delicately mottled in color without showing daubs of paint slapped all over the canvas, and rendering it possible to see the picture to advantage from only a single point of view. By Abbott H. Thayer are two paintings to be considered after the excellent portrait by Mr. Alexander; one is a "Portrait of Two Ladies," simple in technique, and delicately rendered in effect. Here again is a good appreciation of what is required in the representation of flesh. In the second picture, "Child and Cats," there is a wonderfully sweet expression in the face of the child, which is likewise excellent in quality. By Wm. M. Chase there is a portrait of a young woman seated in a red velvet chair with a red background. The picture is painted upon a very rough canvas and has the effect of a tapestry, when seen from a certain distance. The figure is pleasing in pose and the quality of velvet in the chair is well realized. "A Souvenir of Paris," by Ralph W. Curtis, shows a graceful young woman seated before a piano, with a bunch of pale pink flowers making a background for her head, and is pleasing in composition and good in technique. Walter Shirlaw's "Kappel Meister" is one of the masterpieces of the exhibition, and is notably strong, both in drawing and qualities. "The Alarm," by the same artist, showing a flock of geese apparently flying out of the picture, toward the spectator, is likewise vigorous in handling, and gives an excellent effect of motion. George W. Maynard contributes a small picture, "The Bride," which is strongly suggestive of Alma Tadema. Will H. Low's "Narcissa" is a carefully painted picture, which is attractive, but not extraordinary as a work of art. Kenyon Cox sends one of the most peculiar pictures to be found in the gallery. It is entitled "The Rose," and exhibits a ghastly-white woman, lying nude, upon one side, holding a rose in one hand. At first it seems that we are looking upon a corpse, but a pair of glittering black eyes tell us the woman is not dead, but is only, peradventure, half-frozen. There are many faults in this piece of affectation, and it seems strange that it was ever painted. Mr. Cox's reputation gains nothing from the exhibition of such work. W. Bailey Faxon presents another affectation; a poorly painted face with an elaborately gilded halo around it, with the title, "A Young Saint." The picture is painted upon wood, and lines in the "glory" about the head were engraved deeply before the gilding was put on. This last—the halo—is cleverly done. Edward A. Bell sends from Munich a "Portrait Study," in the face of which is some remarkably fine flesh painting, that does the artist credit.

Among the few pictures that possess strong literary elements, the most noteworthy is Douglas Volk's painting, "Accused of Witchcraft," which is really deserving of high praise, for the directness, completeness and effectiveness of the story it tells. The scene is one of most dramatic interest. A young woman has been accused of witchcraft, and her accusers have followed her into the humble cottage, where, with the utmost horror in her expression, mingled with a deadly fear of the fiendish creatures with whose cruelty she has doubtless been familiar through the persecutions of other victims of their disapproval, she has fled to the arms of her invalid father, who, unable to rise from his chair, with one arm waves back the intruders, while with the other he clasps his daughter pitifully crouching beside him and clinging to him for protection. An old hag, with face averted and bony finger pointed at the girl, shrieks out the accusation. A sanctimonious looking preacher, standing near by, insults respectable religion by his very appearance, and an officer of the law, next to him, holds a pair of handcuffs with which to secure the victim. The vindictive face of a Puritan appearing through the doorway is an excellent ideal of the character of the people who left Europe to avoid persecutions which interfered with their desire to "worship God" according to the dictates of their own consciences, but who, as soon as they reached a country where they were all-powerful, committed crimes and crimes—in the name of religion, not a whit less cruel or disgraceful than those of the old Spanish Inquisition. Mr. Volk's picture brings one into personal contact, as it were, with one of those portions of American history most replete with suggestions for the painter and writer, and is most forceful in the impressions it gives to the spectator.

By George De Forest Brush is "The Picture Writer," showing an Indian, seated in a wigwam, painting figures on the inside of a robe, while several Indian youths look on. There is some good composition and drawing in this picture, but in qualities it is deficient. "A Study"—of a child and dog—by Miss Eleanor E. Greatorex, is an excellent piece of painting, far more worthy than many of the more pretentious works that figure as finished pictures.

There are several excellent landscapes. "A Spring Morning," by Bolton Jones, bears evidence of having been painted out of doors, and is not only a literal rendition of a charming bit of Nature, but is broad and suggestive like Nature herself. William Bliss Baker is represented by "Silence," an interior of an autumn woods, exactly the same in manner as his charming "Woodland Brook" in the recent Academy exhibition. Bruce Crane sends a small picture, in feeling suggestive of his "Waning Year," which was in the Academy. G. Ruger Donoho contributes "Mauvaise Herbe," containing some fair painting spread over a vast expanse of canvas; its importance not at all in harmony with its size. The same might be said of William M. Chase's "Garden of the Orphanage, Haarlem, Holland." E. R. Butler, of Paris, is responsible for a canvas entitled "Reflections," which claims to represent a stream reflecting the colors of the sky and the trees along its borders. The picture is painted vigorously enough, but in its color it is





"CHIANTI."—FROM A SKETCH BY WALTER SHIRLAW.

untrue. Kenyon Cox has a landscape, "Thistle-down," which contains a pretty idea and some good painting, though it also seems rather large considering the amount it has to tell us. It shows a little girl in a large field—along the side of which is a high wall—standing near a tall thistle, and blowing off the down. D. W. Tryon exhibits two landscapes of poetical suggestiveness, and Frank C. Jones follows in the same line with "A Hazy Afternoon." Dennis M. Bunker sends two landscapes, one of which, "On the Banks of the Oise," is very charmingly painted. Rhoda Holmes Nicholls and Otto H. Bacher contribute interesting Venetian studies.

There are two glowing landscapes by R. A. Blakelock, that attract attention. They are poetical in their suggestiveness but are not altogether satisfactory as truthful transcriptions of Nature. C. Y. Turner has contributed "An Autumn Day," a small, modest picture, suggestively treated and excellent in effect. This is a subject unusual for Mr. Turner, yet it is very creditable, and the artists represented in the exhibition by square yards of alleged landscapes might study it with profit.

A study of "Laurel," by Miss Clara F. Stillman, is exceptionally good in quality, and an "Interior," by Maud M. Wright, is also fine in drawing and qualities. Emil Carlsen and William M. Chase have each painted studies of a codfish, much in the same suggestive and effective manner, Mr. Carlsen's, perhaps, being the more realistic of the two. Mr. Chase's study of the fish is the best of the six pictures by which he is represented, and by which a very considerable portion of the wall-space is sacrificed.

There are other pictures in the collection worthy of being noticed, and a number very deserving of condemnation;—they are not the works of young persons just beginning the study of art, and therefore to be treated with a certain amount of indulgence, but they are the productions of persons who know better and can do better, and who deserve censure for imposing upon the public by the exhibition of such trash.

The Society of American Artists will lose—in reputation at least—by this exhibition, and will find it more difficult to obtain good pictures in future than it has been heretofore. Many of the best artists belonging to the society, who withheld their pictures from the Academy in order to send them to the Society, were considerably disgusted when they saw the pictures which were hung, after their own pictures had been returned by the Hanging Committee. These artists will know better what to do next year.

—C. M. K.

#### THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE Fifty-ninth Annual Exhibition of the National Academy closed Saturday evening, May 17th, with sales of paintings to the amount of about \$36,500 at catalogue prices, which is the smallest amount of sales since the Exhibition of 1880. The exhibition opened well. The first week's sales were the largest, for the corresponding period, ever known in the Academy. After the first ten days, the daily amount of sales began to

decrease, as usual; but it was expected that, as has always been the case heretofore, there would be a large number of sales during the last days of the exhibition. This expectation, however, was doomed to disappointment. Only a few days before the exhibition closed, the Wall Street failures spread consternation among a large proportion of the wealthy citizens accustomed to buying pictures, and those who might have been purchasers, under ordinary circumstances, did not even visit the Academy. Several sales even were set aside on account of the sudden financial embarrassments of the buyers. There was a fairly large number of visitors at the Academy during the last days, making the total number in the six weeks somewhat over 21,000,—counting both single admission and season tickets. About 9,000 catalogues of the two varieties were sold. Last year, 22,000 admission tickets (both classes) were sold, and \$40,000 worth of paintings found purchasers. In 1882, the sales of pictures amounted to \$40,000, and 23,000 tickets were sold. In 1881—the best season the Academy ever had—pictures were sold to the amount of nearly \$43,000, and 25,000 admission tickets were sold.

#### THE ANNUAL ACADEMY MEETING.

At the annual meeting of the members of the National Academy, there were present forty-five members. The reports of President Huntington and Treasurer Jones showed the institution to be in most excellent condition, not only entirely out of debt, but with over \$20,000 in the treasury.

Thomas Moran and Arthur Parton were elected to full membership in the Academy, and Louis Moeller, Henry A. Ferguson and Thomas Allen were elected associates.

The election of officers resulted as follows, all but the last two of the Council being re-elections:—President—Daniel Huntington; Vice-president—T. W. Wood; Corresponding Secretary—T. Addison Richards; Recording Secretary—H. W. Robbins; Treasurer—Alfred Jones. Council—A. C. Howland, C. H. Miller, E. W. Perry, E. L. Henry, J. Q. A. Ward and James M. Hart. S. J. Guy and Carl L. Brandt retire from the Council by constitutional provision. The members chosen alphabetically for the new Exhibition Committee are William Hart, E. L. Henry, Thomas Hicks, Winslow Homer and Thomas Hovenden. The two associate members will be appointed by the Council.

#### A NEW ART SCHOLARSHIP.

THE Trustees of the Hallgarten prize fund of \$5,000, for the benefit of deserving students in the National Academy Schools, have held a joint meeting with the trustees of the Harper competition prize fund, and the body has passed the following resolution:

*Resolved*, That the trustees of the Harper and of the Hallgarten funds agree to combine the interest accruing from their respective funds for two years, the same to be applied to the sending of a deserving art student abroad, and, resolved furthermore, that the method of choosing the jury to select the holder of the scholarship shall be by artists' suffrage.

It was decided that the first scholarship should be competed for next December. The terms of the competition and the members of the jury are to be made public at some date before that time.



## THE OLD ART UNION.

CONCLUDED FROM THE MARCH NUMBER.

OUR previous paper brought the history of the old Art Union up to 1850. That year there were 16,310 subscribers, and the receipts amounted to \$81,550. The *Bulletin* was enlarged to a handsome, excellently conducted quarto, the size of THE ART UNION, and was richly illustrated with fine steel-engravings and wood-cuts from works of the leading American artists of the time. The publication was edited by Mr. William J. Hoppin, now Secretary of the United States Legation in London. The *Bulletin* had been originated, several years before, for the sake of enabling the Secretary of the Art Union to communicate readily with the subscribers and the thousand honorary Secretaries who had been appointed throughout the country, and while it still served the purposes of general communication, and saved an immense amount of written correspondence, it became, in its new form, the representative art journal of the country, and was justly esteemed an authority upon art matters. The numbers of the *Bulletin* for 1850 contained, among other illustrations, steel-engravings of Cole's "Voyage of Life," Leutze's "Knight of Seyn and the Gnomes," "The Standard Bearer," and "The Standard in Danger," by J. W. Glass, and a "Portrait of Henry Inman," after Elliot's painting. Each subscriber for 1850 received the steel-engraving "Anne Page, Slender and Shallow," and the first number of "The Gallery of American Art," containing the five engravings, "The Image Breaker," "The Dream of Arcadia," "The New Scholar," "Dover Plains" and "The Card Players." At the close of the year, 1,000 works of art were distributed among the subscribers, including paintings, bronzes and medals.

While the Art Union in 1850 was fairly prosperous, its subscribers were fewer than in 1849, and its receipts were less by nearly fifteen thousand dollars. Probably this was due, in part, to a spirit of hostility which had grown up against the Union in certain directions, and which was fostered by certain artists who could not succeed in inducing the committee to purchase their pictures, and by others who were jealous of the success of the management in profiting upon their works. The Art Union *Bulletin* for April, 1851, recognizes this spirit, in a paper on "The History, Plan and Position of the American Art Union," in which a retrospective glance is cast over the work of the Society from the time of its foundation, a clear statement of its condition at the time is given, and a defense of its principles is undertaken. From this we quote matter that is interesting.

In contrasting the Art Union's circumstances at the time of publication with its condition ten years before, the writer says:

"Then our only local habitation was a bookseller's office; next came a small office in which a few pictures were hung as they were purchased, and from that time have come, by steady gradation, our present galleries, offices and store-rooms, in aggregate length 360 feet, and width 25 feet, devoted solely to our business and pictures.

"Necessity then obliged us to give up the exhibition of paintings—one of the greatest means of improving and cultivating the public taste and of encouraging and teaching the artist himself; now our long galleries are filled with the best productions of modern art among us, night and day

thronged by thousands from all parts of the country, who come and go at pleasure, without charge.

"We then gave each member a small and cheap mezzotint print, now we give to everyone a large, expensive and valuable line engraving—an honor to art anywhere—and five smaller ones,—each worth more than some produced by the London Art Union in its most prosperous years—to be continued annually as a gallery of American art."

Successive paragraphs review the growth of the *Bulletin* from the small catalogue printed on a single slip of paper, and refer to the stimulus given to various arts in the United States through the patronage extended by the Union. Medallurgy and the casting of bronzes almost owed their establishment in the realm of American art to the fostering care of the Union, and wood and steel engraving were encouraged and considerably improved through the judicious patronage of the Society.—Indeed the Old Art Union in its time, did for wood-engraving almost as much as the publishers of *Harpers* and the *Century* magazines have done in later times.

In further referring to the accomplishments of the Art Union, the article we have already quoted continues:

"Without the purchase of paintings, painters must either seek other employment or starve, and there can be no galleries, no exhibitions. In 1841 the institution purchased six pictures and one bust, costing together \$1,059. Last year, we distributed 500 paintings and statuettes, and 500 medals, costing \$43,120, and since its organization the Society has purchased works of art from 257 artists, residing in 45 different cities and towns, and in fifteen different States of the Union.

"One of the best means of encouraging American Art is by giving our artists the means of studying and practising their art in the midst of the productions of the great masters of other lands, that they may come back with that cultivation which ministers to our instruction and gratification, and contributes to the national glory. During the brief period of our existence—a large part of which was a struggle for life—we have paid more than \$17,500, for the works of American artists abroad—to 28 artists from the cities of Boston, Hartford, New York, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Washington and Mobile."

Shortly after this comes the intimation that the path of the Art Union has not been altogether carpeted with roses.

"Our success has been an exceeding great reward, and has more than compensated us for the attacks which envy and malice have directed against us, and which hitherto have been harmless. In the early days of the institution, when it was not easy to find paintings in which to invest our little funds, we bought everything at the highest price; we then gave no offense to artists, but we soon stimulated production, so that we were overwhelmed with the trashy productions which our own action had called into being; and it began to be doubted, in the committee room, whether we had not been doing more harm than good. Discrimination and a more fastidious regard for actual merit was necessary. Our readers need not be informed how soon and how angrily artists of no merit complained of us for buying the pictures of those who had little merit, and the less labored productions of those who had much merit. The committee makes no pretensions to infallibility, and has often knowingly, and it is believed, wisely, purchased paintings of a small degree of merit, but a glance at the loads it has been obliged to reject has always been enough to vindicate the action of the committee in this regard so far as reasonable persons are concerned. But the unreasonable and the malicious have, in some instances, caused their attacks to be published hundreds of miles from us, in newspapers that we never see, and where the character of the committee is not that complete protection that it is here, where its members are known.

"They have attacked our expenses—the gross amount of which is large, and to many may seem enormous, but to those who are familiar with such operations they are not large. A business with near 1,000 agencies, collecting an income of from \$75,000, to 100,000, in sums of five dollars—whose postage account even at present rates, is more than \$1,000

a year; which must keep in constant employment most trustworthy employes; which must print and advertise extensively, and must put up and despatch thousands monthly of *Bulletins* and pamphlets, and hundreds on hundreds of engravings and paintings for every part of the nation, cannot be carried on with small expenses.

"They have attacked our management; they have said the business was carried on by a *clique*—a popular term often used without meaning and without cause. If it means that in the committee of management there are some who give more attention to its business than others, it is undoubtedly true of this, as of every other institution; but when they say that during the twelve years of its existence it has had five presidents, six treasurers, four corresponding secretaries, six recording secretaries, and seventy-five members of a committee of twenty-one, it will be perceived that rotation in office has given as much change as is consistent with good management."

Other criticisms of the Union are then answered, and the fault found with the plan of the American, as distinguished from that of the London Art Union, is discussed. With reference to the necessities of the Art Union, the paper continues:

"Our first great want for giving a national encouragement to art, is a large annual income—large enough to be felt everywhere; to give confidence everywhere. Nothing less than a very large income can ever give to the members a large actual return for their contributions, after giving to art an encouragement fourfold greater than the same amount of money could give in many separate amounts, all devoted to the same object. The secret of Art Union encouragement is found in the immense economies which result from large amounts and large numbers.

"To engrave and keep in order a plate for 20,000 copies does not cost twice as much as it does for 500. The paper in large quantities at wholesale prices; the printing of engravings, which can keep a large press constantly at work, can be done at much less than for a few copies. *The Bulletin*, with its illustrations, does not cost for 20,000 copies five times as much as for 500. All that our immense establishment costs us in rent, would be required to give us room for one quarter of our business. Now our employes devote themselves to the business for the whole year, to the utmost of their industry, and we should hardly require less if we had only half the members."

The Art Union had been criticised as a "lottery," and voices were already calling for its abolition on this ground. That the Union had already suffered from this and the various other charges published against it, there can be no doubt. This is the way, however, that the "lottery" charge is answered in the *Bulletin*:

"Those who have read what we have here written, cannot fail to see that our institution is not a lottery in any usual, legal or moral sense. We associate for the promotion of the fine arts;—a useful, national, patriotic purpose. By the economies resulting from very large numbers, we are enabled to pay all expenses; cause large plates to be engraved, taking years to engrave them, at an expense of thousands of dollars each, and to furnish a copy of the print to each member. There is no lottery in this. To cause to be engraved each year five other plates of less size, and to furnish a copy of each of them to every member also. There is no lottery in this. To publish monthly a large, valuable Art Journal, full of interesting and instructive reading, and embellished with valuable original illustrations,—of this too, every member receiving every number till the end of the year. Surely there is no lottery in this. This is the mode in which we directly encourage the art of engraving, and indirectly the arts of painting, sculpture and design, in doing honor to the works from which the engravings are made, and by disseminating everywhere a knowledge of art, and a taste for its better productions, which soon drives away those coarse and abominable prints with which uncultivated taste offends the eye in places of public resort and private adornment. The committee perceives that medallurgy is unknown among us, and that, from its nature, individual patronage can never bring it in. Dies are then caused to be engraved, and medals are struck, successively, of the eminent painters of our country. Thus we build up that art

directly, and indirectly encourage that of painting, by recording the immortality of those who deserve it. We do the same to sculpture in bronze, by producing statuettes. There is no lottery in this. It would, however, be a waste of the funds of the association to give a medal to every member. The art is encouraged more, much more, by making the die or the mould, and striking a few hundreds, than it would by striking thousands. It is, therefore, our duty to produce but few copies, as we have always done. And the great art of *painting*, how shall we directly encourage that? We must buy the paintings. There is no other way practicable. The artist must live by his art. It would be of no use to give him money if his paintings were to lie hidden. So then, with what funds are left after all our other purposes are answered, we purchase paintings in such a manner, at such a price, with such selection, and such criticism, as, under all the circumstances, will in our opinion, best promote American painting. There is no lottery in that. The Institution has a few hundred medals of equal value, a few dozen statuettes of equal value, and a few hundred paintings of greatly unequal value, no one of any of which is divisible, and they are the property of 16,000 persons. Shall these works of art be hidden from all eyes in vaults and store-rooms? They can perform their mission of good, only by being looked at, studied, criticised admired; and so we exhibit them to all alike, for weeks and months freely. There is no lottery in that. But all cannot see them—thousands are at great distances—the encouragement of this art ought not to be confined to New York—and when these works must give place to new productions and purchases, how can they be justly and impartially scattered through the country, and made the separate property of individual members, and so long as they endure, be daily ministers of taste, of instruction, and of pleasure to families and neighborhoods? They must draw lots for them, there is no other mode practicable; and there is no lottery in this. It is a partition, a mere division among the owners of what cannot otherwise be enjoyed either jointly or separately.

"Lotteries are forbidden by law and morals; but no rule of law, morals, or religion, prohibits or discountenances drawing lots for the necessary and useful purpose of a just partition. The laws of New York are very stringent against lotteries, and have been so for many years, but so confident were the founders of the Art Union that there would be no legal objection to a division by lot—and there were eminent lawyers among them—that, without hesitation, they adopted that mode, incorporated it distinctly into their constitution, published it in every way, solicited subscriptions, and publicly performed all their operations from the Autumn of 1838 to the Winter of 1840, when they as confidently applied for legislative sanction, and, with that constitution in actual operation, were incorporated with ample powers to continue to exercise the same functions and to form such constitution as might be desirable. The constitution was then amended and re-adopted, with the provision that '*the works of art purchased during the year shall become by lot, publicly determined, the property of individual members*;' and the institution continued its operations in the most public manner until 1844, when the charter was again brought before the Legislature, and was amended by giving it its present national name, and enacting that '*the distribution of works of art belonging to the association, provided for in the constitution, shall take place on the Friday before Christmas*;' thus most distinctly ratifying and sanctioning the distribution. And again, in 1847, an important amendment was made to the charter by the Legislature of that year. Thus, three several Legislatures, at intervals of three or four years, have legalized our proceedings and distributions—distributions taking place annually, in the most public manner, in the presence and under the care of the public authorities, and heads of police of the cities of New York and Brooklyn. How idle it is to say that thus created, fortified and protected by law, we violate the prior law which provides that no person unauthorized by law shall draw any lottery, game or device of chance, by whatever name it may be called, for the purpose of exposing, setting to sale, or disposing of any houses, lands, tenements, or real estate, or any money, goods or things in action! Those who suppose that the drawing of lots is either the purpose, or the attraction of the institution, would soon find, if it were nothing but a lottery of paintings, that instead of 16,000 members, there would not now be, and never would have been, 1,600 members. The quiet attractions of art are of another kind. It is they that bind together our great multitude. Taste is the angel that drives the money-changers from



the temple of the mind, and petty gambling comes soonest under its whip of small cords. We would as soon think the administration of justice immoral because jurors are drawn by lot, or that government should be exploded because senators and judges, and other public officers, are necessarily assigned their periods of office by drawing lots."

Design, to be sold "for the benefit of the Academy," and most of these paintings were purchased by the Art Union. The engraving of the year was a fine reproduction on steel of Woodville's painting, "Mexican News," and in addition



HUMBLE LIFE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY J. H. DOLPH, A. N. A.

There was a fair number of subscriptions to the Art Union in the early portion of 1851, and the management of the Union invested largely in paintings for the annual distribution. That year many of the artists contributed paintings to the Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of

to this each subscriber received the second part of "The Gallery of Art" containing "Old '76 and Young '48," by Woodville; "Mount Washington" by Kensett, "Bargaining for a Horse," by Mount, "Marion Crossing the Pedee," by Ranney, and "Harvesting" by Cropsey. The numbers of

the *Bulletin* during the year were full of interest and were excellently illustrated. Among the steel-engravings which they contained were reproductions of Rothermel's painting "Murray's Defence of Toleration," Woodville's "Game of Chess," and a charming "Landscape" by Durand. It contained very interesting notes of the art and artists of the time, foreign correspondence, criticisms and articles upon the technical in art. The publication of a "Biographical, Technological and Topical Dictionary of Art" was also begun and carried through several numbers of the Union.

Except for the matter we have quoted, one who to-day looks over these old *Bulletins*, might imagine that the Art Union was never more successful than in 1851, yet there were forces working outside the organization that were speedily to bring about its downfall. In the December number of the *Bulletin* for 1851, there was the customary announcement of a coming distribution of art works, with the promise of a supplementary issue of the *Bulletin* containing the lists of awards. Before the time of the contemplated distribution had arrived, however, legal proceedings were instituted to prevent it, on the ground that, according to the laws of the State, any distribution by lot was illegal. The case was contested in the courts but was eventually decided against the Union. In December 1852, a supplementary number of the *Bulletin* was issued, which contained a list of all the pictures which the Union had intended distributing among its subscribers of the previous year, with the announcement that they would publicly be sold at auction. From this supplementary *Bulletin* we quote the following:

"The question of the legality of the mode of distribution of the Art Union having arisen in the course of legal proceedings in this city, a suit was instituted in May last, by the District Attorney, for the purpose of obtaining the final decision of the Courts of this State upon this subject. The Committee of Management, on behalf of the members, without opposing unnecessary obstacles to the proceedings thus instituted, deemed it their duty to secure the services of eminent counsel to represent and defend the institution; and they retained Charles O'Connor, Esq., for that purpose. The cause was immediately brought for argument before the General Term of the Supreme Court for the District of New York, and at the ensuing June Term, a majority of the judges pronounced decisions adverse to the mode of distribution. This decision not being unanimous, and the Presiding Judge of the District having dissented from it, the Committee did not feel warranted in waiving the right of the members of the institution to have the case carried by appeal to the Court of Appeals—the tribunal of last resort in this State. This was accordingly done, and the question underwent a full discussion before the Appellate Judges. It was insisted among other points, by Mr. O'Connor, on behalf of the existing mode of distribution by lot, that it had been clearly authorized by the Act of the Legislature of January 29, 1844, amendatory to the Act of Incorporation, and that the terms of this Act were not repugnant to the provisions of the Constitution respecting lotteries. The Court of Appeals have, however, affirmed the judgment of the Supreme Court, and on the 22d of October last, pronounced their decision to the effect that the mode of distribution was illegal and unconstitutional.

"This decision does not affect the existence of the Art Union as a corporate body, or deprive it of the franchises and privileges granted it by its charter. It leaves the institution to go on, under whatever plan of operations it may hereafter legally adopt. It is, however, finally decisive against the distribution by lot of the works of art of the institution. The committee have, therefore, in submission to the judgment of the Court, announced that no such distribution will take place. They have further decided upon selling the works of art now in their possession, at public auction, in order to enable them to close the affairs of the institution for the year 1851, which will be done as soon as practicable after the sale."

The sale of the pictures occurred December 15, 16 and 17, 1852, at the Art Union's gallery, No. 497 Broadway. This was the most important sale of American paintings up to that date, and it is doubtful if it has ever since been equaled in interest by a sale of exclusively American pictures. All the most prominent American artists of the time were represented, many of them at their best. A comparison of this old catalogue—containing 395 members—with a modern catalogue, shows how much more the artists *had to say* in their pictures in 1851 than they have had to say in more recent years. There were many more historical subjects than are painted now, and story-telling through works of art was much more common than at present. When one occasionally sees one of these old paintings, however, despite the conscientious work to be observed in it, he must admit that technically American Art has advanced wonderfully in thirty years.

In May, 1853, the Art Union published another supplementary *Bulletin*, giving the results of the sale of pictures in December 1852, the sale of the steel and copper plates, real estate, furniture, etc., belonging to the Art Union. By this statement *after everything was paid*, there were left in the hands of the Art Union, \$2,685. In this last supplementary *Bulletin*, after enumerating in detail the proceedings which led to the cessation of the annual distributions, it is editorially remarked:

"It is unnecessary to say that the result has disappointed the members of the Committee of Management, and the many friends of the Art Union. The practice of distributing works of art by lot among subscribers to Art Unions, or, what is the same thing, of money prizes to be laid out in works of art, is an invariable and the characteristic feature of these associations in Europe as well as in this country. The special action of the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain confirming this power to the London Art Union, and the general judgment of the civilized world, as evinced in the institution and support of Art Unions, constitute an expression of vast authority and influence to the point that a distribution, by this mode, of works of art, purchased by the aggregated power of small subscriptions for the object of encouraging, advancing and extending a taste for the fine arts, is not an offense against morality. A lottery technically, a well conducted Art Union is not a lottery in the true and proper sense."

The money, pictures and plates which remained in possession of the Art Union after its sale (some paintings had been presented to the Union by the artists, for the nucleus of a permanent public gallery, which in the early days of the Union, it was hoped might be established,) were turned over to the New York Historical Society, after a time, and thus the active career of the old Art Union ended. Its influence, however, did not end with its death. In thousands of households its engravings, paintings and publications still acted as refining influences and kept alive the art interest that the Union had awakened throughout the country. Many an artist had been assisted by the Union in the early portion of his career, when he most needed assistance, who was now able to take care of himself—thanks to the patronage he had received and the demand for art works which had been caused by the efforts of the Art Union. In twelve years the Art Union did more for the Art of the country, more for the artists of the country, more for the refinement of the country than probably would have been accomplished in fifty years had it not existed.



## HOW TO LOOK AT A PICTURE.

THE following article was published in *The Studio and Musical Review*, a paper issued for a number of weeks in 1881. The writer's explication of the proper consideration of this matter will be interesting and valuable to our readers:

It is not with the desire to lay down laws, but to point out principles, that the following hints are written. These principles of seeing have not been forced upon our public, though generally recognized by professional artists. Even critics in this country seem frequently to have neglected them. As new generations of picture-seers and picture-buyers come upon the scene, the same guides need to be offered, and as *The Studio* hopes to help the young by its counsel, as well as win the old by its well-balanced judgments, the suggestions contained in this paper may not be out of place.

The first principle that is to be noted is that of the proper focal distance to be chosen when looking at a painting or drawing. The natural distance for a normal eye is conceded to be three times the diagonal of the picture. The principle can be easily verified. Take a carte-de-visite photograph and hold it near the eye, then distance it until, without moving the eye-ball in the socket, you can comfortably include the whole picture in your field of vision; then measure the distance at which you are holding the card from the eye, and the chances are that you will find the measurement related to the diagonal of the card as three is to one. To see a figure six feet high properly, one needs to be eighteen away. Here we have a hint for the placing of pictures in a room so that they may have an acceptable focal distance; and here, too, we have a guide to a solution of the question of finish.

It is doubtless true that nature is perfectly finished, even under the microscope, but a work of art must simply *appear* to be finished at some well understood focal distance. It seems reasonable, then, to make that perfect appearance coincide with the natural focal measurement of the healthy vision of the average spectator.

Visitors to our galleries have formed bad habits by misunderstanding the aim of a good work of art. This is to impress us as a whole with some sentiment of beauty or grandeur, inspire us or delight us, or even disgust us sometimes; but the impression must be produced, else in so far the work fails. Every detail consistent with the development of the feeling in the spectator which inspired the artist should, at the chosen distance, look perfect. It matters not how the result is brought about when we come to examine it closely, if the purpose for which it was introduced is fulfilled where all the other parts are in harmony with it. A blotchy daub a foot square that assumes no shape until we have crossed the gallery, is as false in method as the other extreme of a canvas six feet across which means nothing to us when we are more than six feet away and can, consequently, see perfectly but two feet of its surface, and must take it in by thirds.

As artists have so often neglected this rule, which may be assumed to be a law of vision, it is not surprising that the public is confused in its manner of examining the works of our painters. Even hanging committees, who are supposed to consult the best interests of artists and the public, fail in this respect, and frequently force us to smell of huge works, and banish to the upper regions small masterpieces which, if worthy a place on the walls, one would think might be placed where they could be seen. But until we have gutta-percha rooms elastic enough to give the aspirants for fame a place on the line, these much-to-be-desired attentions will not be paid.

J. W. C.

## INFLUENCE AND INDIVIDUALITY.

SOME FURTHER CONVERSATION WITH WILLIAM HART.

THE remarks of Mr. William Hart—published in a former number of *THE ART UNION*—concerning the copying of an artist's methods by his pupils—appear to have been appreciated more by artists than by critics. The difficulty with the average critic has been that he has made no distinction between the legitimate influence of the master, shown in the pupil's work, and the downright copying of the former by the latter. In a conversation with Mr. Hart a few days ago, he recurred to the subjects of our former conversation, and among other things, said:

"What an abused word 'school' is, in its artistic application! I am profoundly grateful that there is no 'school,' in the commonly accepted sense, in this country, save the sorry importations from Paris and Munich. It has always seemed to me that the total absence of 'school' in England was very much to the credit of English art, and spoke volumes for the honesty and sincerity of the English artists.

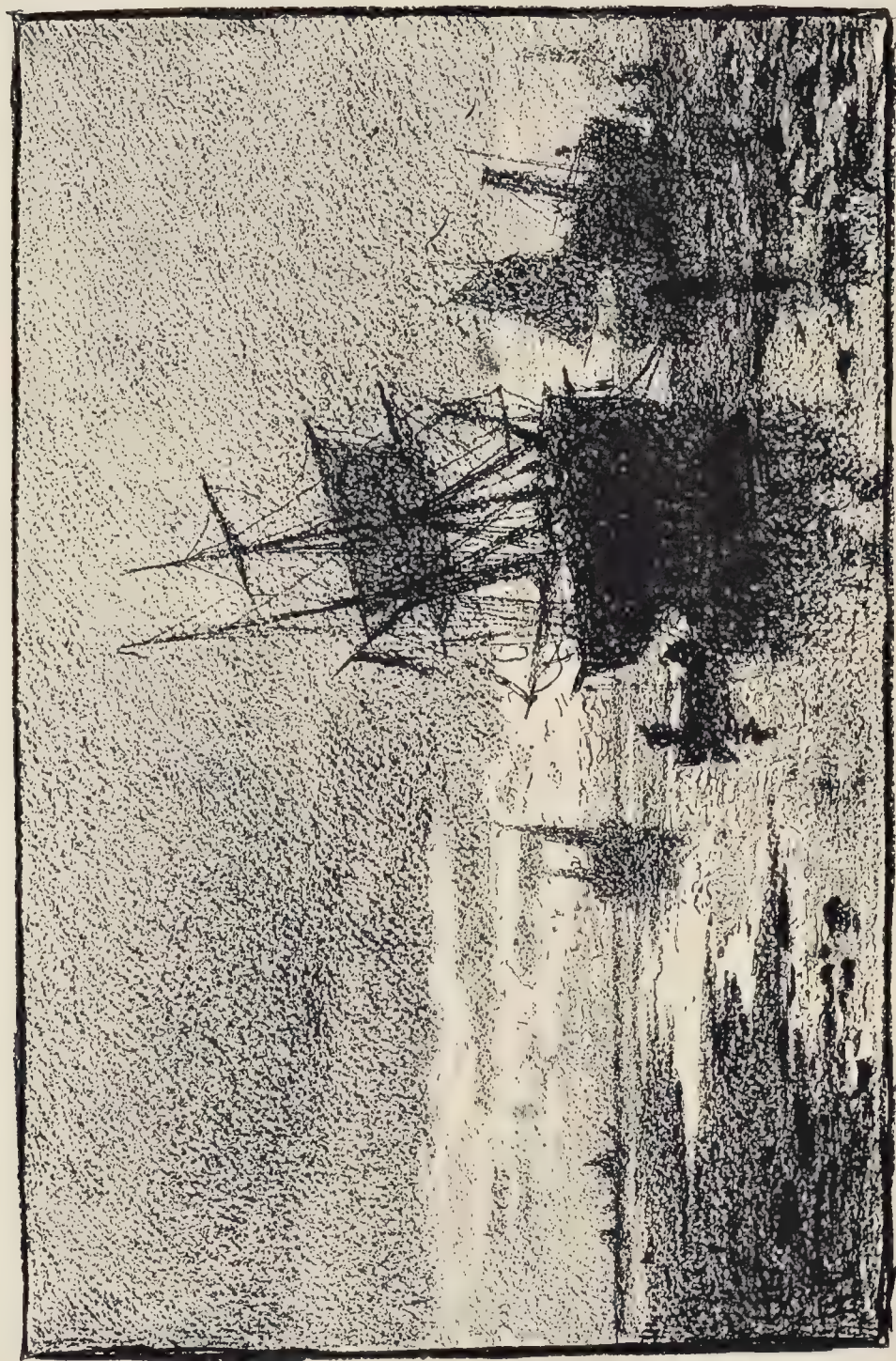
"An artist reasons upon art from the recollection of the pictures he has seen, the men he has known and from his own experience. I could not treat the question of 'Influence and individuality' abstractly, and discuss it from some point away up in the clouds, as do the great art critics, I must take an artist, a great one, and analyze his career.

"Suppose we take Turner, the great English artist. He began with terrible obstacles in his way, and by conquering these, one by one, he made himself the great artist that he was. Reading his early history, we are sorry for him; we are surprised at the stupidity of the world that did not instantly recognize him. But hold! we are wrong; our sorrow is misplaced; his hard experiences were the rubs that polished the diamond and gave it that transcendent lustre which we associate with the name of Turner. Yet, this only in part; besides the original genius in the poor barber boy, there was much hearty art food that he devoured and assimilated. How does the stalwart six-foot man come from the puny babe? Simply from the food he has digested throughout the years, and which has built him up. It is so with the artist. If he can assimilate, he can grow. If he cannot, he will remain an art-babe to the end of his days. I can recall many art-babes who were prodigies at seventeen, yet who never grew an inch afterwards. They could not assimilate, and hence remained stationary in art.

"Turner had a prodigious appetite. He fed lustily on many things. If I could give a list of all the works he ever painted, I could name the art-food he was assimilating through the different periods of his life. In the earlier portion of his career, his associate, Girtin, had a great influence upon him. There was a depth in Girtin's work of which Turner was not capable at that time, and the latter, either consciously or unconsciously, began to copy that which he admired in the work of his contemporary. Turner and Girtin were born the same year, yet it has always seemed to me as if Girtin must have had the nature of an older man than his friend, to whom it is my fancy to regard him

IN the June number of the *ART UNION*, President Huntington of the National Academy will contribute an article on the Prado galleries of Madrid, A. J. Conant will discuss various art matters of current interest, and the long deferred article on the Philadelphia Academy schools will also be given a place.





EVENING ON THE FRENCH COAST.—FROM A CRAYON SKETCH BY HARRY CHASE, A. N. A.



as having been a sort of protector and adviser. Both of them were hired by Dr. Monks to come to his house and make drawings at half a crown a night and a supper thrown in. Girtin possessed much solid power, with a strain of sadness thrown in, which was very charming. All this could not fail to impress deeply the sensitive Turner, whose earliest inspiration was probably the drop curtain of a theatre, and who must have nourished strange, fantastic ideals of color and form, which were repressed by the influence of the older men. Girtin was Turner's tonic at a time when he needed tonics.

"It would be difficult to determine how the thought awoke in Turner's mind to become an artist. His father shaved Stothard and other artists, and there is a story told that Turner once accompanied his father to a house in the neighborhood, to take a lesson in dressing hair, but that his attention was so taken up by a coat-of-arms, which he saw on the table, that he noted little of the business to which he then appeared to be destined, but after he returned home, made a drawing from memory from the coat-of-arms, which greatly pleased his father, and probably led to his being allowed to devote a portion of his time to the study of art.

"Turner probably had the advantage of many private galleries for his inspiration, and it is clear that he was very greatly influenced by a number of men. He was carried away for awhile, with imitations of Claude Lorraine, Cuyp and Ruysdael. He painted pictures in the manner of these men, which were *de facto* copies. I remember having seen one which I thought was a Cuyp: there were cottages and a wind-mill, with great breadth of composition. In Turner's earliest manner, there was a manifest imitation of the Dutch masters, but while he was making these imitations, he was also studying tremendously. He was sketching from Nature almost constantly, imbibing numberless impressions of natural scenery. While he copied the masters, he compared them with Nature; he analyzed both and contrasted his views of what was before his eyes, with their views as expressed in their works. This brought him to the discovery that he could see more than they had been able to see; that he could express sunlight better than could Claude, and water better than could Ruysdael. He found that in space he could indicate leagues where Claude could only represent furlongs, but he also found that in it he could never give the soul-qualities in Cuyp or Ruysdael. In every work of the former there is the expression of an intense enjoyment of Nature; in every picture of the latter there is enveloped a sweet and touching sadness. Then Turner broke away from the influences he could not compass, retaining all that he could assimilate, rejecting imitation of those points that he could not fathom, and developing the long retained, long repressed, orientalism of his nature. His pictures became in art, what the "Arabian Nights" are in literature. It must have been the realization of his boyish dreams to be able to develop the fancies of his painful youth, when Nature first revealed herself to him in visions of iridescent color. Values he never learned, in the common acceptance of the term, but his gradations were so full that this ignorance was compensated for. So he built himself up. If you

look at his pictures, you can feel Claude, but you can feel Turner also; you can feel Cuyp, but Turner is with him too. You can feel that Turner has studied the sea currents and the tides as man never did before him, and in this he is far, far beyond Ruysdael.

"Had Turner never gone beyond the copying of these men, he would have been unworthy of criticism. The obvious imitations he made of them were done at a time when he was trying to comprehend them, trying to put himself into their condition in order that he might learn to read Nature with their eyes and then determine which was the better, what they saw or what he saw.

"Turner was influenced by other men without becoming a slave to any of them, and his example clearly demonstrates the difference between legitimate and illegitimate influence."

#### "SCHOOLS" IN ART.

"You think, Mr. Hart, that 'Schools' in Art are bad;—Will you kindly define what you mean by a 'school' in art, and show in what respect such a thing is bad?"

"We generally understand by 'school' the effect of a great genius upon contemporary art. He is surrounded by pupils, who aspire to learn from him the magic of his coloring, the dexterity of his touch. There is a doubt in my mind whether, under any circumstances, a master can convey to a pupil anything beyond the principles upon which he builds his pictures—the laws relating to general harmony, etc.—all of which could be told in the lecture-room even better than in the studio. If the pupil cannot comprehend them when enunciated in a lecture, how is he to understand them when developed in a picture, where they undergo the modification peculiar to the individuality of each genuine artist?"

"In the expression of Nature there are what an astronomer would call perturbations, and these are the marks of individuality that designate genius. Were it otherwise, the works of all the great painters would be alike, because true artists, who understand the underlying principles of art, work intuitively in harmony with them. Take, for example, the value of a white in shadow, in the foreground—as white clouds in shadow in the sky, with openings of pure blue between them. That is an effect to be seen in many pictures by different masters; and in the most perfect works, we get a feeling that the same palette produced them all, though they may be separated by long lengths of centuries, and great stretches of distance between their countries. All of these pictures may be, at the same time, totally different in effect and feeling. The one illustrates especially the vicinage of Rome and is steeped in Italian art and color; a second is a bit cut from the lowlands of Holland, and a third comes from the leafy, rural districts of England. To the uninstructed spectator, there is not a particle of resemblance; to the artist, the tones bring the same delicious music, and the palette of one is the palette of all. This is the true art 'school,'—but how shall this be taught to pupils? I know of no way save through the lecture room. The great difficulty, however, is, that the grand harmonies of painting are not to be learned easily. The artist who knows, can proclaim aloud all that he knows, but that will not give comprehension to his pupils. No amount

of mere explanation of *chiar-oscuro* will enable them to embody it in their works intelligently, or even understand it. A diligent student can learn partially to comprehend it in black-and-white, from the study of Rembrandt's etchings, but let it be translated into color, and it goes from him. It is so subtle that he cannot discern it, or so complex that it confuses him. What power can the master give to his pupils to comprehend what is warm or what is cold in color? This discernment is a natural gift of the eye, just as the discrimination between 'sharps,' 'flats' and 'naturals' in music, is a natural gift of the ear.

"Let us imagine the result had Turner been willing to teach and become a professor. We see him surrounded by shoals of pupils, eager to learn the great Turnerian secrets of landscape. They describe themselves as the landscape school of the great Turner, and naturally deride all other landscape schools, past, present and to come. They set up their easels in a great studio, and watch the master paint. His methods are—must be—chaos to them, but they must follow him, and empirically they do so. The most trusted of them fight for the honor of preparing his palette, and by dint of watching, learn his combinations of color. It is to be noted that these must be according to the laws of color which they could learn in a lecture-room—for if they are not, they are bad, and will be destroyed by time and will pass out of the memory of mankind. The pupils copy what they see; that is their business in the studio, and the best pupil is the one who is the most adroit monkey.

"A genius is, of necessity, uneven and fitful. When a master is unsuccessful in a picture, his mannerisms are all the more evident, and his 'padding' becomes conspicuous. But the pupil copies it all, dwelling upon the peculiarities,—the things excused in the master on account of his good qualities. Many of his foregrounds are simply preludes, or introductions to the real pictures, which are to be found in the exquisite backgrounds. Take the Turner belonging to Mr. William H. Vanderbilt:—there is a foreground in which are trees, a cascade, a fountain, some fairies and some architecture, I believe. I see in that picture, however, only the background, with its infinite stretch of gradations and such light in the sky as dims everything near it. Persons ask me about it, and I tell them I can conceive of nothing finer in landscape. But, they say: 'Do you like the nymphs and the fountain?' I tell them that the background caught my eyes and held them there, and that I never saw the foreground at all. But what would pupils do with such a picture before them? They would pick out, probably, what was easiest, and endeavor to copy it. It would not be difficult to paint a tree as Turner did, so that it would pass muster as a Turner tree, but a Turner distance is another matter. The infinite gradations of his background, containing the soul and substance of his exquisite thought, could not be copied by them, and they would almost naturally leave it alone. The somewhat cheap magnificence of Turner's foregrounds, and his real mannerisms, shown in his cloudy rocks, imposing temples, and careless, ill-drawn figures—used simply for the distribution of masses of light and dark in color—and oft repeated trees, could be and would be

copied by the men of his school, and a great deal that these men would do would come to be regarded as essentially characteristic of Turner,—for when the pupils could not comprehend, it is pretty certain the public would not. It is probably no stretch of the fact to say that Turner is estimated by the world at large not by the really great qualities that his works possess, but by the mannerisms that were his besetting sins, the result of early prepossessions,—intuitive feelings, or too often, haste in picture-making.

What pupil would analyze Turner's water-lines and compare them with Nature through a long course of difficult sketches fraught with physical pain and danger? No one. Everything would be rejected that was not a vehicle of magnificent and fantastic color. The consequence would be, that even in the master's lifetime, the school would be distinguished by chaotic composition, forcible but illegitimate presentations of color, and theatrical or meretricious affections of *chiar-oscuro*. After his death, the school would depart further and further from the true principles of its head, until finally it would arrive at the color craziness of untaught effort, and would disappear with the universal contempt of the world cast upon it.

"Schools"—so called—are a humbug. The English have always rejected them, from that innate detestation of dishonesty which is characteristic of the people. I really think that England has had more great masters within the last two centuries than has any other country, yet, not one of these ever founded a school, or, in other words, founded a host of imitators. All of these really great men built themselves up by assimilating art-knowledge from preceding great masters. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Richard Wilson, 'Old Crome,' Wilkie, Constable, Turner, Stothard and Hogarth, all profited by wholesome influences that built them up without destroying their individuality.

"Copying is the refuge of the weak and the young. Assimilation is learning. If you consider the nature of a true artist, you must see what a vast part influences have in his formation. He ripens slowly, in proportion to his universality of comprehension. If he is one capable of making every chord of Art vibrate simultaneously, if he thus blends the harmonies of many in himself, he cannot be formed rapidly; his progress cannot be too deliberate, direct or determined. What a length of time will it not take to ripen such an individuality! At first it is unconscious of its power and its privileges, because that power is so multifarious. What crude essays! What gropings in the dark! What palpable inroads upon the domains of others! What mixtures of styles must be passed through before it blossoms into individuality, and the true master reveals his strength and takes his place among the immortal ones of Art!"

THE SYRACUSE ART CLUB's first exhibition, which closed May 19, was very successful. A number of prominent New York artists were well represented, and the collection of paintings, judging from the names and titles in the catalogue, was one to command respect. The exhibition is reported as having been well attended, but no list of sales has been furnished us.



## MANUFACTURED REPUTATIONS.

TOO many of the articles upon art topics that appear from time to time in the daily newspapers, are not of a character that call for more than the ephemeral life which is indeed the only excuse for their existence.

But an article upon "The Manufacture of Reputations," that appeared recently in the *Evening Post* deserves the careful consideration of all picture buyers—there is truth in it and it is clearly expressed—our only criticism of the paper is that the writer should not have confined the manufacture of spurious reputations to the English picture-dealers—as their French and German brethren are not at all behind them in that business. A few years ago, Koek-Koek, Meyer Von Bremen, Von Schendel and Verboeckhoven, were the rage, and no gentleman's collection could afford to be without them. Their histories will be repeated by some present favorites, and so the play will go on. We reproduce from the *Post* the article referred to.

"We have recently had occasion to call attention to the manufacture of spurious *chefs d'œuvre* of great masters, through which we are threatened with a general inundation of counterfeit canvases. There is another kind of fabrication which is likely to be as dangerous to the finances of inexperienced collectors as the former. This is in the studious fabrication of spurious reputations. The art by which it is done is more subtle and less assailable legally. It is generally, if not always, the operation of European dealers who, having made contracts with painters not in public grace yet, force them into reputation by persistent puffery, mainly in journals which they control or own, or by raising the prices of their works by an ingenious system of sales at auction in which their prices steadily increase. This is done thus: The dealer, A, having sold a picture by one of his 'own artists,' X, to a client, B, with the guarantee that if he ever wishes to sell it again, he will get an advance on the price he paid for it, goes to C, who wants to invest safely in pictures, and assuring him of the security of any investment in the works of X, gets the order to buy something of his. When the picture comes to the hammer again it is sold for an advance on the last price, and if A has found a third customer, D, to order him to buy it for him, which is most likely to be the case, it goes into a new collection under the same conditions. If not, it goes into the stock of A, for sale as the work of a man whose value is rising, as is shown by the previous sales, and, with a modicum of attractiveness, makes a tremendous run in time, the values in many cases rising to three or four times the first price paid within as many years, the dealer getting his commission as a safe broker at every sale, and the last owner before the re-auction (which is in a large majority of cases certain to come sooner or later) paying the penalty of the aggregate credulity.

"This is no picture of the imagination, but an actual statement of affairs within the knowledge of any one in the secrets of the English picture trade. Of course, with time, the artists so exalted find their level, and the spurious reputation which has represented so much money value, disappears, for it is very rarely the case that the dealers are clear-sighted enough to select the immortals as their proteges, and we see that neither Turner, whose pictures have been one of the most profitable investments ever made in their kind, or Millet, scarcely less so, acquired the grace of the dealers, and themselves never saw the prices which their works have lately brought. If a dealer had been wise enough to see the future greatness of Millet in 1840, and had rescued him from poverty, he would have deserved the fortune he would have acquired. They are always the little men, with superficial qualities, who catch the eye of the dealers (rarely good judges of art), and whose pictures lend themselves most readily to the delusion of people who have money to spend and no art education to direct the spending of it. This leaves the great prizes after all to the genuine connoisseur and amateur—i.e., the man who at once knows and loves art. The painters who have been forced into spurious and temporary greatness by this process of nursing reputations are more numerous than the public

would believe or than we should care to say. Celebrity has grown cheap, and is worth as much as cheap things generally are. A man who knows nothing about art is as blind an investor in pictures as a speculator in railway shares who knows nothing of railway statistics, and is as easily taken by the auctioneer's assurance that the celebrated A. B. C. pupil of D. E. F., is one of the greatest painters of the day and a rising luminary, as is the most naïf countryman by the confidence man. The values of art are already too difficultly recognizable—let them not become in addition illusory."

## MR. HOVENDEN'S JOHN BROWN PICTURE.

MR. Thomas Hovenden has recently completed his painting of "The Last Moments of John Brown," and the picture is now on exhibition at Knøedler's gallery, where, during the past two weeks, it has attracted much attention. The following, from the New York *Tribune*, well describes the picture:

"Mr. Hovenden has chosen the moment when Brown, descending the steps of the jail on his way to the gallows, paused to kiss a negro child in its mother's arms. The brown suit and carpet slippers worn by the old hero, as well as the rope around his neck, have been ascertained by the artist to be historically correct. The cords pinioning the arms barely allow the left hand to grasp the railing, while the right is extended in a gesture full of pathos. Brown's head is slightly thrown back and the face therefore a little foreshortened. The white beard against which the round black head of the negro child stands boldly out and the upright masses of gray hair serve as accents, but it seems that something more is needed. At the left and a little behind, is the sheriff with the death-warrant, his action expressive of astonishment at the scene; and armed citizens, good Southern types, crowd the doorway. The walk at the foot of the steps is clear, and two soldiers on each side of the passageway keep back the excited crowd of negroes, mulattoes and whites. On the left a brutal-looking guard thrusts back with the butt of his musket a cringing colored man who, tattered hat in hand, pleads for permission to approach his would-be saviour. A coal-black negro boy, an excellent type, thrusts his head forward beyond the guard, and there are other minor actors in this stirring scene.

"It is evident that Mr. Hovenden has been thoroughly in earnest, and that this has been to him a serious work. As such it should be recognized, for ambitious and intelligent attempts to portray scenes in American history are too rare to pass unnoticed. What the artist has aimed at is to present a faithful record of a scene which, take it all in all, was perhaps the most characteristic in the life of John Brown. This is not an imaginative work, not an especially suggestive picture in the emotional or artistic sense, but rather an intellectual effort at transcription; plain Anglo-Saxon, rather than French.

"It is over two years since the artist received his commission from Mr. Robbins Battell, and during that time he has occupied himself faithfully and conscientiously with the subject, in which he has felt a strong personal interest. Mr. Hovenden has visited Harper's Ferry and adjacent towns, conversed with Captain Avis, John Brown's jailer, and gathered information from members of the Jefferson Guards of Charleston, Va., who were on guard at the jail on the day of the execution, as shown in this picture. By a curious coincidence the building at Plymouth Meeting, Penn., used by the artist as his studio, was, in ante-bellum days, a station of the famous 'underground railway,' by which so many slaves were helped to freedom. From old-time abolitionists resident in this town and in Philadelphia Mr. Hovenden has gathered many useful hints. Of the various portraits of Brown which he has studied one of the most useful was a photograph loaned by Dr. Furniss of Philadelphia. An extract from the New York *Tribune* of November 5, 1859, describing Brown's appearance as he emerged from the jail, has helped the artist's decision to soften somewhat the harsh features of his subject and to impart an expression gentler than is usually seen in the portraits and befitting the occasion. In his inquiries Mr. Hovenden found the tradition preserved of *The Tribune* correspondent who risked his life to be present before and at the execution."



# The Art Union

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Correspondence on Art matters is respectfully solicited.

Notices of all forthcoming Exhibitions and Art Sales throughout the country are desired, as well as copies of the Catalogues of Public and Private galleries and transient Exhibitions, and reports of Art Sales.

All communications relating to the Literary Department of this journal should be addressed to CHARLES M. KURTZ, No. 51 West Tenth Street, New York.

All communications relating to the Business Management of the Journal, or having reference to advertising in the Journal or Catalogues of The Art Union, should be addressed to "Business Department, American Art Union," No. 51 West Tenth Street, New York.

For terms of subscription to THE ART UNION, and rates for advertising in the same, see the "Business Department" of this Journal.

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No. 5.

## EDITORIAL.

OUR subscribers will please bear in mind that after June 1st, the office of the ART UNION will be in the Studio Building, 51 West Tenth St., New York.

THE recent vote in the House of Representatives appears to settle, for a while at least, the art tariff business. The artists who favored the imposition of a duty upon foreign art were, with hardly an exception, in favor of a low specific duty that would have been only a nominal sum upon works of any educational value,—and if the free art men had been willing to combine with them upon that basis, Congress would undoubtedly have listened to their united voices.

A SENTENCE which we quote from a copy of the old Art Union *Bulletin*, explains the conditions required for successful Art Union management. "*The secret of Art Union encouragement*," says the *Bulletin*, "*is found in the immense economies which result from large amounts and large numbers.*"

An enterprise like this must do business upon a large scale to do business profitably. One thousand subscriptions at five dollars each—even if the whole amount of the subscription were in payment for the journal and premium etching alone, instead of being divided for the purchase of pictures for distribution among the subscribers at the end of the year—would not begin to pay for the production of a single thousand of our etchings and a single thousand copies of the ART UNION for each month in the year. Ten thousand subscribers, however, or even a less number would give us a profit, and at the same time enable us to spend more money in the direction of improving the

journal. It costs exactly the same amount for the literary matter, editing and illustration of a publication, whether the edition is one hundred or one hundred thousand copies. It costs exactly the same amount for the type-setting for one hundred or one hundred thousand copies. It costs a larger amount for paper and press-work for one hundred thousand than for a hundred copies, but when one buys a large amount of paper he can secure large reductions in the price per pound; and the cost of press-work, including the "making-ready," is much less in proportion for a large than for a small amount. Moreover, with a large circulation, advertising comes in more rapidly and at better rates, and as much as may be made in this direction is so much to the advantage of our subscribers, since the Union does not aim to declare large cash dividends so much as it aims to advance the interests of American Art. It finds that through its journal, etching and exhibitions it can do this, as it should be done, only by the expenditure of a large amount of money to give its subscribers the *best procurable*. This requires a large number of subscribers in order that the large economies—which alone bring us profits instead of losses—may be practised.

AS usual at this season, many of the graduates of our art schools are preparing to go abroad to continue their studies. At the gathering at the Academy, on May 16, after the distribution of the school prizes, Prof. Wilmarth gave some wholesome advice to the students who were leaving home;—he urged them strongly not to forget their nationality, and not to forget that America was to be the field of their future labors. If these young people are to aid in the development of the great American school of the future, it cannot be done by their becoming second-hand Frenchmen or Germans. It would be well if they would lay to heart the beautiful sonnet addressed by Bryant to Cole, the painter, departing for Europe:

"Thine eyes shall see the light of distant skies;  
Yet, Cole! thy heart shall bear to Europe's strand  
A living image of our own bright land,  
Such as upon thy glorious canvas lies;  
Lone lakes—savannas where the bison roves—  
Rocks rich with summer garlands—solemn streams—  
Skies, where the desert eagle wheels and screams—  
Spring bloom and autumn blaze of boundless groves,  
Fair scenes shall greet thee where thou goest;—fair,  
But different—everywhere the trace of men  
Paths, homes, graves, ruins, from the lowest glen  
To where life shrinks from the fierce Alpine air.  
Gaze on them, till the tears shall dim thy sight,  
But keep that earlier, wilder image bright."

AN editor of a daily paper has not time to investigate the merits of every subject presented for consideration, but is apt to take a plausible statement, from an authority which appears to be trustworthy, as a fact.

The New York *Sun* of May 23 contained some strictures upon the conduct of the American Art Union, based upon false information furnished by an unprincipled enemy of the Union and upon a singular letter written by Mr. Slack,



of the Boston Charitable Mechanic Association. We reproduce the letter herewith as it appeared in the *Sun*.

## AN ART MONOPOLY.

The Art Union is a corporation of this city whose apparent intentions in respect to the development of art in the United States have heretofore secured to it warm commendation and encouragement. Being made up of artists and having outlined a most laudable method of exhibiting pictures and promoting their sale, it seemed as if it would prove a useful institution.

Since the outset of its career, when it so commended itself to approval, it appears to have degenerated into a close corporation of art dealers devoted to selfish interests and to securing a prohibitive tariff upon foreign art.

The prohibitive tariff question is beyond the reach of argument for the moment, but all artists are much interested in the endeavor on the part of the Art Union to exclude all works that are not executed by its members from the popular exhibitions of the principal cities, a project which if successful would prove very injurious to the interests of many of the best artists in the country. The Art Union, it should be understood, does not include the best artists in its list of membership. When it began business it enrolled a few of them, but dissatisfaction with and mistrust of its practices and management have induced them to resign.

Recently the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, desiring to have a number of contributions from New York studios for its fifteenth triennial exhibition, an occasion of advantage to artists of every degree, endeavored, unwisely enough, to arrange the matter with the New York Art Union. That body agreed to supply an exhibition of pictures, but stipulated that the \$5,000 which the association had appropriated for the purchase of pictures should be confined in its expenditure to works by members of the Art Union.

This proposition was wholly unsatisfactory, and copies of the following letter have been sent to leading artists in New York, who desire to give it publicity:

MASSACHUSETTS CHARITABLE MECHANIC ASSOCIATION, }  
BOSTON, May 19, 1884. }

DEAR SIR: We have been endeavoring to get some pictures from New York for our pending art exhibition—whose circular I send you—through the "Art Union," so called, but the movement seems to meet some obstacle to a complete result. We offer to buy \$5,000 worth of pictures, as you will see; but the Union wishes us to confine the purchases *exclusively* to members of the Union, which we decline to do.

Can you give us any hint as to whether any pictures can be had in New York independently of the Union, if we decide to act without their lines?

Any suggestion will be welcomed by yours truly,

CHAS. W. SLACK.

The following answer was prepared for insertion in the *Sun*, but was considered too long for its columns. The paper kindly published, however, a brief denial of every charge contained in the above.

To the Editor of the New York *Sun*:—SIR:

IN the opening number of THE ART UNION it was stated that "as the Association is composed of artists whose ideas and practice of art have wide divergence, but who are yet united in one common cause—the popularization of art—there will be no official commendation or condemnation of any particular school. The journal will support only such ideas as obtain among all earnest and honest artists, and will deprecate such only as these in common condemn. Its columns will, however, be open to any individual presentation of art views, except such as may be written with personal animus, which the Association has no desire to encourage."

If the ART UNION, "at the outset of its career, commended itself to approval," as you say in this morning's *Sun*, it should continue to hold this approval, as it has not deviated in the slightest degree from the course sketched out. Officially, the ART UNION has *not* "endeavored to secure a prohibitive tariff upon foreign art," and has not editorially published a word in favor of either side. Every communication upon the art tariff

question that has been sent in has been published; and the only reason why more have appeared upon one side than upon the other, is that more have been offered. No one has been asked to write in favor of any kind of duty; but, on the other hand, several of the most radical of the free art men have been personally requested to present their views. We have never forgotten that our members are divided in their opinions upon this and other questions, and that this journal belongs to every one alike.

If any one had sent in a communication favoring a 30 per cent., or even a 300 per cent duty, it would have been printed; but, as a matter of fact, no tariff correspondent has urged the retention of the 30 per cent. tax; but all have advocated a low specific duty, that would be only a nominal burden upon the better class of foreign work.

Again, the ART UNION has never "endeavored to exclude all works not executed by its members from the popular exhibitions." On the contrary, at the exhibitions held last year at Buffalo and Louisville, and at the present time in San Francisco, and in the contracts made for approaching exhibitions, it has never even asked for such exclusion, and this has not been made. We have simply said to the large exhibitions that are connected with fairs: "If you want the pictures of our members, you must agree to make some return, either in the shape of a fair percentage of sales, or else to pay a certain sum for the loan of the pictures, from whose exhibition you make large profits."

From the art exhibitions that do not make money from the exhibition of our works, we have not demanded guarantees, but have given our pictures freely and without conditions.

All of the exhibition committees with whom the Art Union has been in communication, including even Mr. Slack, have said that we were at last acting in a sensible and business-like way and personally approved of our demands; although, as committees, they wanted to get the pictures at the least expense and to make as much money for themselves as possible. The results of the last exhibition of the Mass. Charitable Mechanic Association, one of the wealthiest of its kind in the country (its buildings costing \$500,000), will show the necessity that existed for a guarantee of sales—without which artists cannot live. The art exhibition was one of the largest ever held in the country and only \$2,000 worth of pictures were sold, not enough to pay for the damage done to the frames. But the association made a large sum of money from its exhibition.

Mr. Slack, in a letter written on the 19th of May, the date of the circular you have given, wishes to conclude a contract with the Art Union, "with the guarantee given as agreed upon," which was to buy \$2,500 worth of Art Union pictures. The manner of the selection and collection of the pictures was the only point upon which we had not agreed, and that could have been easily adjusted.

Now for the assertions that the Art Union is a "close corporation of art dealers, and that when it began business it only enrolled a few of the best artists who have since resigned." It was impossible to admit to membership every artist in the country, but this is the first charge that has ever been made even by its enemies, that any deserving artist has been refused membership, even from their own standpoint.

The published list of 170 members is our reply to the statement that it does not include most of the artists who are recognized by the public as the best artists of the country.

But if the statement is true, it is indeed singular that Mr. Slack should experience the difficulty he confesses, in obtaining a sufficient number of good pictures from outside the society. There have been only five resignations—of which two only were from artists on account of "dissatisfaction"—and these two never had any interest in the society; the other three resignations were simply from business reasons, and expressed friendly sympathy for the Art Union and wishes for its success.

The Art Union is endeavoring to advance the interests of all of the artists of the country, and to act squarely and fairly with every one—with the public as well as its own members, and it is hard to find its actions so misrepresented without any effort being made to find out the truth.

E. WOOD PERRY, JR., Sec'y Am. Art Union.

"A talent for any art is rare; but it is given to nearly everyone to cultivate a taste for art; only it must be cultivated with earnestness. The more things thou learnest to know and to enjoy, the more complete and full will be for thee the delight of living."—*Platen*.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

Under this heading will be published communications relative to art matters. In each case, the name and address of the writer must accompany the contribution, though not necessarily for publication.

## A LETTER FROM THE FAR WEST.

HERE is an extract from a letter from a Colorado mining camp, which we feel disposed to print. In the first place, it is pleasant to feel that our efforts on behalf of American art are appreciated, and that our art is not altogether lost sight of, even in the remote fastnesses of our great country. If those who have written us somewhat similar letters, expressing appreciation of our journal and approval of its course in certain directions, will just take the hint and reinforce their words in the practical manner of our Colorado friend, we shall soon be able to give them a better journal than we publish at present, and this letter will not have been published in vain.

Aspen, Colorado, May 7, 1884.

To the Secretary of THE ART UNION:—SIR:

The copies of the American ART UNION sent to Mr. — attracted my attention the other day, and upon looking over them and the superb etching by Mr. Shirlaw, I was greatly pleased, and at once concluded to add my mite to the success of such meritorious efforts. Your exposition of the frauds of unscrupulous dealers in pictures meets with my hearty approbation. It is time that the buyers of pictures should be put on their guard and that genuine American art should be brought to the front. By a united effort on the part of the best artists, home art will soon enjoy the respect and success it merits. Aspen is a small mining camp, yet there are a few persons here who are sufficiently cultured in art to appreciate the true value of your journal, and I send you herewith seven subscriptions for 1884. I expect to send you at least four or five more names in a few days."

## A NEWSPAPER STATEMENT CORRECTED.

To the Editor of THE ART UNION:—SIR:

THE justice that is sure to come, sooner or later, from a clear understanding of both sides of a vexed question is greatly retarded by the persistent misstatement of facts, the partisan reasoning that follows upon such false premises, and the wholesale abuse of every one who presumes to hold a contrary opinion.

The *Times* of the 20th assailed the House for its action in refusing to abolish the duty upon foreign art works, and stated that "prior to the imposition of the 30 per cent. duty all works of art were admitted free," and also, that the Belmont bill "simply provided that all works of art, whether ancient or modern, should be wholly exempt from duty." Both of these statements are incorrect, as immediately preceding the 30 per cent. duty there had been duties of 10 per cent., tariff 1790-1792; acts of 1794-'95, 10 per cent.; acts of 1797-1800, 12½ per cent.; acts of 1804, 1807 and 1808, 15 per cent.; acts of 1812-'13-'15-'16, 30 per cent.; acts of 1841-'42, 20 per cent.; acts of 1812 and '46, paintings on glass, 30 per cent.—others free; act 1861-1883, 10 per cent.; and the Belmont bill proposed to remove the duty not from "all works of art," but only from "paintings, drawings and

photographs, and statues of marble and other stone," and to continue the duty upon etchings, engravings, lithographs, statuary of bronze and other metals, terra cotta, ivory and plaster, and many other artistic productions. —W.

## A CHANCE FOR LOYAL "PARIS-AMERICANS."

To the Editor of THE ART UNION:—SIR:

Mr. Kasson stated, in the debate upon the art bill, on May 20th,—in reference to the duty laid upon works of foreigners while works produced by Americans abroad are admitted free—that the American artists living in Europe "declare that they do not want this distinction made between brother artists," hence the bill that was offered to place a duty of 10 per cent upon all alike.

But as the discriminating duty of 30 per cent. has actually been retained, let the American artists abroad show their sincerity by not taking out a consul's certificate for the works they send home, and let them pay the same duty of 30 per cent. that their foreign neighbors pay. Such a course would necessarily satisfy our foreign friends.

A RESIDENT ARTIST.

## A FEW WORDS WITH MR. PRANG.

To the Editor of THE ART UNION:—SIR:

I wish to offer a few words in reply to Mr. Prang. That gentleman does, in his dealings with artists, lay a proper value upon "individuality," and is willing to pay for it. But the great majority of purchasers do not. They look at two pictures of equal size and nearly equal merit and select the cheaper one or prefer that which has the foreign name. This is not guess work, it is a fact. An extensive dealer, who had bought many American pictures, some five years ago began to visit Europe and bring back foreign—Belgian and German—works. He said they were not better than American pictures, probably not so good on the whole, but they were cheaper; he therefore could make more on them.

I agree with Mr. Prang in reprobating the protective policy. It should be swept away, and all men be placed upon an equal footing. But meanwhile we artists should not alone be sacrificed for the good of the country. If a change be made in the Art Tariff let it be in the direction of a specific duty; and later, let that duty be reduced step by step when other duties are. —L.

## A LETTER FROM MR. SLACK.

Just as we go to press, Mr. Perry, Secretary of the Art Union, has received a letter from Mr. Slack, of Boston, in which he refers to the letter published in *The Sun* (reprinted on page 111) as a "private letter unauthorizedly copied in part; \* \* \* I did not discriminate in my language as I should, had I dreamed anybody was to print what I wrote."

Americans artists and friends of art will regret the financial misfortunes which have overtaken Mr. George I. Seney, one of the most liberal patrons of the Fine Arts in our midst. Mr. Seney made a large collection of paintings, representing many of the best foreign and American masters, and through his generosity in loaning selections from them for various exhibitions, the contents of his gallery had come to be pretty well known and appreciated by lovers of art. Several days ago, Mr. Seney executed a bill of sale of all these pictures to the Metropolitan National Bank, for \$350,000, and later a bill of sale for the same pictures and for the same amount was filed from the Metropolitan Bank to Frederick D. Tappan, Jacob D. Vermilye, George S. Coe, George G. Williams, Washington E. Hall, and Edward W. Perkins, Jr.



## ART UNION MATTERS.

**D**URING the past month the Art Union Exhibition has had few visitors, despite the delightful weather, and by the time this reaches the reader, the work of removal to the Tenth Street office will have been begun.

New members of the Art Union have been elected since our last publication, as follows:

Louis H. Burr, New York; Thomas B. Craig, Philadelphia; Virgil Williams, San Francisco; J. J. Barber, Columbus, O.; Geo. Wright, Philadelphia; Jas. B. Sword, Philadelphia; Louis Contoit, New York, and I. E. Parmelee, Springfield, Mass.

## ART UNION EXHIBITIONS.

**T**HE Art Union has contracted to send collections of works by its members, to Louisville and St. Louis during a portion of the summer. The Louisville pictures will be exhibited in connection with the Art Department of the Southern Exposition, which is open from August 16 to October 25.

## THE SOUTHERN EXPOSITION.

The Southern Exposition was visited last year by nearly a million persons, most of whom found its Art Department its most attractive feature. It was one of the most successful exhibitions, too, as regards sales, to which American artists have ever contributed. Out of one hundred and thirty-five paintings sent through the Art Union, valued at fifty thousand dollars, thirty-nine were sold for \$16,475. Probably no other exhibition ever held in this country can show an equally large *percentage* of sales!

The Southern Exposition of this year promises to be even more important than was that of last year, and probably it will be much more largely visited. Nearly every State in the Union will be represented by exhibits of its chief productions, vegetable, mineral and manufactured; Gilmore's and Cappa's Bands have been secured to add to the musical attractions; magnificent pyrotechnic displays will be provided once at least every week, and the Art Department will contain representative works of the best foreign and American artists of the time.

Those who visited Louisville last year, and enjoyed the masterpieces borrowed from the private galleries of August Belmont, Samuel J. Tilden, George I. Seney, Henry G. Marquand, Victor Newcomb, Thomas B. Clarke, William T. Evans, Reuben Springer, James R. Keene, D. O. Mills, George M. Pullman, Joseph E. Temple and many other gentlemen whose artistic tastes are well known, as well as the special collection of pictures from The American Art Union, might be inclined to doubt the ability of the Exposition Management to secure an equally excellent and interesting collection this year; yet, already a large number of works have been secured which give promise that the exhibition this year will even greatly exceed last year's, both in the average merit of the works exhibited, and in their general pictorial interest.

The general management of the Exposition Art Department has been placed in the hands of Mr. Charles M. Kurtz, who had charge of the same last year. The selection of

the pictures to be sent to Louisville has been confided to him by the Exposition authorities, and he will ship the pictures, superintend the hanging and prepare the catalogue, which will probably contain a number of illustrations. From seventy-five to one hundred pictures by members of The Art Union will be sent to Louisville, a satisfactory percentage of sales being guaranteed by the Exposition Management.

## THE ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION.

The Exhibition of the St. Louis Exposition and Music Hall Association will be open from September 3 to October 18, in the fine new building now being completed in Missouri Park, St. Louis. The Art Department will be a special feature of the exhibition. It will contain works borrowed from private collections, and some fifty pictures by members of the Art Union. Mr. G. H. Galt has been appointed to select the pictures to be sent through the Art Union.

## THE MILWAUKEE EXHIBITION.

An arrangement has been made with the Milwaukee Industrial Exposition Society, which will hold its Fourth Annual Exhibition from September 6 to October 11, by which a number of paintings by members of the Art Union will be exhibited in its Art Department. Mrs. Lydia Ely, Superintendent of the Art Department, will communicate directly with members of the Union from whom she desires pictures.

## THE SAN FRANCISCO EXHIBITION.

The Exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association, containing a collection of fifty paintings by members of the Art Union, is now open, and from all accounts is being well patronized. Considerable dissatisfaction exists among some of the San Francisco artists because the Art Association secured pictures from the East under a guarantee of a certain percentage of sales, instead of procuring all the pictures from local artists and giving them a guarantee. As a result of this feeling, some very intemperate newspaper communications and criticisms of the pictures have been published, which, however, will only advertise the exhibition, not benefiting in any way the short-sighted persons foolishly arraying themselves against the Eastern artists and their Association.

## LOUISVILLE'S PERMANENT GALLERY.

**T**HE Polytechnic Society of Kentucky, formally opened its Permanent Art Gallery in the Polytechnic building, in Louisville, with a Reception and Private View, May 20. The gallery was opened to the general public May 21. Among the paintings belonging to the gallery are fifteen fine works purchased last year from the American Art Union. The society possesses in all some sixty pictures, and four superb marbles, including an original *Hebe*, by Canova, and an excellent copy of the *Venus de Medici*, by Joel T. Hart. The Art Committee of the Polytechnic Society consists of Mr. George H. Moore, Mr. R. Jouett Menefee and Dr. E. A. Grant, gentlemen well-informed upon art matters, and under whose direction the gallery will be excellently managed. The handsome invitation to the reception contained a fine wood-engraving of the picture by T. W. Wood, "Let's have a Smoke," purchased through the Art Union last year.

## PRIMITIVE COLORS.

THE story is told of an English painter who was a delicate and skilful colorist (sometimes it is said to have been Etty and sometimes Turner), who, when asked what pigments he used to produce such beautiful effects, replied, "a little yellow, and a little blue, and a little red." And when further asked what he mixed them with, he replied, "I mix them with brains." It is a very good story and as far as it goes the replies are perfect. The skilful painter will produce marvels with the simple primitive colors in any form, and any kind of oil, varnish or megilp which comes to hand can be made to serve his purpose. His "brains" will supply many deficiencies. If he had a perfect yellow, a perfect red and a perfect blue, tints which would exactly correspond with the tints in the rainbow, and if these pigments were all alike transparent or opaque, so as to balance one another exactly, the painter would need nothing more; his color could be made to correspond with nature's colors. But this is far from being the case. We have an immense number of pigments; tints of every sort, nine-tenths of which should be excluded from the palette of every conscientious worker. If it was Turner who replied "a little yellow and a little red," he at the same time in practice seems to have rather said "any yellow, any red, so it will serve my present turn." The consequence is his pictures have nearly perished in a half century, while the works of the careful old Venetians and Dutchmen are still in fine condition after three hundred years.

Among the pigments prepared by the modern colormen many of the most attractive are utterly untrustworthy. We will say nothing of the brilliant Analine colors which are so showy and yet will scarcely last a day, but we will select three colors which are in constant use and which it seems almost impossible to get along without. These are Chrome yellow, Carmine red and Prussian blue. Samples of these hung in a strong light will, within a year, completely lose their color, turning green and black.

We have a good supply of yellows of every shade, some of them quite durable; we are pretty well furnished with blues, but good reds are very few. The reds of iron are too dull; the madder preparations are too weak. Vermilion is excellent in its place, but there is absolutely no true red of good body and quite durable.

G. C. L.

## ART UNION AGENCIES.

THE following gentlemen have been appointed Honorary Secretaries of the Art Union in their respective cities. They will receive subscriptions to the AMERICAN ART UNION, and will deliver the etchings and journals to subscribers. Specimen copies may be seen at their places of business:

HENRY D. WILLIAMS, 508 Washington St., Boston, Mass.  
JAMES S. EARLE & SONS, 816 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
LEONARD B. ELLIS, 76 William St., New Bedford, Mass.  
EVARTS CUTLER, New Haven, Conn.

S. M. VOSE, Westminster St., Providence, R. I.  
JAMES D. GILL, Springfield, Mass.  
J. F. RYDER, 239 Superior St., Cleveland, Ohio.  
WILLIAM MORRIS, 19 & 21 Post St., San Francisco, Cal.  
D. D. BENSON, Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.  
S. BOYD & CO., 100 Wood St., Pittsburg, Pa.  
J. V. ESCOTT & SONS, 521 Fourth Avenue., Louisville, Ky.  
T. J. STUBBS, Portland, Me.  
BEMENT & DAVENPORT, Elmira, N. Y.  
D. M. DEWEY, Rochester, N. Y.  
W. H. BAUMGRAS, 17 Vanderbilt Square, Syracuse, N. Y.  
HENRY B. PETTES, Sixth and Olive Sts., St. Louis, Mo.  
V. G. FISCHER, 529 Fifteenth St., Washington, D. C.  
WILLIAM SCOTT & SON, 363 Notre Dame St., Montreal, Canada.  
MYERS & HEDIAN, 46 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.  
MRS. C. D. ADSIT, 268 Knapp St., Milwaukee, Wis.  
C. S. HARTMAN, Grand Rapids, Mich.  
C. F. MUNROE, 36 W. Main St., Meriden, Conn.  
A. D. VORCE & CO., 276 Main St., Hartford, Conn.  
E. H. BARTON, 17 Emery Arcade, Cincinnati, O.  
JOHN R. RUNYON, Morristown, N. J.  
ARMAND HAWKINS, 196½ Canal St., New Orleans, La.  
CHARLES G. CAMPBELL & SON, Newark, N. J.  
HORATIO S. STEVENSON, 175 Federal St., Allegheny, Pa.  
ANNESLEY & VINT, 57 N. Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.  
WM. C. STEVENS, 24 E. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.  
WM. HART & COMPANY, 34 King St., West Toronto, Canada.  
STEVENS & ROBERTSON, 71 E. Third St., St. Paul, Minn.  
GEO. R. ANGELL, 158 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.  
WALES & CO., 425 Nicolet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.  
CHARLES TAPKING, 823 Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.  
MULFORD ESTIL, 7 Park Ave., Plainfield, N. J.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY acts as the general agency for the sale of THE ART UNION to the trade. Copies may be obtained through any newsdealer.

## OUT OF TOWN EXHIBITIONS.

One of the objects of the formation of the American Art Union was that the society should be the medium between the several exhibition associations of the country and the artists, to conduct negotiations that might be mutually advantageous—to furnish such associations meritorious collections of pictures without giving them the trouble of dealing with individual artists, and on the other hand, to obtain for the artists guarantees of sales to an amount proportionate to the number and value of the pictures exhibited. In this respect, the late Southern Exposition, at Louisville, Ky., was pre-eminently successful, and that city can now point to the possession of a collection of fifteen pictures as a nucleus of a public art gallery. This result was brought about through the mediumship of the American Art Union, as detailed in THE ART UNION for January.

Correspondence is requested from friends of art who may wish to hold exhibitions in their several cities during the coming year.

Negotiations are now pending with the San Francisco Art Association for the loan of a collection of Art Union pictures, on a basis of the same nature as that made with the Louisville Exposition Art Committee—which resulted so advantageously to the citizens of Louisville, the artists, and the Art Union.

E. WOOD PERRY, JR., Secretary,  
42 East 14th Street, New York City.

Any subscriber of THE ART UNION who changes his post-office address during the Summer months, may have his journal follow him if he will kindly keep us advised of his changes of address. In all cases both the old and the new address should be sent. It must be remembered that THE ART UNION'S business office has been changed to 51 West Tenth Street, where all communications should be addressed henceforth.





## The Art Union.

### BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

#### THE AMERICAN ART UNION.

The American Art Union, a society of American artists, including representatives of all the different schools of art, has been organized "for the general advancement of the Fine Arts, and for promoting and facilitating a greater knowledge and love thereof on the part of the public." To accomplish this, the society proposes :

1st. To maintain in the City of New York a permanent exhibition and sales-room for selected American works of art, and to hold occasional similar exhibitions in the chief cities of the country ;

2d. To publish original etchings and engravings of the highest grade ;

3d. To issue an illustrated monthly art journal, of which a leading feature will be the contributions of the artist members, both in the form of papers and illustrations ;

4th. To purchase for the annual subscribers to the UNION original works of art, which will be selected by a committee of artists, and disposed of at the close of each year as the subscribers themselves may desire.

#### MEMBERS.

Nearly all of the leading artists of the country, representing the various schools, are enrolled among the active members of the Art Union, and its President and Vice-President hold similar offices in the National Academy of Design. The Honorary Membership includes some of the most distinguished amateurs and friends of Art in the country. A full list of the members is published in the January number of THE ART UNION.

The Board of Control of the Art Union for 1884-5 consists of :

D. HUNTINGTON, <i>President.</i>	T. W. WOOD, <i>Vice President.</i>	
E. WOOD PERRY, JR., <i>Secretary.</i>	FREDERICK DIELMAN, <i>Treasurer.</i>	
W. H. BEARD,	HENRY FARRER,	ALBERT BIERSTADT,
EASTMAN JOHNSON,	THOMAS MORAN,	JERVIS M'ENTEE,
GEO. H. STORY,	WALTER SHIRLAW.	

#### SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE ART UNION.

Upon the payment of the sum of five dollars, any person may become a subscriber to the AMERICAN ART UNION for one year, and will receive for such payment:

FIRST: A season ticket to the permanent Exhibition of Paintings, at the society's Gallery, No. 44 East Fourteenth Street, Union Square, New York City ;

SECOND: A proof before letters, on India paper, of the etching of the year, by Walter Shirlaw, from Eastman Johnson's picture "The Reprimand." This etching is mounted upon heavy plate paper, and is of a size (13x16

inches) and quality such as the leading dealers sell at from twenty to twenty-five dollars ;

THIRD: The illustrated ART UNION, which will be issued monthly, for the current year. (The price of the journal to non-subscribers will be \$3.00 a year.)

FOURTH: An interest in works of art purchased by the Art Union. One-half of the subscription will be set apart for the formation of a fund, to be expended for the joint account of the subscribers in the purchase of works of art, which will be held in trust until the end of the year, when they will be delivered unconditionally to the whole body of the subscribers, represented by a committee. This committee will then make such disposition of the works as may be determined by the majority of the subscribers, each of whom will be entitled to send in one vote as to the manner of disposal.

There are several feasible ways in which to dispose of the purchased works.

They may be sold at auction or private sale, or at an auction which will be attended only by subscribers, and the proceeds divided equally among all the subscribers ; or they may be divided among the bodies of subscribers of the several States, each one to receive its quota according to the amount of the subscriptions from such State. The several state committees may then dispose of the works in one of the aforementioned methods, or present them to form nucleuses of new public art galleries, or additions to some already in existence. Or they may be distributed among the subscribers by lot.

In enumerating these various methods of disposition, the American Art Union expresses no preference of one above another ; its desire and interest are only that the disposition of the collection shall be equitable and satisfactory to all concerned.

No exorbitant prices will be paid to the artists, but such only as are generally obtained at the studios for a similar class of work, and the prices to the subscribers will be exactly those paid to the artists.

The latent taste for art that has existed in the country has been developed in a wonderful degree during the past twenty years, until there is scarcely to be found a home in any section that does not contain some form of art production. It is believed by the projectors of the American Art Union that the time is at hand for such an enterprise, and that the lovers of art will be eager to avail themselves of its benefits.

Honorary Secretaries, to receive subscriptions, will be appointed from time to time in various parts in the country. Money may also be sent by postal or express order, Bank Check or Draft or Registered Letter, payable to the *American Art Union*, No. 44 East 14th Street, New York.

Any person sending a club of twenty subscriptions to the Art Union, will receive an additional subscription free of charge. Specimen copies of the illustrated ART UNION journal will be sent post-paid on application.

By order of the Board of Control,

E. WOOD PERRY, JR., Secretary.

## RECENT, PRESENT AND FUTURE ART EXHIBITIONS.

**PAST.**—THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN's Fifty-ninth Annual Exhibition closed May 17.—See notice on another page.

THE SPECIAL EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF GEORGE INNESS, N.A., closed May 24. Six pictures were sold for \$6875.

THE SYRACUSE ART CLUB's First Exhibition closed May 19.—See page 108.

**PRESENT.**—THE AMERICAN ART UNION's Exhibition of Oil and Water Color Paintings and Etchings is now open in the new galleries, No. 44 East Fourteenth Street, Union Square. Visitors enter the elevator at the street door. Open from 9 o'clock A. M. until 6 P. M. Admission 25 cents, except to subscribers to THE ART UNION, who are admitted *free* at all times, on showing their subscription receipts at the door. Each visitor will receive a copy of the catalogue *free*, and each paying visitor will also be given a copy of THE ART UNION. The galleries close June 1.

THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS' Seventh Annual Exhibition is now open at the National Academy of Design. It will close June 21. Admission 25 cents.—See notice on another page.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM'S LOAN EXHIBITION, at the Museum, Central Park, Fifth Avenue and Eighty-second Street, is now open. Besides an excellent collection of modern paintings, representing many of the best artists, there are several works of the old masters—notably those belonging to Mr. Marquand, which are exceedingly interesting. The exhibition will remain open until November. Admission, Mondays and Tuesdays, 25 cents. On other days *free*.

THE LENOX LIBRARY, with its collection of paintings and sculptures, is open to the public on Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, from 11 A. M. until 4 P. M. Tickets, admitting a specified number of visitors, may be obtained *free*, on previous application by postal-card, addressed to the "Superintendent of the Lenox Library," Fifth Avenue and Seventieth Street.

THE CAROLINA ART ASSOCIATION, of Charleston, S. C., opened its Annual Loan Exhibition, May 26. The Exhibition will remain open until June 21.

THE SAN FRANCISCO ART ASSOCIATION'S ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now open, with a collection of paintings from the American Art Union.

**FUTURE.**—THE SOUTHERN EXPOSITION at Louisville Ky., will be open from August 16 to October 25. The Art Department will be one of the leading features of the Exposition, and the best foreign and American artists will be represented by carefully selected works. There will be a special collection of works by members of the Art Union.—See notice on another page.

THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION SOCIETY's First Exhibition will be open from September 3 to October 18. There will be an extensive Art Department, to which the Art Union will contribute pictures by its members.—See notice on another page.

THE MILWAUKEE INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION SOCIETY will hold its Fourth Annual Exhibition from September 6 to October 11. There will be an Art department, as usual, and the Art Union will be represented by works of its members. Pictures will be received up to August 1, subject to the approval of the Art Committee. Thomas R. Mercein, General Manager and Secretary; Mrs. Lydia Ely, Superintendent of the Art Department.—See notice on another page.

THE CINCINNATI EXPOSITION OF INDUSTRY AND ART will be open from September 3 to October 4. The circulars for the Art Exhibition have not yet been issued.

THE MASSACHUSETTS CHARITABLE MECHANIC ASSOCIATION will hold its Fifteenth Triennial Exhibition in Boston, during the months of September and October. There will be an Art Department in connection with this exhibition, and \$5,000 worth of pictures will be bought, and medals of gold, silver and bronze will be awarded.

THE NEW ENGLAND MANUFACTURERS AND MECHANICS INSTITUTE will hold its Fourth Annual Exhibition in Boston, Mass., from September 3 to November 1. Mr. Frank T. Robinson is Director of the Art Department again this year.

THE Inter-State Industrial Exposition Society of Chicago, will hold its Twelfth Annual Exhibition from September 3 to October 18. As many of the pictures as may remain unsold in the present exhibition of the Society of American Artists will be sent to Chicago as a part of the art department of this exhibition. The remainder of the pictures will be received, for the most part, from American artists residing abroad. Miss Sara T. Hallowell will be in charge of the department, as usual.

THE BUFFALO FINE ARTS ACADEMY will open its regular Annual Loan Exhibition of paintings, June 2. The exhibition will close July 7.

THE WORLD'S FAIR AND COTTON CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION will open at New Orleans, La., December 1, and continue for six months. There will be an extensive Art Department, with special buildings, etc.

IN DETROIT, MICH., we are informed there will be an Art Exhibition held this year, but no definite information concerning its details have yet reached us.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART, for June, is now ready. It contains a finely illustrated article on "Fontainebleu; Village Communities of Painters," an engraving and description of Theodor Poeckh's picture, "The Confession," an article on the "Sculpture at the Theatre Français," with illustrations of the busts of Molière and Voltaire, by Houdon; a biographical sketch of Adolf Menzel, with excellent illustrations from his works; a paper on Elzevirs, and the second paper on "Syon House." The frontispiece is a reproduction of "A Study," painted by Edward Burne-Jones, printed in brown ink. It is the face of a young woman of "melancholy sweetness" of expression, somewhat suggestive of faces by Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci. The monthly chronicle of American art is interesting, as usual.—(Cassell & Company, 739 and 741 Broadway.)

THE ART AMATEUR, for June, contains an article upon the present Salon Exhibition, illustrated by reproductions from drawings of some of the pictures,—notably those by American artists. The "Note Book" department of this number contains some interesting matter relative to the recent unveiling of the monument in the forest of Fontainebleu to Jean François Millet and Théodore Rousseau. In this connection, several letters by Millet and Rousseau are printed,—one written by the latter being reproduced in *fac-simile* by the photo-engraving process. There is an article on George Fuller's pictures in which the writer quotes a saying by the artist that "the only thing that makes painting worth while is something in your mind that you must express; that forces you to express it." It would be well if all artists believed this and acted upon their convictions. The number contains the usual supplements.—(Montague Marks.—23 Union Square.)

## THE ETCHING, "THE REPRIMAND."

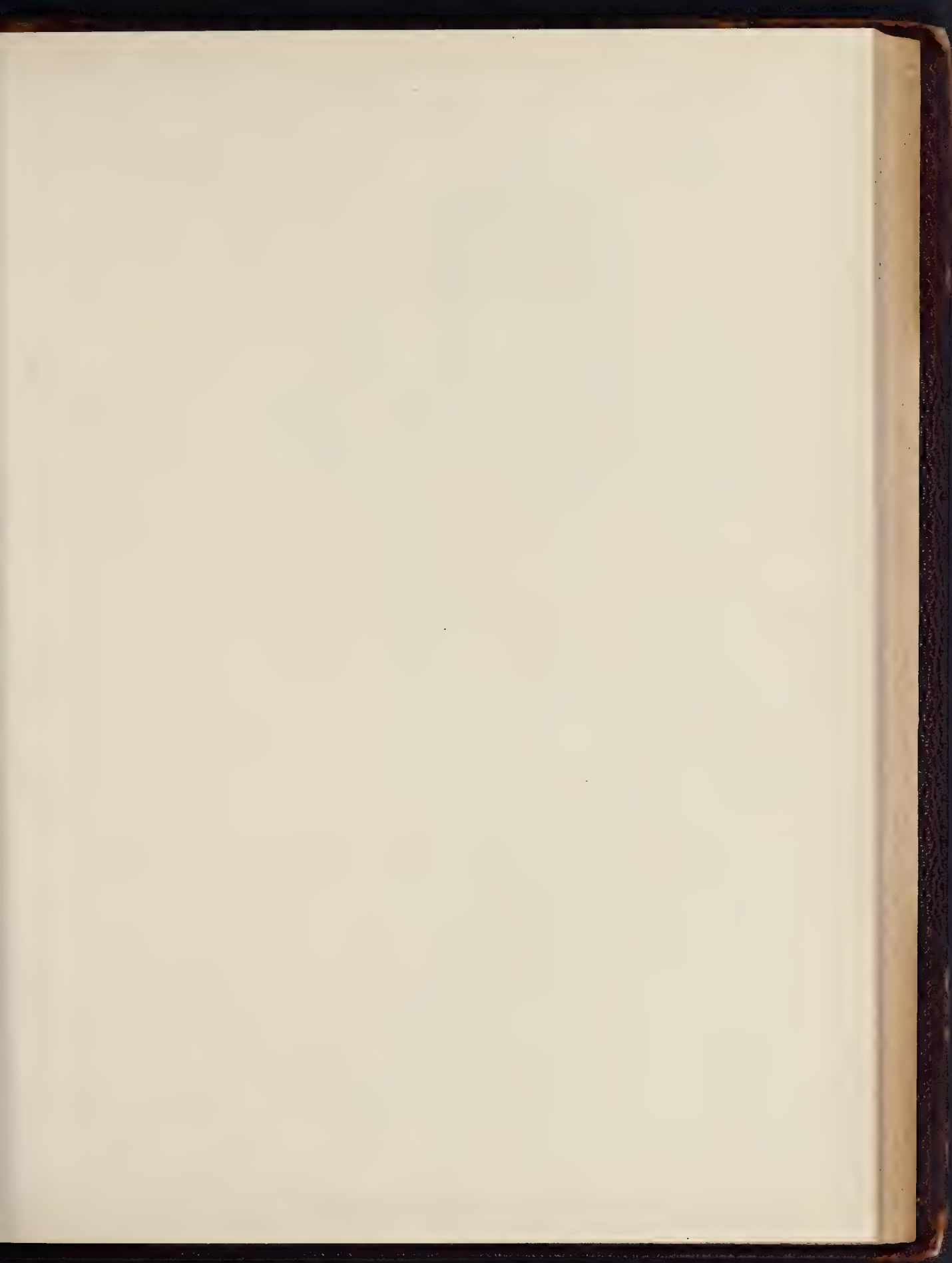
The etching, "The Reprimand," by Walter Shirlaw, after Eastman Johnson's picture, which is given as a premium to each annual subscriber to the American Art Union, has been characterized by a competent authority as the finest figure etching thus far produced in this country, and one of the finest that has been published in the whole history of etching. In another number, Mr. James D. Smillie, himself a high authority upon such matters, very favorably expresses himself concerning the etching, in a letter to the editor.

"The Reprimand" shows the interior of an humble cottage with a broad, open fire-place. An old man is sitting near the chimney, and leaning forward, with severe expression, is reproofing a young girl, who stands before him, for disobedience. His words, however, are slightly heeded; she has turned aside with a toss of her head and a look that indicates smothered rebellion.

As studies of expression, the faces in the etching are remarkable. The figures are both admirable in drawing, and the quaint interior is well realized. As a composition, both in lines and in chiar-oscuro the work is exceedingly effective and pleasing.

This etching alone is worth several times the cost of the Annual Subscription to the American Art Union.







"THE DUSTY CUPID."—FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY F. S. CHURCH, A. N. A.



# THE ART UNION

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN ART UNION

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No. 6.-7

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

AS THE ART UNION contains the literary matter for two months in this issue, it also has an unusually large number of illustrations. The frontispiece "THE DUSTY CUPID" is one of Mr. CHURCH's hasty pencil studies, vigorous and simple in its technique, yet full of grace and beauty, and charming for its very simplicity. As an example of the artists' method in rapidly recording an exceptionally pleasing pose, the sketch is peculiarly interesting. We can see that little attention was paid to the exact outlines at first—the aim having been to secure rather the spirit—the action of the figure, with the idea of correcting, or selecting the outlines, and filling in the composition later. In order to sketch rapidly from nature—and especially from life—this is almost the only method by which proportions can be realized. Mr. Church's drawing is singularly free from experimental lines, owing to his long practice and consequent great facility in this particular branch of art. The charming young woman of the sketch brushes the dust from the little image with a smile, and with graceful, coquettish movements, liable to turn the arrows of the youthful god to the hearts of many willing victims in her behalf.

"THE SOWER," by E. WOOD PERRY, N. A. (page 119), is a careful study of a New England farmer sowing his field with grain. This is not the scriptural type, nor is the man related to the sower of Millet's famous picture. The latter sows in a dramatic, a tragic manner, while this man walks along at a slow, even, methodical pace, casting about him each time with the same regular sweep of arm, thinking of the harvest and of other things as he works, yet working along, half mechanically, as his employment is almost becoming a part of his nature. Mr. Perry has been very literal in his rendition of the various elements in his picture—the result of exceedingly close, conscientious work.

"NIGHTFALL," by ARTHUR PARTON, N. A. (page 120), is from a drawing of one of Mr. Parton's most charming paintings, and is a fine example of effective pen-drawing. The chief beauties of the painting it represents, however, cannot adequately be conveyed by mere lines. In the painting, there is a remarkably luminous sky tinged with golden sunset color into which the shadows of evening are creeping. It almost seems that one can see the colors gradually changing, as the sun sinks lower beyond the hill, and the new moon seems to grow brighter. The poetic sentiment pervading the picture impresses one strongly. It suggests the quiet contemplation we find in Gray's Elegy and leads one very far away from the busy world. This is

one of the paintings selected for the Louisville exhibition, which will open next month.

"SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW," by WALTER SHIRLAW (page 123), is from a crayon sketch of several figures standing just inside one of the doors of the *Duomo* of Florence, on a bright day in summer. The very strong light coming into the dark interior makes the darkness inside appear deeper than usual, and gives a silhouette effect to the figures between the spectator and the light. An old woman standing in full light is asking alms of a woman half in light, half in shadow, who holds a child in her arms. This is a drawing broad and simple in its rendition, and thoroughly artistic in its composition and *chiar-oscuro*.

"A BOUQUET OF OAKS," by CHARLES H. MILLER, N. A. (page 124), gives us a view at "Stewart's Pond" near Jamaica, Long Island, in the Autumn; until a short time ago one of the most charming places left untouched by the spread of "improvements." The picture contains much of the spirit of Nature, and shows the destroying influences of "civilization" already at work.

Two pen-sketches by J. R. BREVOORT, N. A., "A VIEW ON THE ESOPUS" and "A BIT OF ENGLISH HEATH" (pages 126 and 127), are simple landscape studies full of suggestions of Nature. The characteristic differences between English and American landscape are shown even in these few lines.

"MARBLEHEAD NECK, MASSACHUSETTS COAST," by M. F. H. DEHAAS, N. A. (page 129), was painted for the Louisville exhibition of Art Union pictures, and represents Mr. DeHaas at his best. The sky is full of moving clouds, and one can feel the force of the waves dashing against the rocks. While the drawing fairly gives the pictorial qualities of the painting, it only suggests what the painting realizes.

## AN INTERESTING EXHIBITION.

PICTURES AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

WHILE the average New Yorker is usually disposed to spend the summer out of the city, there is a larger number of visitors in New York during the summer than at any other part of the year. It is the time when persons living in the West and South can best leave their business for a brief season; a time when extraordinary inducements and facilities for travel are offered by the railway companies, and it is undoubtedly the season when New York appears at her very best.

In this connection, it may be interesting to those who contemplate visiting New York during the summer, to know

what is to be seen in art at the present time, and incidentally it may be remarked that there are three collections of paintings in this city, to which the public can obtain access, that are very interesting and well worth visiting. These are the collections of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Lenox Library, and the New York Historical Society. The conditions upon which these collections may be visited can be learned by consulting the last page of *THE ART UNION*.

Probably the most interesting of these exhibitions is the one to be seen at the Metropolitan Museum. Here, in addition to the permanent collections of pictures belonging to the museum, is a large collection of paintings loaned from private galleries. Every six months the museum is closed for about two weeks, and the borrowed pictures which have been on exhibition for six months are returned to their owners, and other paintings, borrowed from private collections, are hung in their places for the next six months. This insures a constant variety in the exhibition to the visitor who does not come to the city oftener than once in six months, and it enables one to see, from time to time, most of the finest paintings owned in this country.

The summer loan exhibitions at the museum are usually more interesting than the winter exhibitions, for in the winter most of the wealthy picture owners desire to retain their paintings in their homes, where there is more or less visiting and festivity; but in summer when they are usually absent from the city, and their houses are closed for the season, they are very willing to send their choicest possessions to the museum, which is fire-proof and well guarded, and hence offers advantages from the mere standpoint of storage alone,—aside from the satisfaction it should afford an art collector to feel that he may contribute to the pleasure of half a million persons.

The visitor to the museum should first visit the Eastern Galleries, where are the "pictures by the Old Masters." The larger proportion of these represent the Dutch and Flemish schools, and while numerous works cannot be authenticated, and others, while doubtless authentic, are very poor examples of the artists whose names they bear, there are a few real master-pieces among them, and nearly all are interesting from a historical point of view, as showing the kind of art that prevailed at certain periods, as showing something of the growth of the art of the Netherlands almost from the beginning, and as indicative of something of the comparative tendencies of the art of different countries at different periods.

The first gallery, entering from the staircase, contains a number of works which have been loaned to the museum. Among these the most noteworthy are the contributions of Mr. Henry G. Marquand :—a "Portrait of a Burgomaster," by Rembrandt; "Portraits of two Gentlemen," by Franz Hals, and "Portrait of the Infant Don Balthasar Carlos," by Velasquez. All of these are characteristic of the best works of the respective masters, and they are paintings that in nowise depend merely upon the names of the artists for the proper recognition of their merits. Once having seen these pictures—which are among the first to attract the visitor, one will find himself turning to them again and again, and each time will find new beauties in them.

On the opposite wall of the gallery, in a quaint frame under glass, is a painting belonging to Mr. Minor K. Kellogg, catalogued as "Herodias with the Head of John the Baptist, by Leonardo da Vinci." Some years ago, the genuineness of this picture as a Leonardo was disputed, and considerable matter was published on both sides of the question. Those who were not willing to believe it by Leonardo, claimed that it bore evidence of the work of Luini, a clever artist who produced some excellent original works and who made some copies of Leonardo's paintings which were very like those of the master. This is certainly in Leonardo's manner, and it bears the name "Leonardo da Vinci," dextrously worked in the collar of Herodias. It has been urged that Leonardo would never have signed the picture in this manner; yet, considering the excellence of the work and its undoubted age, it would seem strange that anyone who could paint so well as this would desire to sign it by any name other than his own. For if Leonardo did not paint this, it was painted by some one of nearly if not quite equal ability. There is a replica or copy of this picture in Hampton Court Palace, and another in the Tribune of the Uffizzi gallery, Florence. Both of these are catalogued as the work of Luini, and are not referred to as copies. Neither of the two is at all equal in merit to Mr. Kellogg's picture, and neither of them has the name painted in the collar.

Aside, however, from the question of the authenticity of the work as Leonardo, it is a wonderful piece of art. The head of Herodias is the most striking part of the picture; she has half turned away from contemplating the ghastly bleeding head of John the Baptist, which an attendant, with face transfixed with horror, has raised by the hair, and holds, dripping, over the charger. The face of the girl is fair and would be beautiful but for the cold, heartless expression so well depicted in it. It is a face that fully realizes our conception of the character of Herodias, and that one who has seen it will not soon forget. Beyond it is seen the hard, cruel face of the mother, who instigated the crime.

Near this hangs a recent gift to the museum by Mrs. S. P. Avery,—a head of Christ, crowned with thorns, of the school of Quentin Matsys. It is one of those quaint old works, such as one sees in Antwerp and Cologne, of a time when art followed certain conventional rules more than at present. Yet there is good painting in this old picture, and there is much in it to repay careful study. On the opposite side is a Corregio, of light, soft coloring, representing the Madonna and child, and belonging to Mr. George H. Hecker. This is another very interesting work.

There are two paintings by William Etty, recently loaned to the museum, one of which, a "Portrait of Anne Jay Bolton, wife of the Rev. Robert Bolton," is an example of Etty's best manner. It depicts a charming young woman with a little girl standing in her lap and another child seated beside and leaning against her. There is something very pleasing in the arrangement of the figures and in the expressions depicted in the faces; the sentiment of the work is exquisite. We do not feel that we are simply looking upon three portraits, but that we





THE SOWER.—DRAWN BY E. WOOD PERRY, N. A.—FROM HIS PAINTING.





NIGHTFALL.—DRAWN BY ARTHUR PARTON, N. A.—AFTER HIS PAINTING.



are looking in upon a charming scene in domestic life, full of tenderness and sympathetic quality.

There are other pictures of interest in this first gallery; the famous "Wages of War," by Henry Peters Gray, painted for the old Art Union; a portrait of Alexander Hamilton, by Colonel John Trumbull; a portrait of David Sears, Esq., by Gilbert Charles Stuart; a "portrait of the Honorable Miss Carew," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and many works attributed to various prominent masters of different periods.

All the pictures in the second Eastern Gallery belong to the Metropolitan museum, and the larger part of them are by old Dutch and Flemish masters, though the old French, Spanish and Italian schools are represented. Among the pictures here, one of the most interesting is the "Visit of the Infant St. John to the Infant Jesus," by Jacob Jordaens, a remarkable production in composition, color and *chiar-oscuro*. All the lines in the picture, as well as the lights and colors, lead the eyes of the observer to the central figures at once, while we become familiar with the remainder of the figures as related to those in the foreground. The infant Jesus, a chubby, healthy-looking Dutch child, stands upon a globe, with his heel crushing the head of a serpent, according to the prophecy. The infant St. John is seated upon a lamb. Joseph, Mary, Elizabeth and others are gathered around in attitudes so natural that one may easily realize the possibility of such a scene, barring a few of the religious elements. There is also an excellent head by Greuze, a "Study for a Head in 'the Father's Curse.'" The expression of the charmingly painted face is an interesting study; the rich red-brown hair reminds us of Titian. There is the head of an old woman, "Hille Bobbe von Haarlem," by Franz Hals, painted in the broad, sketchy manner characteristic of some of his ale-house studies—which are among the strongest, though not the best, of his pictures. There is a small Wouvermans, "The Halt;" "A Marriage Festival," by David Teniers; a portrait of a Dutch Burgomaster, by Van der Helst, and there are examples or representations of the works of Jan Van Goyen, Adrian and Izaak Van Ostade, Jan Van Huysum, Jan and Pieter Breughel, Gerard Terberg, Gaspard De Crayer, Franz Snyders, Willem Van Mieris, Casper Netscher, Anton Van Dyck, Solomon Ruysdael, Meindert Hobbema, Roger Van der Weyden, Johannes Fyt, Aart de Gelder, Jan Steen, and many others of the old Netherlandish masters. In one end of the gallery, hangs a large painting attributed to Rubens, "Return of the Holy Family from Egypt," in which Joseph and Mary and the young Jesus, nearly life size, are in the foreground coming toward the spectator, while above, God the father, represented by a dishevelled old man in the clouds, watches over them on their journey.

Some of the oldest pictures of the Flemish and German schools of the fifteenth century, painted for the most part upon panels, are grotesque and ludicrous in the extreme, though they are interesting as recording the condition of art at the period of their production.

To the majority of visitors to the Museum, it is probable that the modern paintings, in the Western Galleries, will be much more interesting than the collection of "Old Masters." In another issue of THE ART UNION, the modern pictures now on exhibition will be considered.

## PICTURES IN MADRID.

### A LOOK INTO THE PRADO GALLERY.

THE traveler who intends to pass any of the winter months—or even the late autumn or early spring in Madrid, should be forewarned of the sudden changes of climate to which the city is liable. Situated in the midst of a great upland plain nearly 3000 feet above the sea, having on the north a sterile, mountainous country, and towards the south gradually descending ridges which end in the sunny slopes of Andalusia, the unwary visitor may in the morning be basking in the soft, balmy air and sun of the south, and in an hour be chilled to the heart by a sharp, cold wind from the icy north. The citizens generally wear cloaks, which they throw over their shoulders with a grand air, and when the air is wintry they bring the folds over the mouth and nose. This habit gives to many of them the look of conspirators or assassins, their dark gleaming eyes being the only features visible. The women have no such protection and are yet more robust than the men, perhaps from their habit of breathing freely of the bracing air.

In Madrid, the great attraction to the artist is the gallery of the Prado. This is the only large and general collection in Spain, and is a magnificent one indeed, embracing fine examples of all the schools of Europe. It is not, however, rich in works of the early Spanish artists, whose efforts, based chiefly on an imitation of the Flemish or Italian schools, must be sought for in the older cities, as Valladolid, Seville, Valencia, Granada, etc. With all the extensive and choice examples of the Dutch, Flemish and Italian schools, the chief glory of the Madrid gallery is its noble collection of masterpieces by Velasquez, there being sixty of his pictures, among which are a variety of his brilliant portraits and nearly all of his great figure compositions. There are also a number of admirable examples of Murillo, though to form a just idea of the genius of this great Spaniard, it is necessary to visit Seville, where, in the Academy of St. Fernando, in the chapel of the Caridad and the cathedral, are preserved a number of his masterpieces. Though the unique feature of the Madrid gallery is its possession of so many important pictures by Velasquez, rendering it the only place to form a just idea of this master's powers, yet, even without them, the collection would hold a very high rank, as, with them, it holds the highest place among the galleries of Europe. For example, there are more than forty pictures by Rubens, among them some of the richest and best of his productions. Vandyck is well represented, having twenty pictures, mostly portraits, and some of them of rare excellence. The portraits of Antonio Moro are only to be completely studied here. His truthful and exact rendering of character, his forcible modeling and his rigorously precise and elaborately finished costumes, faithful in all their details, give a certain air of reality and individuality to his portraits, very interesting to the student of history, as well as to the artist.

The gallery is wonderfully rich, too, in the Italian schools of the best period. Raphael has several master-

pieces:—the great "Spasimo de Sicilia," and the beautiful "Madonna del Pesce"—one of his noblest and loveliest works. Wilkie used to linger a long time before this picture, and declared that "of all the pictures in the Escorial, none is more beautiful or more striking. There mind and intelligence take the first rank. The coloring (and for color, scarce anything is finer) is just what color should be, an accessory to the intellectual objects of the picture. The head and neck of the angel may be considered to realize the beau ideal of the supposed art of the Greeks." The famous holy family known as "The Pearl" is of great fame, and one of Raphael's most elaborate and beautiful compositions. Two other, similar subjects, are richer in tone and more agreeable in manner of painting; especially noticeable in this regard is the "Madonna of the Rose," which has great sweetness of expression and much refined and tender beauty in the countenance. But there is hardly a work of Raphael more fascinating than the small cabinet group called "The Holy Family of the Lamb." There is more than usual of a certain naturalistic feeling, a simplicity and freshness of expression which wins and holds your affections. The lines of composition are full of grace, the draperies are pleasing, broadly treated and painted with decision. The very heart of Raphael lives in this exquisitely pure and precious gem of sacred art!

Our American artists, and the English as well, who study in Madrid, are generally more enamored of Velasquez than with any other master, not even excepting Titian, whose greatness is pre-eminent in the museum of the Prado. The English painters, as well as our own, have a fondness for a pearly freshness of color and a free and broad execution, and these are chief traits in the style of Velasquez. Wilkie seemed to think this sympathy and resemblance of treatment in some English artists was unconscious or accidental. But if we remember that it began with Reynolds and passed from him to Gainsborough and Raeburn, and recall the almost forgotten fact that, of the two pictures which Reynolds copied in Rome, one was the portrait of Innocent X, by Velasquez, we shall account in a measure for the partiality of the English school and of Stuart influencing our own. There is a replica of that fine portrait of Innocent X, with some variations, in the collection of Lord Bute, recently exhibited in the Kensall Green Museum. The head of the Pope is alive, keenly expressive, modeled with force, fresh in color with the ruddy tints of a choleric temper, and painted with wonderful resolution and dexterity. One such picture was enough to electrify an ardent young man like Reynolds and revolutionize a school.

"The Surrender of Breda," sometimes called "The Lancers," is certainly one of the noblest and most satisfactory historical compositions of that period, or indeed of any time. The calm submission to the fate of war on the part of the officer yielding the keys, blended with a certain manly courage, and the courtesy and soldierly dignity of the conquering general, are admirably expressed. The surrounding groups are well arranged, the portrait-like individuality of character sharply preserved. The general color is fresh and pearly but not cold, and the handling firm

and spirited but without the show of excessive freedom and the fiery dash in some of the later works. This, and the equestrian portrait of Philip IV, belong to the middle period—after his visit to Italy—and are, in the judgment of many, his most perfect works, having force and richness of general hue, refined by a silvery vein which runs through all parts, the expression being alive and truthful, and the execution dexterous and decided, though less dashing than that of his last style. "The Cæsar and Menippas," two full length portraits of odd characters, are fine examples of his last style; being exceedingly broad and simple, painted with an audacious freedom of hand, and reveal the experienced eye which seized all the essential traits, rejecting needless details.

"The Spinners," the great work of this period, is a fascinating picture to the student. The light floats through every part—a silvery grey predominates—the pencil seems to have moved with inspired facility, and the lights and shadows to have fallen with the broad simplicity of nature. It is a large and splendid sketch by a master hand guided by the accumulated skill of a life-time. Let it be remembered, however, that this power was the result of many years of severe study, of laborious practice, of much reflection and philosophy. Velasquez's early works are elaborate, sometimes rigid, and are modeled with extreme care and solidity. "The Adoration of the Magi" is an example. In his youth he worked with conscientious fidelity, passed through a school of severe discipline, and, after many years of intense devotion to his art, arrived legitimately at that power and facility, the fruit of long experience, which enabled him to dash his ideas on the canvas with such ease and certainty.

After reveling in these enticements of Velasquez, intoxicated by a racy spirit which is as sparkling and exhilarating as champagne, we gradually get back to our sober senses and begin to crave the serious and penetrating spirit of Titian. In him we find a deep-seated and exhaustless enthusiasm, tempered by reflection and seeking for the greatest and most subtle truths. As you study him more and more, the depth of his vision gradually absorbs your mind. His portraits breathe and think. They are instinct with the personal life of the men, and hold you with the mysterious spell of their presence. You linger before his Venus, captivated by an indefinable charm, which is more than that of flesh and blood—a certain pearly warmth and sweetly refined, yet palpitating, glow, an evanescent flow of light over beautiful forms, which seem the very essence of truth, and yet elude your pursuit like a vision. But some account of the works of this great master to be seen in the gallery of the Prado must be reserved for another occasion.

D. H.

New art rooms are to be opened in Chicago, in a short time, which are to be known as "The Artists' Union Galleries." They are to be located at 215 Wabash avenue. "The Artists' Union Galleries" are not at all to be owned or managed by artists, but by a firm of art dealers, just as are the galleries of the "American Art Association," of this city. Both these designations are misleading, to a certain degree, and are unfortunate. The new Chicago galleries will be opened July 1st, with 150 paintings in oil and water color. Mr. Wendell Stanton Howard will have the management of the galleries.





SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW.—FROM A CRAYON SKETCH BY WALTER SHIRLAW.





A BOUQUET OF OAKS.—DRAWN BY CHARLES H. MILLER, N. A., FROM HIS PAINTING.



## SOME ART MATTERS CONSIDERED.

BY A. J. CONANT.

THE TARIFF ON WORKS OF ART.—FRAUDS IN ART.—AMERICANS STUDYING ART ABROAD.—THE ART OF VARIOUS NATIONS.

THE subject of the Tariff is one of the vexed questions which has come down to us as a part of our paternal inheritance, whose roots run back through all the history of the republic.

To its elucidation the leaders of opposing parties have addressed themselves with persistent and searching thoughtfulness; and if all that has been spoken in public, or printed in newspapers and pamphlets upon the subject were gathered in book form, few libraries could contain the collection. And yet it would seem that the opinions of very few have ever been changed by the array of facts and arguments of the opposing faction.

There never has been unanimity upon the tariff question, and under present conditions it is doubtless not to be expected. The elements which enter into it are variable quantities which often derive their importance from local causes and conditions which may be imperative to-day and lose their influence or become dead issues to-morrow. Different localities may and do change views on the question according as self-interest or potent corporations may demand.

In general, in these historic discussions, one thing seems noteworthy: that is the spirit of fairness with which they have been conducted. The leading men of both sides have appeared to be animated by a conscientious desire to present the facts as they were and to arrive at just conclusions. It is to be regretted that this spirit has not always been manifested by those who have attempted to enlighten the public concerning the question of a tariff on works of art, for much that has been written on the subject, it would not be difficult to show is unfair, misleading, and sometimes absolutely false.

Such ill-considered statements are the more to be regretted when their harmful influence is made potent by the high sanction of the influential literary and scientific journals through which they reach the public.

In a recent number of a leading magazine, an article appeared entitled "A Chinese Wall for American Art." While much of the article is childish and irrelevant, some of its statements show a sad want of information on the subject of art education that is surprising. For example, the writer says, "Shakspeare can be read nearly, if not quite as intelligently in New York as in London; a student of anatomy can find as good subjects to dissect in Philadelphia as in Paris. But a student of art can find not one Greek statue in America, not one work of Michael Angelo, not one supreme example of any of the great periods of art production." What are the facts? All the leading art schools of America from New York to the cities of the far West have the same facilities for instruction in Greek art that the schools of Europe furnish; all are equipped with casts from moulds taken from the original statues which bear the official stamp of the governments or schools which

supply them—casts of the Elgin Marbles, Apollos, torsos Venuses,—the works of Michael Angelo, of the massive bronze work of Ghiberti, and a host of others;—all are here and may be studied without going abroad for the purpose.

With such copies the schools of Europe are furnished, and from such the pupils draw;—not from the original statues. These casts, properly placed and lighted, as often the originals cannot be—are on that account more advantageous for study than the originals, and are better also for the reason that some of the latter are so discolored that the subtle modeling of some of the parts is confused with the stains upon the marble. Hence it will be seen that the argument that a tariff on art would exclude American art students from the study of Greek art has no foundation. It might as well be said that one must go abroad to study the works of classic authors because the original manuscripts are there.

Again, the writer says: "The art of the American savage was protected by the laws of nature for many thousand years, and yet the painting and sculpture of the Indians can hardly compete with those of Italy."

What nonsense! and yet, this is reiterated. As if any art worthy the name were possible except in conjunction with the highest degree of intellectual development and refinement!—of which, in fact, it is the culmination. Further on, we are startled with another amazing question;—it is this: "If Italian art had been protected against that of Greece, where would have been the Renaissance?"

There was no immediately antecedent or contemporaneous Greek art for Italy to protect herself against. Greek art was dead and buried centuries before the Renaissance. Not one painting of the Golden age of Greek art was in existence then.

Upon the character of the so-called Greek art which immediately preceded the Renaissance, and its supposed influence in the development of the latter, Vasari and Lanzi can enlighten us. Vasari describes the works of the Greek artists, with whom Cimabue and other early Italian artists studied, as "crude and rude, containing figures with senseless eyes, outstretched hands, standing on the points of their feet." He speaks also of the gradual deliverance of Cimabue from the influence of the pernicious style of the Greeks, "whose works are full of hard lines and sharp angles, in mosaic and painting." "From the year 1,000 down to the middle of the Thirteenth century," says Lanzi, "Art in Italy had degenerated into a kind of mechanism, which, after the models afforded by the Greek workers in mosaics, invariably exhibited the same legends,—in which nature appeared distorted rather than represented." It was about the time last mentioned, he tells us, that the Tuscan artists "shook off the trammels of the modern Greeks, and learned to adopt the ancients for their models." "Barbarism had not only overwhelmed the arts, but the maxims necessary for their reestablishment." Again, in his biography of Giotto, he says: "The meager hands, the sharp pointed feet and staring eyes—remnants of the Grecian manner—all acquired more correctness under him."

It was not until he broke away from the teachings of his Greek masters that his talents began to appear. These masters, he says further, "were very incompetent instructors, as they knew but little."

Sufficient has been quoted from these high authorities to show that the Renaissance, so far from receiving any beneficial impulse from contemporary Greek art, was rather retarded in its development by it, and protection *against* such art would have been a blessing.

Now, a protective tariff for American art may or may not be desirable:—the question has two sides, on both of which

the case with Dumas, who for two years rested in the belief that he possessed a valuable and genuine Corot.

Now if such impostures can be successfully carried on in the countries—nay, the very cities—where the artists have lived and labored, how much more easily may we in America be imposed upon, where the means of detection are so slight, and where, indeed, in many cases the only guarantee of genuineness we have is the assurance of the interested dealer who offers the alleged works of deceased foreign artists for sale! In view of the recent disclosures alluded to, it is reasonable to suppose that in most of the private



A SKETCH ON THE ESOPUS.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. R. BREVOORT, N. A.

very much may be said. The design of this article is not so much to enter into a lengthy discussion of it, as it is to call attention to a few considerations bearing directly or indirectly upon the question, and which seem to the writer to be worthy of serious thought. That enormous frauds are perpetrated in the sale of works of art, as in all branches of commerce, might be conceded on general principles, still the public was hardly prepared for the revelation of the amazing impositions which have been practiced in Europe, by which experienced judges of art have been deceived into the purchase of spurious works, alleged to have been painted by eminent modern artists;—as was

collections in America there is a greater or less number of spurious works. This becomes all the more probable when we consider that the particular style or method of any artist may be easily imitated, with a little practice, by a skilful man. It is simply still life, or mechanical imitation, which, in art, is one of its lowest elements.

Thirty or forty years ago, the craze was for old masters. There were at that time, in New York and Philadelphia, large private galleries filled with works which the owners believed to be genuine. That these were frauds every educated artist well knew, but he lost caste if he said so. At the present time American artists know and have known



all along that a large number of the foreign pictures which have been purchased by American collectors are studio rubbish, or are more or less fraudulent. Yet whenever they have ventured to enter a mild protest against the imposture, their action has been credited to envy and professional jealousy, and their well-grounded opinions too seldom have had any weight against the statements of the interested dealers in such works, who perhaps, intentionally honest, have been imposed upon by men sharper than themselves. Not long ago, in this city, a public sale of a large collection of pictures took place. The catalogue contained a long list of names of artists well known to fame, and most of these

would have made enemies who might have retaliated by in some way injuring his reputation.

American artists are not in favor of a tariff which would result in the exclusion of good foreign art. Honest, genuine works they welcome, from whatever country; the more the better for American art. What they do protest against is the palming of meaningless canvases, spurious Corots, Troyons, Daubignys and the rest, upon the American people. In their view, the tariff should be not so much for the protection of American art as it should be for protection from fraud and from the impositions practiced upon American picture-buyers. Many of the artists of New York have



A BIT OF ENGLISH HEATH.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. R. BREVOORT, N. A.

pictures are presumably now in the private galleries of the wealthy men of New York. With what complacent satisfaction their present owners must regard their purchases if they read the statement of the owner of the collection published after the sale, concerning the character of the paintings. Among other things he has stated that there were but two really good pictures among them all, and that they were not for sale, but were "stool pigeons." Now all this was no new revelation to experienced artists; every man of them could have enlightened the buyers of these and similar works; but, as before stated, if one had raised his voice against the amazing frauds of some picture dealers, he only

been and are opposed to any tariff. Many have signed a protest against it, the writer among the number. But whatever the merits of the question may be, some good has been accomplished in one direction; it has called out a wide range of discussion, by which the public is becoming informed concerning the tricks of dealers in Europe and at home, and persons will hereafter exercise greater care and better judgment in future purchases. A specific duty of one hundred dollars upon every foreign picture imported into America would no doubt protect picture buyers to a great extent from the imposition of dealers.

In the article before noticed, much stress is laid upon the

social suffering of American art students abroad on account of the tariff; and also the "peril of being turned out of the art schools where they are being freely educated at the cost of foreign governments."

It is quite possible that the case is not so lamentable as the writer would have us believe, even should these results follow. Suppose they are turned out of the free government schools; it would not be difficult to show that many of them would be all the better for it. They would then be thrown more upon their own resources, and their powers would be developed into a more pronounced individuality and manly independence;—that is, if they possessed decided ability, and if they did not, no school could make great artists of them.

A long pupilage in the school of any one man, however gifted and great, is beset with perils—all the greater in proportion to the immaturity of the pupil. Here lies the greatest danger. The practice of American art students has too frequently been to go abroad just so soon as a fair degree of skill in drawing has been acquired. There they enter at once given schools, before their judgment is at all matured, with their minds in a most plastic state, and each subjects himself to the guidance and influence of some popular instructor. The consequence is he copies in a servile way the methods and manners of his teachers, and in the end loses himself. Twenty-five years and more ago, Düsseldorf was the Mecca of American art students. That school placed its stamp on them like the seal on the wax. Only the strongest among them were ever able to break the shackles of its influence, and develop a style of their own.

The school of Couture is another case in point. Many of his pupils naturally enough imitated his method; this he deplored and warned them against, telling them that this was something peculiar to himself, and should not be copied. "Go and study the works of Titian," said he, "for no man can tell how he worked;"—giving them to understand that methods and technique were only the language by which thought and sentiment were to be expressed, and that every one should strive to acquire a language best adapted to the expression of his own ideas.

The true and safe course for the student to follow, it is believed, is to study at home until he becomes a thorough draughtsman, which can be accomplished here nearly as well as abroad,—and until his judgment is fairly matured, so that he can look at nature and works of art with penetrating sight. Then let him go abroad, gathering from every source such helps as he will then know he most needs, to equip him for his chosen course. The history of American art contains the record of a multitude of failures of young men of high promise, who doubtless would have achieved an honorable distinction but for their premature subjection to the potent influence of a particular master or school of art. Art in America, at the present time, is in a formative and somewhat anomalous condition, and it is problematical whether any legislation can do much for its advancement. It certainly can only be made what it ought to be, and enabled to achieve its high possibilities, by the American people. The people must be educated until some of the

fundamental principles of art are better understood, and until a broader public sentiment prevails, or at least until the people learn that all "art is the pictorial expression of thought"—that form, color, light and shade and dextrous handling are but the medium—the language of that expression; or, in other words, that they are the drapery of the thought, which they are to clothe and adorn.

Inman was wont to say that "two or three generations of artists must be immolated before our people would be so educated as to give that encouragement to American art which is generously bestowed upon art in Europe." That same patriotic public sentiment is what is wanted here,—a sentiment which takes hold with helpful hand and fosters American art because it is American, and because its excellence, notwithstanding all its disabilities, makes it worthy of such help, and gives high promise of a glorious future. What American artists most need is the opportunity to work out their best thoughts and sublimest conceptions. There are men in New York whose portfolios are filled with studies and sketches, which if enlarged and elaborated as they are capable of doing, would gain them world-wide renown; but they cannot afford to devote to their execution the time and labor which such works would require, with no immediate prospect of sale. Their families must have bread, and so they are compelled to paint less important works, and such as find a readier sale. In a word, all that the artists of America ask for is simply the encouragement and opportunity to do their best. The lack of such encouragement is the reason why so many Americans expatriate themselves and spend their lives abroad. From the time of Copley and West to the present, what an army of gifted artists have done so! This is not a complimentary feature of our history. When we read of their achievements in the foreign countries of their adoption, we feel that what we have lost cannot be estimated. Certain it is, had they received such encouragement as would have induced them to remain at home, the influence of their talents, combined with that of the artists who did remain, would have resulted in the development of American art to such degree of excellence and greatness that it would now be one of the crowning glories of American civilization. In conclusion, many of the erroneous ideas concerning art matters—particularly art education—are based upon the false notion that a school of art is the outgrowth of an antecedent school. For this it would be difficult to find any warrant in history. While the ancient Greeks were in constant communication with the Egyptians, they seem to have borrowed little from Egyptian art. If it be said that Egypt really had no art worthy to be called art, it should be remembered that before the name of Attica was known, and when Italy was the abode of savage tribes as wild as the American Indians, Egypt was in the noontide splendor of a marvelous civilization, while the Greek nation was slowly evolving from the confederation of her then nomadic and predatory tribes, under the pressure of the Persian armies. Egypt was the leading power among the nations of the earth in the influence of her arts, her literature, religion, and in the beneficent form of her government. She was the "homestead of the nations" and her





MARBLEHEAD NECK, MASSACHUSETTS COAST—BY M. F. DEHAAS, N. A.

AFTER HIS PAINTING FOR THE AMERICAN ART UNION COLLECTION.

priests became the instructors of mankind. The art of Egypt was the best there was, and it is truly surprising that while the Greeks borrowed so much from her in other directions, they were so little influenced by her art.

The fact is, Greek art was the fruit, or rather a part and parcel of her own institutions.

The freedom-loving spirit of the people, their heroic ancestry, their poetic mythology, the fostering care of their rulers, all conspired to make that art possible which culminated in the age of Pericles, and which has been the admiration of the world ever since. It is clear that religion and government have had more influence in the promotion of the fine arts than all other causes; in these the national characteristics find their visible expression. A school of art is then the result of a particular civilization, or condition of things in the life of a given people, and as an integral part of that life, inasmuch as art is the language by which the thought, sentiment and feeling of the people is expressed. And as each nation has thoughts, sentiments and feelings peculiar to itself, each national school of art is individualized and has no power of propagation, no matter how excellent and noble may be its achievements.

Methods and technique may be learned from schools, but that which constitutes the distinctive life of a national art, never. It culminates and declines with the nation which gave it birth, and three hundred years generally comprises its whole history.

#### AMERICAN VS. FOREIGN-AMERICAN ART.

AN American writer for a London art journal in noticing the Pastel Exhibition held in New York this Spring, says that in London or Paris it would have made a sensation. Here it was different, owing to the fact, perhaps, of the effort that has been made for years by snobs, picture dealers and foreign-educated artists, to prove that Americans cannot paint.

The London exhibit of the American Water Colors, although not a financial success, was nevertheless a success in gaining the good opinions of the British press and public, although the collection was not as good as might have been desired. The New York exhibitions of Water Colors have proved for several years that we are progressing in the art faster than other nations.

For years, the Society exhibitions were comparatively unnoticed by the press, public and artists. Liberality was always the motto of the Society, and all schools of painting were encouraged for the good that might exist in them,—even the wildest forms of impressionism.

Lately, some new members of the Society have endeavored to change all this and to hang the galleries with only works painted in their own peculiar school, excluding the rest, even the works of members. If they could have their way, we would have an exhibition that no one would care to visit twice, and which would kill the Society in three years.

It is strange that young men, fresh from the liberal atmosphere of the European studios, should bring home such narrow-minded notions. The way in which they managed

the Munich exhibit, shows plainly what they would do if they had the power. No one could paint, exhibit or earn a living if they could prevent it, unless he conformed to their ideas of art.

They are not *born* artists, they have been schooled to apply paint skilfully to canvas, to use the brush, the palette knife and the fingers to perfection; their pictures are full of *technique*, but without art, for they do not *feel* that a picture should be a poem, a story, a tragedy or a comedy—that it should awaken in the human breast some interest besides admiration for mere mechanical skill and dexterity.

Do you remember the picture of the "Linen Weavers" in the Old Düsseldorf Gallery? It was a picture so powerful that one needed no catalogue to understand it. It was the story of ill-paid labor, dread poverty and wrongs of the toiling workers by the grinding capitalist. It was said that the German government forbade its exhibition, so very strongly was the story told.

The modern student from Paris or Munich would turn up his nose at the method in which it was painted, but it will endure long after the acres of "impressions" shall have been consigned to the rubbish heap. There are too many painters—not enough artists. Young men who might make good merchants or tradesmen are sent to Paris by mistaken friends; they learn the mechanical part of art, and wonder when they return, at the success of some painter who has not had the benefit of instruction in a good school, but whose pictures are full of an art feeling which they not only do not possess, but have no conception of.

A picture must be more than a skilfully painted canvas;—it must tell something. People do not read books simply because they are well printed and handsomely bound.

These young men continually harp on studying from Nature. How far some of them get from her! What different results are reached by different men in painting out-of-doors! One gives us a Velten, another a Corot landscape; still another, a Daubigny, *et al*—according to the master who has influenced him the most. A painter I knew made an American landscape look like a scene in Germany, atmosphere, houses, figures and all. Another sat down and composed a picture as different from the scene before him as if it were in another hemisphere.

Some men can never paint from memory or feeling—they give us only cold facts in the most mannered way.

I hold it impossible to paint a large and important work entirely out-of-doors, for light and effect change so rapidly that the mind becomes confused and involved in difficulty from which there is no escape except to take the picture into the studio to finish it.

Hamerton, in his "Painter's Camp," describes the pains and pleasures of out-door work better than any other writer has done, and the perusal of his book would be a revelation to many an artist who might take the time to read it.

Many of our artists learn certain artists' tricks and then repeat them continually, with no idea of the deeper meaning of art, but only of the outside of things, and very trivial things at that. All earnestness of purpose is lost, and with them art becomes a useless field of affectation where their tricks



of color and handling are displayed. In choice of subject they have in view only how far it will serve their peculiar tricks. The subject must convey no sentiment—call up no emotion, awaken no interest. With them, a picture like the "Linen Weavers" is only "another of those ——— stories" as a certain apostle of the new school said when serving on a hanging committee. These men will have their day, but it will be a brief one. Truth is powerful and will prevail.

Why do not some of our young American painters give us American subjects, instead of replicas of what Frenchmen have painted even so much better? Why do they leave a foreigner like Hovenden to paint the best American historical picture of the period, while they content themselves with French and Bavarian peasants or the Parisian *demi-monde*? Why not some of the grandeur and natural beauty of their own land, instead of the everlasting and insipid Seine? And they are as unpatriotic in everything else as in art. One of them after a sojourn of nearly ten years in France, only returned to his native land to escape the conscription, while he would avoid all the duty he owes his own country. Another told me he didn't wish to live in such a country as this, and never associated with Americans in Paris. He is obliged, however, to send his pictures here to get the necessary American dollars to prolong his existence in a land where he tries to be neither foreigner nor citizen.

It would not be such a calamity if France, "on account of the tariff," should shut the door on them (which she is too wise to do), for they would then return and become acquainted with their own countrymen and do their share in advancing their own nation in its progress,—as far as they are capable of doing.

When these men are perfectly independent of any assistance from this side of the water, they may assume any attitude they please; but as long as they claim or depend on our assistance, they should express a little more loyalty to things American.

American art will never be built up by such men—they never build anything. They would destroy or hinder the growth of American art, were their efforts of any importance.

The earnest men, working here among us, casting their lot with us, are the men who will help make the close of the nineteenth century famous in the history of American art.

FRANCIS A. SILVA.

ELMIRA COLLEGE, of Elmira, N. Y., has begun the formation of a Permanent Art Gallery, to contain representative works of the best American artists. It is proposed to make the collection purely and distinctively American, and to utilize it partly as an adjunct to the department of art instruction in the college. The establishment of the gallery was mainly due to Mr. George W. Waters, director of the college art department. Among the paintings already secured, as the nucleus for the gallery, are works by J. B. Bristol, J. R. Brevoort, William H. Beard, Harry Chase, Arthur Parton, William Morgan, George H. M'Cord, A. C. Howland, H. P. Smith, Annie Morgan, Carlton T. Chapman, Henry W. Parton and George W. Waters.

#### ENCOURAGEMENT FOR ART EDUCATION.

THE relation of the individual and the State in reference to all educational matters in America differs radically from those relations in States whose organization was originally based on the principle of monarchy. In the latter, as all rights came down by concession from the sovereign, so the duties, which have amongst them that of providing for education, were paid by him—everything was his and he only looked after the education of what was his own. So art schools and academies were a part of all advanced European civilization. We have begun from the bottom, on the inalienable rights of the individual, and no branch of education has attention paid it except by the growth of a public demand for it. And as the arts come last in their call for culture, and the recognition of their need, they are only reached when a general primary education is provided for,—art being a luxury, not as rich furniture and great display are to the wealthy, but as the solace after labor, and the compensation for the lack of the means of enjoyment which fortune gives,—the luxury of the poet and student; less important than the solid culture, and therefore to be worked for after the culture is attained;—luxury only as being in the ordinary sense unnecessary—many people being able to dispense with it in any form, though most people, rich or poor, demand and get it in some form. Poetry makes its own way and has its schools everywhere;—music will have its development;—the church, the theatre, the festive gathering, the family circle have their uses for it—choral, orchestral, operatic, negro minstrel—all kinds of motives claim its utterances;—in one shape or another every responsible member of the community does his part (finding his own gratification therein), towards the "encouragement" of music, *i.e.*, by paying the musician. People go to hear philharmonic concerts who enjoy the philharmonic music; to the opera if they like Patti or Nilsson; and to the minstrels if that is their standard; and with, perhaps, a contribution towards the maintenance of the church choir, they have done their duty and not thought of it.

The graphic and plastic arts, seem to stand in quite a different relation to modern society, whose platonic admiration of them, while never leading to enthusiasm (imagine the New York people in such a *furor* over any picture, by anybody, as the Florentines went into over a work by Cimabue!) and rarely to an attachment based on true sympathy and comprehension, continually move it to do something for their encouragement. Rich men do their part sometimes by buying pictures of high reputation, generally from abroad and from men who have no need of encouragement; the true connoisseurs amongst them, because, having studied art seriously, they care only for its best results;—the ostentatious and ignorant amongst them, by ordering a collection through the dealers or by *carte blanche* orders on the men whose reputation for high prices has reached them; sensible men of moderate means invest some of their savings in pictures which they like, or more disinterestedly in those of men whom they know and like with the just feeling that

every picture is the expression of the painter's individuality; and the general public, without any pretension or ostentation, goes in for chromos and illustrated books. Our government does, and can do, nothing directly to foster art, for various reasons unnecessary to define, though other governments form public galleries and found art schools. For this purpose, and in a modest way, our municipalities might perform for us what centralized governments do for their people.

All that the public in its collective capacity can do, or will care to do at present, is to encourage good book illustration, and in this the *Century*, *Harpers'*, and other magazines and periodicals lead them intelligently, and provide an education which illustrators and publishers must profit by. So far art will care for itself, but further the public intelligence does not go. The most elementary general education in any of the higher forms of art is wanting. There are a hundred people who understand music so far as to be able to listen intelligently to a symphony or sonata, where there is one who can understand the merits of a true color composition or the refinements of a noble drawing. With all the common talk of the great masters, how few there are who can honestly say that they prefer the old masters to the modern; Botticelli to Jules Bréton, Veronese to Meissonier? The difference is as great as between Bach and Strauss—Palestrini's *Miserere* and the *Marseillaise*. The first thing is to drop pretension and humbug, and admit that we don't admire and don't appreciate that older and purer form of art, which more than any other the world ever saw was Art for Art's sake. Let us even confess that such a standard is beyond modern attainment, and then think what is to be done.

But first let us be sure that anything is worth doing. Are painting and sculpture objects to which the State or community profitably may devote its resources? In other words does modern society owe art anything? We leave the moral consideration and that of the possible aid which the arts may give to the ecclesiastical interests, to the care of whom it may concern;—as publicists and economists we have first to consider its purely educational and its industrial values—the former, indeed, is too evasive a subject to be treated of in the summary manner in which journalism must treat it, if at all, and we may limit ourselves to regarding it as we do the fostering of any value-producing occupation.

This question fairly posed answers itself. Is it worth while to do as the French, English and most European governments have done—apply the public resources to the development of art as applied to manufactures, or as followed purely for its immediate results. The pecuniary value of the pottery of England has probably been increased ten-fold by the application of the knowledge of art to it. Carpets, stuffs of all kinds and articles of household utility have not only greatly extended their markets, but have greatly increased in value, making it clear to all who will see, that the most utilitarian nation which ever existed finds beauty pay, and art schools a good speculation. But we have no central government capable of comprehending the

true bearing of the question, or of exercising intelligently the functions of Art Directorship, if, even, constitutional objections left any hope of the Federal authorities turning their eyes that way. Fortunately, perhaps, it is so; for the decoration of Washington and the distribution of legitimate Federal art patronage do not excite the desire to see a school of art at Washington under the direction of an art committee of our Representatives. It may be necessary in order to keep the interests of art education in appreciative control to keep it away from Washington, and under an unofficial management. New York, Boston and Philadelphia have taken steps in this direction. The important thing is that these steps should be taken in such a way as to be most effective and most uniform, that the best art education should produce the most value. The union of the voluntary bodies interested in art education, and the agreement by them on some programme for the general good and the choice of the agencies to be employed, seem to us a thing to be hopefully suggested as the only substitute for the official action impossible to us. A convention of delegates from all the art museums and municipal art educational institutions could discuss and arrange a system of education which might not only be the best, but, by the magnitude of the movement, attract support and the means of activity from the most remote and unexpected quarters, being, as it then would be, a movement in the advantages of which the most remote and insignificant communities must participate. Let the National Academy, as the senior of all our art institutions, take the initiative, and a convention of the Boston, New York, Philadelphia and other organizations would soon be able to find the clue to the problem, what can the people of the United States do to remedy this entire want of Federal official action in this field of utility? Our forces are now divided, and to a certain extent wasted, for want of intelligent direction. Different systems of instruction harass the learning youth, and of these some, imperfect and pernicious, fill the minds of the students with ideas difficult of eradication. There seems to me no way of creating a central authority and beneficent direction except in this convening of the institutions which have the primary art schools in their control and the highest interest in their efficiency.

W. T. STILLMAN.

On the occasion of the New York Press Club's inauguration of its new building, No. 120 Nassau Street, on the afternoon and evening of June 17, the parlor was hung with a small but interesting collection of American paintings which attracted much attention. Among them were "The Blacksmith" and "Puss," by Walter Shirlaw; "Moonlight," M. F. H. DeHaas; "A Daughter of Eve," T. W. Wood; "An Idyl," Constant Mayer; "Coming From the Field," William Morgan; "He Toils at Eighty," J. G. Brown; Hunter's Camp in Winter," Albert Bierstadt; "A Midsummer Afternoon" and "Cool November," Carl C. Brenner; "The Page," J. H. Dolph; "The Birthday Card," De Scott Evans; "Open your Mouth and Shut your Eyes," Seymour J. Guy; Llewellyn Castle, Wales," George F. Fuller; "Duck Brook, Mt. Desert, Maine," George Hetzel; "Roses," George C. Lambdin; "Newport, Isle of Wight," Joseph Lyman; "Sunset near Creedmoor, L. I.," Charles H. Miller; "Mother and Child," E. Wood Perry; "Warming Up," P. P. Ryder; "Christmas Eve," F. Schuchardt, Jr., and "Gleams of Sunshine," R. M. Shurtleff.



## AMERICAN ART SCHOOLS.

## THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY SCHOOLS.

IT is perhaps an unsettled question, whether the schools of what is now the National Academy of Design, New York, or those of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, were established first. The old New York Academy of Fine Arts—which subsequently became the American Academy, and later, the National Academy—was organized in 1801, but was not chartered until 1808; the Pennsylvania Academy was founded in 1805 and chartered in 1806. Both institutions were established partly in order to furnish schools of instruction for persons wishing to study art. Previous to 1808, the New York Academy came into the possession of a number of casts from the antique, secured through the efforts of Mr. Robert R. Livingston, then United States Minister to France, and the Emperor Napoleon presented to the institution several casts from antique sculptures, some rare Italian prints and valuable portfolios of drawings. The earliest mention of the Academy schools refers to classes in drawing and painting, under the superintendence of Mr. Alexander Robertson, in 1816; but whether or not there were classes prior to this date the writer has been unable to discover. In 1807, artists and students were offered the privilege of making drawings from the statuary and casts of the Pennsylvania Academy—which had also received donations from the French Emperor—and in 1810 the "Society of Artists," of Philadelphia, subscribed for a certain amount of Academy stock, in order to obtain facilities for schools and exhibitions. The earliest actual evidences of an art school in connection with the Pennsylvania Academy, however, are found in the minutes of that institution for the year 1812. In the early part of the year it was resolved that "A Life Academy be at once started: Mr. Wister and Dr. Glentworth to be a committee to start it." Subsequently, in the same year, it was recorded that "Dr. Nathaniel Chapman was elected Professor of Anatomy."

It matters little whether the National Academy schools or the Pennsylvania Academy schools were established first; both have done much for American Art, and both are in the full tide of success at present. Probably the main difference in the advantages offered to the student by the two institutions, is the fact that one of them is in New York and the other in Philadelphia. In the former city, the student has the advantage of association with a larger number of the prominent artists of the country, and has better opportunities for the study of pictures, in the more numerous public and private galleries and transient exhibitions.

The Pennsylvania Academy schools—which, on an average, are attended by two hundred students—comprise Antique and Life schools, with Painting, Modeling, Portrait and Sketch classes. They have also courses of lectures on Artistic Anatomy, Perspective and Composition. The general Director of the schools is Mr. Thomas Eakins, who studied in the schools of the *Beaux Arts*, and in the

ateliers of J. L. Gérôme, Léon Bonnat, and A. A. Dumont, the sculptor, in Paris. Mr. Eakins is Professor of Drawing and Painting, and lectures on Perspective and Composition. Mr. Thomas Anshutz, a former student in the Pennsylvania Academy, is Assistant Instructor in Drawing and Painting. Dr. W. W. Keen is Professor of Artistic Anatomy in the Life schools, and delivers the lectures on that subject. Mr. John Wallace is Assistant Demonstrator of Anatomy. The more advanced students also act as assistant instructors upon occasion, when so appointed.

In the Antique schools, the students have the use of probably the very finest collection of casts from antique sculpture in the country. These schools are open to students of both sexes every day (Sundays always excepted), from 9 o'clock A.M. until 12 M., and from 1 until 5.30 P.M. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays they are also open, from 7 until 9.30 P.M. The Modeling class connected with the Antique school meets also on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, from 7 until 9.30 P.M.

In the Life schools, the course of study is exceptionally thorough. In the Anatomical department, the advanced students dissect, and the demonstrators employ, in the dissecting room, the nude living model for comparison. Animals are also dissected from time to time, and a living horse is used in the modeling room each season, for a pose of six or eight weeks. The hours being arranged so as not to interfere with each other, every student is given an opportunity to model in clay as well as to paint from the nude. The Life school for men is open every day, from 1 until 4 o'clock P.M., and on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, from 7 until 9.30 P.M. The men's Modeling class from life is in session on Tuesdays and Thursdays, from 9 A.M. until 12 M. The Life school for women is open every day, from 9 A.M. until 12 M., and on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, from 4.30 until 7.30 P.M. The women's class in Modeling from life is in session on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, from 3 until 6 P.M.

The Portrait class meets Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and works from 9 A.M. until 12 M. The Sketch class is in session daily from 4 until 5 P.M., and the lectures on Artistic Anatomy are delivered Mondays and Wednesdays, between the hours of 6 and 7 P.M. The dissecting room study is at specially arranged hours. The schools open the first Monday in October, and close the last Saturday in May. The dissecting room study begins about the 1st of November and ends about the 31st of March.

## ADMISSION TO THE SCHOOLS.

Students are admitted to the first of the Antique schools without being required to submit any drawing for examination; but each applicant for admission must sign a card, in which he states his age, occupation, object in studying Art, etc., and agrees to conform to the rules of the school. The student in the Antique school pays a yearly fee of \$24, or pays \$4 a month for the season of eight months in the Antique school, day or night, or in the night Life class. The charges for the season, including all the privileges of the schools, are \$48, or \$8 a month. Students in all classes

are entitled to attend the lectures on Artistic Anatomy, Perspective and Composition, which are delivered in the lecture room. The expenses for living models and subjects for dissection are defrayed by the Academy. Any student sufficiently advanced in painting, who desires to make a study copy of any picture in the Academy's permanent gallery, may receive permission from the president to do so, on presenting a written application, approved by the Committee on Instruction, and specifying the picture to be copied.

The Committee on Instruction—which, this year, consists of Messrs. Fairman Rogers, Joseph W. Bates, William S. Baker, Edward S. Coates and Atherton Blight—meets on the second and fourth Wednesdays of every month, excepting May, June, July and August, to act upon applications for admission to the schools, which must be sent in at least one day previous to the meeting. Students are transferred from the Antique to the Life schools as soon as they have demonstrated by their work their ability to profit by Life school work.

#### ACADEMY PRIZES.

The Charles Toppan prizes, consisting respectively of two hundred dollars and one hundred dollars, are awarded at each Annual Exhibition of the Academy for the two best pictures by students of the Academy, who have worked in its schools for at least two years—provided such works, in the opinion of the committee, be of sufficient merit to justify the award. The pictures submitted may be either in oil or water color and of any subject whatever; in their consideration by the committee the *drawing* will receive the first attention.

#### METHODS OF TEACHING.

The following matter, concerning the aims and methods of the Pennsylvania Academy, is taken largely from an article written by Mr. Fairman Rogers, Chairman of the Committee of Instruction, for the *Penn. Monthly*:

"The final paragraph of the circular of the Committee of Instruction, 'The Academy does not undertake to furnish detailed instruction, but rather facilities for study, supplemented by the occasional criticism of the teachers;' and that 'the classes are intended especially for those who expect to be professional artists,' is a clear disclaimer of the intention to provide instruction in the usual sense of the word. The schools are organized much as they would be by a club of artists associated together for the purpose of providing rooms, models and an instructor or critic, as is done by the Art Students' League in New York, the principal schools in Paris—outside of the Government schools—as, Bonnat's, Carolus Duran's, etc., and, to a more limited extent, by the Sketch Club of Philadelphia. The influence of the students upon each other is largely counted upon as a means of instruction, and the actual work in the classes of the old students who may fairly be ranked as artists, is of the utmost value to the younger ones.

"In arranging the work of the schools, all the resources at the command of the authorities are expended upon those things which are outside of the limits of the private oppor-

tunities of the ordinary student. Study from large casts and dissection of the human body are impracticable to the student in a private way, and study from the nude living model entails an expense which closes it to nearly all. The Academy therefore uses its means to provide these three opportunities of study, from its extensive collection of casts from the antique, from the nude, and from dissection.

"There is a simple arrangement of classes, which has grown up mainly through experience. Students first enter the first Antique class, in which the work is from casts of portions of the body. This is really a kind of probationary class, in which they show what they can do, and where their work can be judged by the instructor.

"At the student's pleasure, he makes application for admission to the second Antique class, sending in a drawing made for the purpose in the first Antique; should that show satisfactory progress he is advanced, and in this class draws from the whole figure. In these examinations, more weight is given to the grasp of the subject and appreciation of its character, than to finish or smoothness. The student spends more time in the second than in the first Antique—on an average six months before entering the Life class. The present Professor of Painting has a strong feeling that a really able student should go early into the Life class, and, if he deems best to do so, go back to the Antique, from time to time, later, to compare his work with it, on the principle that work from nature is more useful than that from a copy of a work from nature, however great. This is, in fact, the key-note of all the present instruction.

"Admission to the Life class is made much more difficult than to the Antique for several reasons. It is not well for the Life classes to be too crowded, not more than thirty-five or forty being able to work conveniently from a single model, no matter what the size of the room may be, and it is not worth while to waste expensive models upon those who will evidently never make artists of any power; so that many who enter the second Antique never go into the Life class. Minors are not permitted to enter the Life class without the written permission of parents or guardians.

"Following the strongly expressed preference of the present professor, the students, almost without exception, paint in the Life class, instead of drawing, as is usual in most schools.

"Mr Eakins teaches that the great masses of the body are the first thing that should be put upon the canvas, in preference to the outline, which he considers, to a certain extent, an accident rather than an essential; and the students build up their figures from the inside, rather than fill them up after having lined in the outside. The practice of modeling leads the painter student in this direction also, as in it, the outline is not that which strikes the student most forcibly. It is not believed that the difficulties of painting are either lessened or more quickly surmounted by the substitution of the arbitrary colors, black and white, for the true color; and, as a painted study is more like the model than a translation into black and white can be, the comparison with nature is more direct and close, and an error in drawing is more manifest. The materials for drawing on



paper, except charcoal, which is dirty and too easily rubbed off, do not admit of the strength, breadth and rapidity of treatment, which are considered important; so that oil paint, and clay are the real tools of the school.

"Great stress is laid upon the weight and solidity of the figure; it must stand upon its legs and show exactly what part of the general movement each portion of the body is bearing, and must look as if it is made from a real living body, and not from a paste-board silhouette.

"The accurate knowledge of the anatomy obtained through the anatomical lectures and the dissections, forms a strong basis for the intelligent rendering of these qualities. An accurate representation of the model in all its peculiarities is insisted upon. The character must be caught, and something more than a superficial resemblance be evident. Conventionalizing, or improving upon the model, is discouraged, as the object is study, and not picture making; and the use of a variety of models familiarizes the student with many different types.

"Each year, studies made in the Life class, which are peculiarly meritorious, are selected by the professor, and, after being signed and dated, are retained by the Academy, a new canvas being given to the student. These studies serve to show the character of the work done in the school, and form a collection possessing great interest, as showing the changes which may take place, from time to time, in the school methods. The selection is also considered a compliment to the student, and is, in fact, the only thing of the nature of a prize that is offered, in the school proper.

"The whole subject of rewards or prizes in such schools is a somewhat difficult one. Where a number of young people are assembled for the purpose of receiving a general education, and where the principal object is to induce them all to attain a certain amount of proficiency to assist in making them useful members of society, inducements to study are perhaps necessary; but an Art school such as this can hardly be considered as subject to the same conditions. There is no reason for pushing on those who are incompetent or lazy; on the contrary, it is better that such persons should, as early as possible, abandon the pursuit of art and turn to some other work, and it is the business of the school to furnish facilities for the competent and industrious, and such stimulus as belongs to a healthy tone in the instruction. The students at the Academy usually come with a considerable amount of knowledge to begin with; they are somewhat in the position of those who take post-graduate courses in colleges; that is, they are entering a professional school, and are supposed to have every desire to make the most of their opportunities without the spur of temporary prizes. Promotion from the first to the second Antique, and to the Life class, are to some extent rewards, but more properly examinations which have to be passed, and the true prizes are the acceptance of pictures by the various exhibition committees and the approval of the public, and these can be worked for as soon as it is proper for the student to strive for prizes of any kind. This is the present theory of the school, and it is strongly supported by the Professor of Painting, who considers that working for any

other prize is apt to distract the student from the steady course of study, and to divert the attention from the regular work.

"One of the most important innovations lately made has been the substitution of modeling classes, to which all the Life class students are admitted, for the old sculpture class, which was for sculptors only. In this way, the painters model as well as paint, and the good effect of this practice become evident almost immediately. It is in accordance with the general theory of the school, that the students should gain accurate information rather than merely acquire the knack of representing something; and nothing increases more rapidly the knowledge of the figure than modeling it. The student studies it from all sides and sees the relation of the parts, and the effect of the pose upon the action of the muscles, much more distinctly than when painting from the one side of a model exposed to him from his fixed position in the painting class. The work is in clay, the figure being usually about twenty-two inches high; stands and irons for the support of the figures being provided by the Academy. The figure is complete,—not a bas-relief, or a high relief, as in the sculpture class of the *Beaux Arts* of Paris.

"Anatomical study in the Pennsylvania Academy is much more complete than in any other Art school in the world; in the European schools, lectures are given, more or less well illustrated; but the student has to depend for his dissection upon the medical colleges or the hospitals. Here, however, acting upon the principle that everything that can be should be learned from the original source, the advanced students are encouraged to dissect and to examine for themselves, thus becoming familiar with the mechanism of the body, without which knowledge it is impossible to portray those poses which, from their nature, a model cannot readily assume or retain. Both the men and the women dissect, usually at different hours, as a matter of convenience, and there are two women demonstrators. Animals are dissected for the purpose of the study of comparative anatomy, and the demonstrators of anatomy use largely the nude living model, along with the dissected body.

"The objection that the Academy schools do not sufficiently teach the students picture making, may be met by saying that it is hardly within the province of schools to do so. That is better learned outside, in private studios, in the fields, from nature, by reading, from a careful study of other pictures, of engravings, of art exhibitions. \* \* \* It must not be supposed that broad culture is unnecessary; on the contrary, it is of the greatest importance, but it should be attained, as far as possible, before and after this particular period of work.

"We see successful artists who have such diverse antecedents and attainments, that it is impossible to say what it is that makes them successful, except as to one thing; all great artists *know the fundamental work thoroughly* and upon that, therefore, we put the strength of our resources."

A future number of THE ART UNION will contain an article on the Art Students' League Schools of New York.



# The Art Union

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN ART UNION.

Correspondence on Art matters is respectfully solicited.

Notices of all forthcoming Exhibitions and Art Sales throughout the country are desired, as well as copies of the Catalogues of Public and Private galleries and transient Exhibitions, and reports of Art Sales.

All communications relating to the Literary Department of this journal should be addressed to CHARLES M. KURTZ, No. 51 West Tenth Street, New York.

All communications relating to the Business Management of the Journal, or having reference to advertising in the Journal or Catalogues of The Art Union, should be addressed to "Business Department, American Art Union," No. 51 West Tenth Street, New York.

For terms of subscription to THE ART UNION, and rates for advertising in the same, see the "Business Department" of this Journal.

VOL. I. NEW YORK, JUNE-JULY, 1884. No. 6-7.

## EDITORIAL.

IT has been deemed advisable to issue an enlarged number of THE ART UNION to take the place of the two single numbers which otherwise would have been issued for June and July. This will enable us to nearly regain the month that was lost through the inefficiency of the printers employed when this publication was begun,—and it is felt that this will be a great advantage. By issuing one number for August and September, in the same manner, it is believed that we will be enabled to bring out the journal a few days before the beginning of the month of issue thereafter. The publication of this enlarged number enables us to print a larger number of long articles than we could find space for in two separate single numbers;—articles that could not be published in parts to advantage.

HOW frequently we hear some artist remark: "Well my picture was returned to me by the Hanging Committee! It was'n't good enough for the Academy, it seems, though it was good enough for the *French Salon* a year ago!" And this is intended to convey to us the idea that the work has been approved by a much higher authority than the Academy jury, and that the latter body does not know much about Art or the picture would not have been rejected.

With a great deal of pride, young men often mention the fact that they have exhibited in the *Salon*. They seem to think that the *Salon* numbers affixed to pictures ought to be accepted as certificates of merit without question. For is not the *Salon* exhibition the greatest art exhibition of the year, the world over? Sometimes it is amusing, sometimes disgusting and sometimes pitiful to hear the ideas expressed of the *Salon*. The fact is, it is easier to exhibit a poor

picture there than in any other public exhibition of the kind, and while it is true that the best pictures of the year, all things considered, are usually shown in the *Salon*, it is also true that some of the very worst daubs find place there. The *Salon*, like a great city, is a place of extremes. There is to be found the greatest opulence on the one hand, and the greatest poverty on the other. And if we take the average of it all, what will we have? An average certainly no higher than that in our own National Academy exhibitions. We have seen *Salon* pictures and pictures on the walls of the Royal Academy that no American Hanging Committee—except possibly a picked committee from the Society of American Artists—would think of hanging at all. It is not such a stupendous honor to have a picture in a *Salon* exhibition, under the circumstances, and what follows shows that the "glory" is still more questionable.

\* \* \*

Our readers have doubtless read in numerous daily papers, the reasons certain young Parisian-Americans have given that they received no medals this year. It was not that their pictures were lacking in merit; oh certainly not! it was because the wretched American Congress insisted upon retaining the duty upon foreign works of art imported into this country,—despite Minister Morton's assurances to the Frenchmen that the Art tariff would be removed this year; and this withholding of the prizes was a bit of Gallic retaliation.

Though this does not seem remarkably modest as coming from certain of these young men, we take it for what it may be worth, and compare it with the saying of a certain Frenchman, quoted in the *Herald*, to the effect that it is doubtless true that the Americans were given no honors this year on account of the tariff business, and that doubtless they will be shut out of certain schools next year if the present tariff is not amended. Then, in his indignation, the man loses his discretion enough to say that the French artists have always made it a point to treat American exhibitors well, because they knew the value of the American market for their own productions and naturally wanted to keep on the right side of the Americans.

So this, then, explains the French system of awarding medals, does it? Taking it in connection with what the young Parisian-Americans have told the *Herald* reporter, it would seem so. This, then, is the French idea of casting bread upon the waters that it may return to them after many days?

We do not believe it. We believe the young Parisian-Americans referred to are doing our French brethren injustice, and we believe the Frenchman who talked with the *Herald* reporter also did his countrymen injustice. The French people have too much good sense to withhold medals, or the privilege of exhibiting, from those who are worthy, even if they lacked in fairness or even generosity,—which we think they do not. Besides, why should they visit what they might regard the sins of our government upon the heads of young men who have not only



sought to have the tariff entirely removed, but have even practically become Parisians? No, the Frenchmen are not so stupid as some of their friends give them credit for being, and while the present *ad valorem* duty seems to be objectionable to almost everyone, still, if it is not changed even before another year, American students will still study in the *Beaux Arts*, American artists will still exhibit in the *Salon*, and when they paint well enough to satisfy the jury, will continue to receive medals.

\* \* \*

Not long ago the writer had a conversation with one of the most extreme of the art-free-traders, and admitted freely that if this country would adopt free-trade in everything else as well, there could be no possible objection to free trade in art; but with free trade *in art alone* there would be manifest injustice done to the American artist, because nearly all the materials he uses in the production of a picture would still be heavily taxed—while foreign pictures, containing like materials, would be admitted free—and, moreover, all the necessities of life still being taxed in America, the American artist could not live equally well for nearly so little money as the foreign artist, and therefore could not compete with him on nearly equal terms.

"Oh well," said the art-free-trader, "if the American artist can live so much cheaper and produce pictures at so much less expense by living in Europe, *why don't he go to Europe to live?*"

Why not indeed!—That is about the extent of the interest the average art-free-trader seems to feel in the development and future of American Art.

A clipping from one of our exchanges characterizes THE ART UNION as an advocate of a retention of the present tariff on foreign works of Art. Our friend is mistaken. THE ART UNION advocates neither a duty nor free trade, and no editorial can be pointed to which will disprove our assertion. We have published many communications from artists advocating a *specific* instead of either an *ad valorem* duty or no duty at all, and the majority of the artists seem to consider the specific duty the proper solution of this vexed question. We have asked for arguments in favor of free trade in Art, but none have been forthcoming, and in all the communications and editorials upon the subject in any of the daily papers, we have yet to find the first grain of common sense. We have read sensible articles from the other side.

DURING the months of July, August, September and October, all communications or articles intended for the columns of THE ART UNION should be sent to Charles M. Kurtz, Director of the Art Department, Southern Exposition, Louisville, Ky. Drawings for illustrations and all advertising favors should be sent to the Art Union office, No 51 West Tenth Street, New York.

Any subscriber of THE ART UNION who changes his post-office address during the Summer months, may have his journal follow him if he will kindly keep us advised of his changes of address. In all cases both the old and the new address should be sent. It must be remembered that THE ART UNION'S business office has been changed to 51 West Tenth Street, where all communications should be addressed henceforth.

#### ART UNION MATTERS.

DURING the past two months, the ART UNION has occupied its new office at No. 51 West Tenth street. There being no Art Union Exhibition now open, there is little to chronicle. In a few days, about one hundred and twenty-five paintings, by members of the Art Union, will be shipped to Louisville, Ky., for the Southern Exposition, and shortly thereafter some fifty pictures will be sent to St. Louis, for the Exposition in that city. Some of the most popular paintings from this year's National Academy exhibition will go to Louisville, and a number of pictures have been painted especially for this Exposition. Every artist contributing is represented at his best, and when it is known that almost every prominent artist in the country is numbered among the contributors, the quality of the collection may be appreciated. Some account of the Southern Exposition and its Art Department will be given in a future number of the ART UNION.

#### NEW MEMBERS.

The following new members of the American Art Union have been elected since our last issue, and have duly qualified:

Carl Weber, Philadelphia; W. H. Snyder, Brooklyn, and Otto H. Bacher, Cleveland.

#### THE CHARM OF THE ROSE.

THERE is probably no inanimate object in the world more beautiful than a delicately tinted Rose. There is certainly nothing else which combines such beauty of form and color with such exquisite delicacy of texture and such delicious perfume. I can think of nothing to equal a half open flower of La France. I choose La France because of its perfume, of its color. The perfume is certainly unequalled; powerful, yet never heavy, it seems the very breath of summer. Then look into the rose's heart! Was ever such glowing rosey rose seen elsewhere? Like the perfume, it is powerful yet always tender and delicate. As we look into the flower's cup we see it all aglow with this brilliant, tender, vibrating red, but the outer part where the petals turn back is of a milky whiteness, a satiny smoothness. The inner petals are small and ranged around the cup, the outer ones are long and somewhat irregular, making a very attractive shape.

While every one acknowledges the beauty of the Rose, and recognizes its color and its perfume, very few indeed know truly why it is so charming. The charm seems to me to lie, in great part, in the fine silky texture of the petals and in their translucency. No other flowers have these in such marked degree, and it is these qualities which make the contrast between the cool, clear rim and outside of the cup, and its glowing heart. The other charm is that which is most felt when we look down into the depths of the half open bud. It is the charm which it shares with every beautiful thing which is "hidden yet half revealed."

GEO. C. LAMBDIN.

## LORD BYRON'S GONDOLIER.

VENETIAN gondoliers have reflected reputations, like those of painters' and sculptors' models, for having been employed by some celebrity. We had not been in Venice a day before Whistler's gondolier was pointed out to us, or a week before we learned that Ruskin had pensioned off the old boy who used to paddle him around when he was studying the stones of Venice. Later we were told that Lord Byron's gondolier was still living somewhere on the other side of the canal.

The artist who informed me of the old gondolier, promised to take me to see him sometime, but postponed the appointment again and again—so often that I almost despaired of ever seeing the man unless I searched him out myself.

I went to Beppo, our gondolier, and asked him about "Byron's gondolier," but Beppo had never heard of Byron, apparently, and looked troubled and anxious that I should want to know the address of another gondolier. Then, as usual, I went to an old person familiarly known as "the Ancient Venetian"—fuller of information than any guide-book—and asked him concerning the personage of my search.

"Did you ever see Lord Byron's gondolier?" I asked him, at the café one evening.

"No, but I have heard that he still lives."

"Could you find out for me where?—it would be a great favor."

"Certainly; it is not late, let us go now."

I suggested that some other time would do, but with his customary wish to render service, the old Venetian left his coffee unfinished and hurried me along the narrow *callas*, for he was anxious to arrive at his destination before the firing of the nine o'clock cannon. I suggested a gondola, but he said we could reach our destination sooner on foot and by the ferry.

Near the Academy of Fine Arts, there is a tavern, the rendezvous of the ferrymen, and here my friend entered, publicly announcing our errand.

There was silence for a moment, and then some one suggested that we might be looking for Guiseppe Broccoz, in which suggestion everyone acquiesced and volunteered us escort to his lodgings near by. We declined to form a procession, but were obliged to accept the assistance of one of the men, and in a few turns found ourselves in a narrow, obscure *calla*. Before one of the doorways, our guide stopped and pulled a bell; a window opened and a head appeared.

"What is wanted?"

"Guiseppe Broccoz."

In went the head and another took its place,—these heads, seen against the sky, looking like the portraits in fashion in our grandfathers' time,—cut out of black paper and stuck on light backgrounds.

"Comando?" from the second silhouette.

"Come down; these illustrious strangers wish to speak with you."

"No!" I quickly put in, "we will go up;"—for I was

anxious to see the interior also. And up we went, lighted by a grandson of the gondolier, a handsome fellow, well known to our countrymen, as he is one of the English-speaking gondoliers.

The lower room of the house was filled with lumber boards, old sails and lanterns, and had the general appearance of a boat loft. We climbed up the step-ladder which served for stairs, and came to a landing where a small lamp before a shrine threw its soft light on a bunch of fresh lilies hanging before it with their stems in a bottle. The old gondolier came out holding a candle above his head, and as its light fell upon his features he looked much more like an old Englishman than an Italian, and to my delight addressed us in very good French.

There was some one already in bed in the room we entered, and having succeeded in finding the old gondolier I was satisfied to make an engagement with him to pose for his portrait next day. We then tried to slip out again, which was not easy, as the old man insisted upon showing his photographs and those of his children and grandchildren; and the English-speaking grandson wanted to know if I were acquainted with Mr. this and Madam that, who, he said, were my compatriots, by whom he had been employed. As he knew I belonged to our Beppo, he did not ask for our patronage, but was exceedingly anxious I should "remember him" if I had friends who wished for a gondolier, and he gave me his card with the good wishes for the new year printed on the back of it.

The next morning my sister Lelie and I settled ourselves amongst the cushions of our gondola.

"Comando?" questioned Beppo as he took his place on the stern and arranged the peacock's feather in his hat, for Beppo is much more careful of his appearance when he has *la signora* aboard.

I had persuaded my sister to go with me, hoping she would be able to keep the old man awake while I sketched him,—knowing by experience that the people who pass a laborious life in the open air are drowsy the moment they are obliged to sit quietly in an apartment;—besides, she was very willing to go, as I had boasted loudly the night before, when the old Venetian and I had returned to the "*Quadri*," and she was curious to see our discovery.

When we arrived at our destination, old Broccoz was evidently on the lookout for us. He came down the steps and saluted us in French. Beppo cast a sad look at me, as if he thought we were unfaithful to him; he quickly stepped before Broccoz, who was about to present his arm in the usual balustrade manner to the *signora*, and looked sadly after us as we disappeared in the *calla* escorted by the old man.

We found the principal chamber prepared for a studio, and the model talkative. He was soon repeating poetry to my sister;—Byron's "Venice, Pride of the Sea."

"That must be a translation," she said, but the old man insisted that it was not, and declared that Byron originally wrote in Italian. We tried to encourage him to tell us some stories about Byron, asking him many questions, not caring if he should exaggerate a little if we could only



obtain a story we had never heard before ; but he would not take advantage of the opportunity, and at last we discovered,—not that he was an imposter, but only a “second oar.” His father had been Byron’s favorite gondolier, and he, at that time a young man in his teens, often pulled a second oar, and on rare occasions had paddled the poet alone. He knew where Byron had lived, knew of his life at the Armenian Convent, and fairly worshipped his memory. Byron was, without doubt, enshrined amongst the saints in his private calendar. He had never been interviewed or sketched before, to keep his memory awake ; if he had, he naturally would have added to his remembrances, and have been able to give us, late-comers, a glowing account of his exploits ; but as it was, he either lacked imagination or was too honest to take advantage of the points we suggested.

“What shall I ask him next?” inquired my sister in English, with a sigh, for there had been a long silence in the room. Out on the landing some one was sweeping ; we could hear the swish of the broom. At a window across the court, some one was singing with one of those fascinating, rich, untrained voices I should have delighted to listen to if it had not, with the accompaniment of the hissing broom served as a lullaby to the old man.

“Perhaps he knew Leopold Robert ; ask him if he did ?”—We had spent the day before in unsuccessfully looking for the painter’s tomb.

It was a happy thought ; the old fellow brightened up.

“Yes, yes, a great painter !”

“Now, Lelie, interview him on that for fifteen minutes, and then I will have finished.”

“All right. Work as fast as you can, and I will try and keep him awake.”

Then to the old man :

‘Robert ;—Robert,—he painted a large picture in Venice, did he not ?’

“Yes, the celebrated picture of the fishermen of the Adriatic. My father posed for one of the figures ;—which, I don’t remember, it was so many years ago. I used to make the fires in the Signor’s studio—(‘second oar’ again),—and once I posed for him to finish a hand.”

“Did not he die suddenly ?”

The sitter started, turned his face towards Lelie and his old eyes full upon her,—lifted his head, drew his finger across his throat and clacked his tongue.—“Cut his throat !” he continued.

“How was that ?”—he had not startled us, nor were we interested ;—it was an old story, but the old man must be kept awake.

“Well, you see Leopold Robert painted a large picture, and when it was finished, exhibited it in the Belle Arte, where all Venice went to see it,—even the Director of the Academy. ‘How do you like my painting?’ asked Leopold Robert of the Director, for the Director was also a very great artist.”

“What was his name ?”

“I don’t remember now, it was so long ago.”—(If the Director had cut his throat, the gondolier would doubtless have remembered him.)

“‘Your painting is very beautiful ; it would be perfect,’ said the Director, ‘but for one thing.’ ‘What is that?’ asked Signor Robert.”

“‘Shall I show you ?’”

“‘Yes.’”

“Then the Director looked carefully at the painting again, and turning to the painter, said :”—here the historian lost his pose, but this was new, and I waited for the denouement ;—“The Director said: ‘Signor Leopold Robert, did you ever see a group of Chioggia fishermen without at least one of them had a pipe in his mouth ?’”

“Leopold Robert struck his forehead, looked at his picture again, went to his room and”—again the pantomime of the finger across the throat, to finish the sentence.

“But,” exclaimed Lelie, who knew the painter’s sad love story, and how pictures were made, “but it would have been so easy for him to have stuck pipes in all the men’s mouths—and in those of the women and children too, if necessary !”

The old man shook his head, not grasping the idea.

“Don’t,” I said ; “don’t spoil his story, it is probably one of the rumors of the time that was much easier believed than the truth.”

“But it is so stupid. *Voilà comment on écrit l’histoire !*”

The sketch was finished and our Beppo was radiant when we appeared again. The visit was no longer a mystery to him as he had probably kept up communication and had been informed of what was going on up stairs. He knew now that we had no thought of changing gondoliers, and perhaps he even had heard an abridged history of Lord Byron from some of the old gondolier’s descendants. He carefully took charge of the wet sketch and shut it up in the bow of our gondola, out of harm’s way, as if he felt an affection for it, and as we sailed homeward, he looked back, took off his broad brimmed hat, and saluted old Guiseppe Broccoz with an air of great kindness.

HENRY BACON.

Paris, January 10, 1884.

#### THE ETCHING, “THE REPRIMAND.”

The etching, “The Reprimand,” by Walter Shirlaw, after Eastman Johnson’s picture, which is given as a premium to each annual subscriber to the American Art Union, has been characterized by a competent authority as the finest figure etching thus far produced in this country, and one of the finest that has been published in the whole history of etching. In another number, Mr. James D. Smillie, himself a high authority upon such matters, very favorably expresses himself concerning the etching, in a letter to the editor.

“The Reprimand” shows the interior of an humble cottage with a broad, open fire-place. An old man is sitting near the chimney, and leaning forward, with severe expression, is reproving a young girl, who stands before him, for disobedience. His words, however, are slightly heeded ; she has turned aside with a toss of her head and a look that indicates smothered rebellion.

As studies of expression, the faces in the etching are remarkable. The figures are both admirable in drawing, and the quaint interior is well realized. As a composition, both in lines and in chiar-oscuro the work is exceedingly effective and pleasing.

This etching alone is worth several times the cost of the Annual Subscription to the American Art Union.

## ÆSTHETIC CANT.

AN exceedingly clever novel, "*The Martyrdom of Madeline*," by Robert Buchanan, contains some rich satire and considerable philosophy. When the book first appeared, in London, some two years ago, it created a great stir. Sham æstheticism was at its height just then, and this book was plainly a slap in its face. The critics, and particularly the art critics of a certain order, attacked the book most venomously, and notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Buchanan disclaimed any intention of photographing individuals or of caricaturing the representatives of æstheticism,—asserting that it was only the cant of æstheticism that he wished to satirize, they took occasion to defend certain personages whose characters they felt might be recognized in Mr. Buchanan's book. Several of these characters are so typical of the classes they represent that they may be recognized in almost any city where what has been wrongly termed Æstheticism has been strongly prevalent. We give herewith an extract from the book, and ask if *Blanco Serena* and his disciples cannot be found in New York as well as in London?

Mr. Blanco Serena, the prophet of a new school of painting, the object of which was more closely to reconcile and blend the kindred arts of painting, poetry and music, occupied a large detached house in South Kensington, whither his worshippers flocked every Sunday, as to the shrine of some patron saint. The walls were embellished with designs from his own pencil, or those of his own friends; the furniture was his own invention in form as well as color; the ceilings were cerulean, like the heavens, and like the heavens were studded with golden stars; so that when the rapt creature looked up in contemplation or in inspiration, his vision was rewarded by celestial glimpses. There were no carpets on the floors, but here and there costly rugs were strewn. The house formed a quadrangle, in the centre of which was an open court with a playing fountain, and by the fountain, in fine weather, the prophet and the faithful would lie upon tiger and lion skins, smoking pipes and calumets of strange device.

Serena himself was a middle-aged man, with a high, bald forehead, long, apostolic beard and large, brown, dreamy eyes. He was a good soul, with the kindest disposition, and the affectations of his profession did not extend to his personal character. The fault lay more in his stars than himself that he had become an eccentric painter. He began merrily, in Bohemian fashion, with a clay pipe in his mouth, painting real landscapes from nature and human beings from the life, and producing compositions noteworthy for fine color and honest effect. But he discovered early, as many another prophet has discovered, that sincerity did not pay. In an angry moment, one day, disgusted with a picture he had just completed, he took up his brush and deliberately reversed all the color of his composition. Where water was blue, he made it vermilion; where boughs were green and golden, he made them purple and cerulean; a white human figure standing by water became an Ethiop through excess of shadow; and finally, out of sheer deviltry, he covered the daffodil sky with layers of pea-green cloud. He had just completed his work, and was scowling at it grimly, when there entered Ponto, the new art critic from Camford. No sooner did Ponto see the mutilated picture than he clasped his hands and raised his eyes rapturously to heaven. "At last!" he cried, and wrung Serena by the hand. "Only paint like this, and your fame is sure." The "Megatherium" of the following Sunday contained an article by Ponto, entitled "Mr. Blanco Serena's new painting—a Reverie in Vermilion and Pea-Green," in which article it was clearly demonstrated, not merely that the painting was one of the masterpieces of the world, but that the painter was the first "modern man" who had dared "to give prominence on canvas to evanescent cosmic moods." From that day forth the epithets cosmic, august, titanic, supersensuous,

sublime and other adjectives of equal meaning were the especial property of Serena and his imitators; for that imitators came soon goes perhaps without saying, seeing that imitation is so easy. "Reveries" on canvas became the rage; to be non-natural was the fashion. Artists who had once in their innocence strained every nerve to study great models and to copy nature, now tortured ingenuity to represent "evanescent cosmic moods"—out of color, out of drawing, and out of all harmony with anything else but the diseased inventions of bad painters and the bad critics who urged them on.

Serena, as we have said, was a good fellow, and took his success sensibly. Only to one man in the world did he secretly confess the facts of the case. "I know I am a humbug," he said to Forster, "and that those who praise me are humbugs. I know that I paint worse than I did at twenty, and that when I die, and my school dies with me, posterity will find me out. This is why, now and then, I follow the true lights of my soul, and paint a true picture, just to keep my work from utterly perishing in Limbo, just to enable some poor soul in the far future to say, 'After all, Blanco Serena might, had he chosen, have escaped from being the æsthetic prig of his period.' But what I am the scribbler and the public have made me. If another man painted a bony woman in yellow gauze, with red hair and pale-green eyes, and impossible arms and legs, he would be found out directly; but only let me paint such a figure and call it 'Persephone musing by the waters of Lethe,' or 'Memory kneeling by the grave of Hope,' or 'Fading away; a sonata in Sunset tints,' and I am sure at least of Ponto's praise and the public's approval. Well, of all humbugs Art humbug is the worst; though, after all, worse saints have been canonized than Blanco Serena."

To the studio of Blanco, a few days after Madeline's visit, came Ponto, the Art critic, bringing with him a thin, middle-aged Frenchman, with a coarse mouth and a sinister expression of countenance. The painter, with deft and careless hand, was adding a few touches to the picture of Ophelia.

"Serena," cried Ponto, "let me introduce you to M. Auguste de Gavrolles, from Paris—the friend and pupil of the supreme and impeccable Gautier. He is a poet, an ardent worshipper of your genius, and in all matters of art completely sane and cosmic."

Serena smiled and held out his hand, which the Frenchman took rapturously and raised it to his lips.

"Ah, Monsieur," he exclaimed, this is the proudest moment of my life!"

Ponto threw himself into a chair, and looked around him with a smile of feline insipidity.

"What is that you have there, my dear Serena?" he asked, blinking at the picture. "Ah, I see, another superbly musical meditation in the minor key of flake white!"

"It is a portrait," said Serena quietly.

"An ideal portrait—quite so. How wonderfully in that floating drapery you have conveyed the serene insouciance of trances of languor descending into aberration of supersensual dream!"

"It is neither more nor less than a careful likeness of the original," returned Serena modestly. "In the arrangement of the colors I wish to convey—"

"The spirituality of a superb and life-consuming dream, fired with the arid flame of incipient passion—ethereal, almost epicene—conscious of throbbing vistas of a sexual retrospection and chromatic wastes of fruitless future fantasy, interposed with forlorn gulfs of irremediable darkness and despair. Added to this, and seen in the pose of the limp hand and the melancholy texture of the flesh tints is the Lethæan consciousness of a drowned and devastated ideal, unlightened by one star of promise and irredeemed by one flower of celestial truth. Am I right? Do I take your meaning?"

"Just so," said Serena drily, and turned to look at the Frenchman.

\* \* \* \*

Ponto looked over Serena's shoulder as he worked, with admiring eyes.

"You must know Gavrolles better," he observed; "I like him; we all like him. He is a man of ideas." Gavrolles placed his hand upon his heart and bowed.



"I have learned of my master, the immortal Theophile, to worship what is beautiful, to adore what is superb."

"In France, at the present moment," continued Ponto patronizingly, "Gavrolles represents the school of super-sensuous personal yearning. In his last book of poems, 'Parfums de la Chair,' and particularly in that superb fragment, 'Cameo Satanique,' he has applied the connecting link between the celestial appetite of Gautier and the divine nausea of Baudelaire. Till Gavrolles came, the calendar of imperial passion was incomplete. What Smith, Jones and Keats are to our august poetry, that is he to the poetry of modern France."

"Ah, Monsieur, forbear!" cried the Frenchman. "You overwhelm me with shame. Such praise—before the master!"

"I will go further," cried Ponto recklessly, "and I will fearlessly assert that in the golden roll of the fearless and fecund Parisian Parnassus, there is no more affluent name than that of my friend Gavrolles. His 'Chant Aromatique' to the Venus of Dahomey would alone entitle him to a place in that Pantheon where the names of Victor Hugo and Achille de Gauville shine effulgent, while his masterly management of the Sestina, in his great address to myself, is only to be compared with the Titanic sculpture of Michael Angelo, or the colossal imagery of Potts."

Serena smiled gloomily. He was familiar with that sort of praise, as addressed to himself, but with all his cynicism, he scarcely approved of its lavish application to an obscure Frenchman. The fact was that the whole speech formed part and parcel of a eulogistic article, in Ponto's best manner, then in type for the "Megatherium," a widely circulated literary journal in which nepotism and malignity formed equal parts.

"By the way," observed Serena, still quietly at work, "I see that MacAlpine has been falling foul of our friend Potts in the North British."

MacAlpine was a cantankerous critic hailing from beyond the Border, and with a Highland disregard of consequences in the expression of his literary opinions. Ponto turned livid.

"MacAlpine," he exclaims, "bears to the immortal Potts the relation that a leper does to the Paian Apollo. It is well known that MacAlpine has been guilty of murder, bigamy, rapine, incest and larceny, but all these are nothing compared to his fiendish and futile statement that Potts is not the most stupendous, wonderful, awe-inspiring, celestial and cosmic creature existing on this planet. MacAlpine, it is notorious, left his grandmother to starve in the workhouse, and kicked his little brother to death, but these crimes are venial by the side of his hateful and hellish assertion that your divine and spirit-compelling picture of 'Psyche watching the sleep of Eros' is out of proportion."

Serena sighed, then smiled.

"Do you know, my dear Ponto, I sometimes think that a little hostile criticism is refreshing. I really find it so, when it comes in my way."

Ponto shuddered.

"The only true attitude of criticism is that of worship," he exclaimed.

"The man who, in contemplating your consummate masterpiece, could be conscious of any feeling save of the surging forces of cosmic yearning, flowering into the form of perfect idealization, and shining with the reflected light of coruscating eternities of sterile pain—such a man, I say, is capable of any social crime, and incapable of any æsthetic perception."

"Pardon me," returned Serena. "What you say is doubtless very flattering, but if criticism is pure worship, how do you account for your own attacks on the literary productions of the enemies of the æsthetic school?"

"All modern schools but one are execrable," returned Ponto, with a grinding of the teeth and a waving of the hand. "It is enough for us to pronounce that they are not—Art! In approaching them we do not criticise—we simply obliterate; we crush, as we crush a reptile or an unclean thing. The man who denies absolute perfection to Potts, or universal mastery to Blanco Serena, at once proclaims, not merely his incompetence to speak on any artistic subject whatever, but by inference his moral degradation as a human being. We wave him from our vision—we wipe him out. He is a loathsome Philistine, an outcast, physically and intellectually abominable. Such a man once said, in my hearing, that 'Mademoiselle de Maupin' was not the purest, wholesomest, most supremely sane and salutary book produced since the Divine Comedy, and that, on the whole, he preferred Wordsworth to Gautier as a moral

teacher. My whole soul revolted. I shrank from that man with a shudder, and I am convinced that the wretch is ethically lost and intellectually paralytic."

This is only an extract referring to the peculiar artistic tendencies of a year or two ago; later on there is a discussion of the peculiar ideas of literature and especially of journalism which obtain among certain classes and which have already borne considerable fruit in New York. The book can give an excellent reason for its existence, and, besides, the matter is artistically presented.

#### SANFORD R. GIFFORD.

WE have been requested to publish these beautiful lines written shortly after the death of Sanford R. Gifford, and originally published in the New York *Tribune* of November 14, 1880. Those who knew and loved the artist and who cling to all their memories of him, will be glad to preserve this tribute to his genius and charming personality. Those who did not know him may still appreciate the beauty of the lines, which we reproduce with pleasure.

#### GIFFORD.

##### I.

##### THE CLOSED STUDIO.

This was a magician's cell:  
Beauty's self obeyed his spell!  
When the air was gloom without,  
Grace and Color played about  
Yonder easel. Many a sprite,  
Golden-winged with heaven's light,  
Let the upper skies go drear,  
Spreading his rare plumage here.

Skyward now,—alas the day!—  
See the truant Ariels play!  
Cloud and air with light they fill,  
Wandering at idle will,  
Nor (with half their tasks undone)  
Stay to mourn the master gone.  
Only in this hollow room,  
Now, the stillness and the gloom.

##### II.

##### OF WINTER NIGHTS.

When the long nights return, and find us met  
Where he was wont to meet us, and the flame  
On the deep hearth-stone gladdens as of old,  
And there is cheer, as ever in that place,  
How shall our utmost nearing close the gap  
Known, but till then scarce measured? Or what light  
Of cheer for us, his gracious presence gone,  
His speech delayed, till none shall fail to miss  
That halting voice, yet sure; speaking, it seemed,  
The one apt word? For well the painter knew  
Art's alchemy and law; her nobleness  
Was in his soul, her wisdom in his speech,  
And loyalty was housed in that true heart,  
Gentle yet strong, and yielding not one whit  
Of right or purpose. Now, not more afar  
The light of last year's Yule fire than the smile  
Of Gifford, nor more irreclaimable  
Its vapor mingled with the wintry air.

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

### RECENT, PRESENT AND FUTURE ART EXHIBITIONS.

PAST.—THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS' Seventh Annual Exhibition at the National Academy of Design closed June 21. The exhibition was neither an artistic, a popular, or a financial success.

THE CAROLINA ART ASSOCIATION, of Charleston, S. C., closed its Annual Loan Exhibition June 21.

THE PORTLAND SOCIETY OF ART'S Seventh Annual Exhibition, held in the new club-house belonging to the Society, was one of the most successful ever held by the Society. The collection numbered 125 pictures, sixty in oil, seventeen in water color, the remainder in black and white. *An Art Exhibition* in aid of the Soldier's Monument Fund, was held in Portland, during the week ending July 7.

PRESENT.—THERE IS AN EXHIBITION OF WATER COLORS in one of the halls of the Inventor's Institute, in the Cooper Union building. There are a few good pictures in the collection, but the artistic average of the works is not high. Admission is free.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM'S LOAN EXHIBITION, at the Museum, Central Park, Fifth Avenue and Eighty-second Street, is now open. Besides an excellent collection of modern paintings, representing many of the best artists, there are several works of the old masters—notably those belonging to Mr. Marquand, which are exceedingly interesting. The exhibition will remain open until November. Admission, Mondays and Tuesdays, 25 cents. On other days free.

THE LENOX LIBRARY, with its collection of paintings and sculptures, is open to the public on Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, from 11 A. M. until 4 P. M. Tickets, admitting a specified number of visitors, may be obtained free, on previous application by postal card, addressed to the "Superintendent of the Lenox Library," Fifth Avenue and Seventieth Street.

THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Second Avenue and Eleventh Street, contains an excellent collection of early American paintings and a number of examples by the Old Masters. There are in all, 791 pictures in well-lighted galleries. Visitors may obtain access to the galleries free, by procuring a ticket from a member of the society.

THE BUFFALO FINE ARTS ACADEMY opened its regular Annual Loan Exhibition of paintings, June 2. The exhibition will close July 7.

THE SAN FRANCISCO ART ASSOCIATION'S ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now open, with a collection of paintings from the American Art Union.

FUTURE.—THE SOUTHERN EXPOSITION at Louisville, Ky., will be open from August 16 to October 25. The Art Department will be one of the leading features of the Exposition, and the best foreign and American artists will be represented by carefully selected works. There will be a special collection of works by members of the Art Union. The selection of the pictures for this exhibition has been confided to Mr. Charles M. Kurtz, who has been appointed Director of the Art Department.

THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION SOCIETY'S First Exhibition will be open from September 3 to October 18. There will be an extensive Art Department, to which the Art Union will contribute pictures by its members. The selection of pictures for this Exhibition has been confided to Mr. George H. Galt.

THE MILWAUKEE INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION SOCIETY will hold its Fourth Annual Exhibition from September 6 to October 11. There will be an Art Department, as usual, and the Art Union will be represented by works of its members. Pictures will be received up to August 1, subject to the approval of the Art Committee. Thomas R. Mercein, General Manager and Secretary; Mrs. Lydia Ely, Superintendent of the Art Department.

THE CINCINNATI EXPOSITION OF INDUSTRY AND ART will be open from September 3 to October 4. The circulars for the Art Exhibition have not yet been issued.

THE MASSACHUSETTS CHARITABLE MECHANIC ASSOCIATION will hold its Fifteenth Triennial Exhibition in Boston, during the months of September and October. There will be an Art Department in connection with this exhibition, and \$5,000 worth of pictures will be bought, and medals of gold, silver and bronze will be awarded.

THE NEW ENGLAND MANUFACTURERS AND MECHANICS INSTITUTE will hold its Fourth Annual Exhibition in Boston, Mass., from September 3 to November 1. Mr. Frank T. Robinson is Director of the Art Department again this year.

THE INTER-STATE INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION Society of Chicago, will hold its Twelfth Annual Exhibition from September 3 to October 18. As many of the pictures as remained unsold in the recent exhibition of the Society of American Artists are to be sent to Chicago as a part of the art department of this exhibition. The remainder of the pictures will be received, for the most part, from American artists residing abroad. Miss Sara T. Hallowell will be in charge of the department, as usual.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN will hold its regular annual AUTUMN EXHIBITION from November 3 to November 29th (inclusive). Pictures will be received at the Academy, from October 15 to October 18, inclusive. "Varnishing day" will be October 31, and members of the press will be admitted on this day (by card) after 2 p. m. Lists of the pictures offered for exhibition should be sent to Mr. T. Addison Richards, Secretary of the National Academy, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, New York, by October 13th. The Hanging Committee for this exhibition will comprise William Hart, E. L. Henry, Thomas Hicks, Winslow Homer and Thomas Hovenden, and two associate members to be appointed by the Council of the Academy.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS, of Philadelphia, will hold its Fifty-fifth Annual Exhibition from October 30, to December 11 (inclusive). Pictures will be received at the Academy from October 6 to October 11. "Varnishing day" will be October 29. We copy from the Academy circular interesting matter regarding the prizes to be awarded, etc.—"The Mary Smith Prize, annual, founded by Russell Smith, will be awarded for the sixth time during this exhibition. It gives one hundred dollars 'to the painter of the best painting (not excluding portraits) in oil or water colors, exhibited at the Academy, painted by a resident Philadelphia lady artist, for qualities ranking as follows: 1st. Originality of subject; 2d. Beauty of design or drawing; 3d. Color and effect; and lastly execution;' to be awarded by the Exhibition Committee. The Charles Tappan Prizes, one of two hundred dollars and one of one hundred dollars, will be awarded for the third time, by the Academy Committee on Instruction, for the two best pictures by students of the Academy who have worked regularly in its schools for at least two years, one of them being the school year preceding the exhibition; provided, however, that there shall be no obligation to award a prize for any work which is not, in the opinion of the Committee, of sufficient merit. The pictures submitted may be either in oil or water color, and entered in the usual way for the Annual Exhibition. According to the positively expressed terms of this gift, the drawing of the picture will receive the first attention of the examiners, that work which shows the most accurate drawing receiving the preference. The Temple Trust Fund now yields each year \$1,800 for the purchase of works of art and the issue of medals to artists. Its application is limited to works by American artists in the Annual Exhibition. All American artists exhibiting are eligible; but no work will be purchased or medalled if none be submitted of sufficient merit in the opinion of the Board of Directors of the Academy. Two medals (one in gold and one in silver) may be awarded each year, and about \$1,700 will be available for the purchase of works of art. For the Catalogue of the Exhibition good drawings of important or interesting exhibits are solicited from contributing artists, to be reproduced by photo-engraving. To allow time for the careful preparation and proving of the plates, the drawings should be delivered at the Academy not later than October 8th."—George Corliss, Secretary of the Academy, Broad and Cherry Streets, Philadelphia.



THE SALMAGUNDI SKETCH CLUB will hold its exhibition of works in black and white, in the National Academy building, this city, from December 10 to December 23. F. M. Gregory, Secretary, 80 East Washington Square, New York.

IN DETROIT, MICH., we are informed there will be an Art Exhibition held this year, but no definite information concerning its details have yet reached us.

THE WORLD'S FAIR AND COTTON CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION will open at New Orleans, La., December 1, and continue for six months. Congress has voted \$1,000,000 to this enterprise, on condition that the citizens of New Orleans will raise \$500,000 additional. A recent letter to the *New York Herald* says: "An art gallery is being constructed, composed of specimens of the marbles and stones of the various States and Territories, and of such foreign countries as may send specimens. Mexico will send a large collection of old paintings, and a special commissioner has been sent to Europe for the purpose of interesting European artists and owners of collections. The Director-General will confer with the Art Union, of New York, and arrange for a large display from American artists and owners, but from present indications, the Art building will have to be much enlarged to accommodate the offerings."

#### LITERARY NOTES.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART, for July, contains a number of articles of interest, among which may be mentioned "By River and Sea," a biographical and critical sketch of William Lionel Wyllie, a rising English artist; "Raphael and the Fornarina," "The Marvel of the World,"—a term applied to the Giralda of Seville—and the continuation of the papers on "Fontainebleau" and "Greek Myths in Greek Art." The frontispiece is a fine engraving from "The Gladiator's Wife," a painting by E. Blair Leighton, in this year's Royal Academy Exhibition. A paper on "Current Art," accompanied by three fine illustrations, discusses the present Royal Academy Exhibition. The department of this magazine which is devoted to American art is complete as a record, and is interesting for containing intelligent ideas.—(Casell & Co., 739 and 741 Broadway.)

THE ART AMATEUR, for July, contains a number of illustrations reproduced from the French *Salon* catalogue; an article on the Meissonier Exhibition, opened in Paris, on May 24th, and a criticism on the Exhibition of the Society of American Artists. One of the supplements is a reproduction of a drawing in red chalk by Boucher.—(Montague Marks, 23 Union Square.)

THE AMERICAN, of Philadelphia, contains bright, interesting art notes from week to week, and *The Week*, of Toronto, Canada, likewise presents occasional art notes in attractive form.

THE STUDIO once more is to be resurrected; this time under the direction of Mr. Clarence Cook. The first *Studio* was originally published in connection with the old *Musical Review*, and after the double paper formally died, continued on its own account, for a few weeks, under the guidance of Mr. Alvin Southworth. It was born and died in the early part of 1881. Mr. Frank T. Lent began the publication of the last *Studio* in the winter of 1882. It lived a little more than a year and then gave up the ghost. Its last issues under the editorship of Mr. J. C. Van Dyck, were much the best, but its support was inadequate, and it had to go. It is said that Mr. Feuardent, the plaintiff in the Cesnola trial, is interested in the revival of the *Studio*.

PALETTE SCRAPINGS for June, a handsome journal, published by the students of the St. Louis School of Fine Arts, has just reached us. It contains a number of interesting literary contributions, some local notes and several illustrations of exceptional merit. The reproduction of the head of a child, drawn in charcoal by I. R. Barber, is a very effective piece of work, and a pen drawing of a head by M. H. Hoke is exceedingly commendable. The sketch "A Brown Study," from a crayon drawing, is very pleasing, and so are two wood engravings by A. Blanchard, though the latter somewhat lack freedom in their handling. Some "Sketches at the Zoo" are interesting outlines by J. D. Patrick. An etching in the front of the publication is weak.

The New England Institute proposes to issue in connection with the art catalogue of its fourth annual autumn exhibition, in Boston, a *Year Book* that is to represent, by means of suitable graphic arts, the highest American art products of the year. The illustrations will be accompanied by text, and the book will be elaborate in its paper, printing and binding. Four editions will be printed: an *edition de grand luxe*, limited to forty copies; an *edition de luxe*, of one hundred copies; a "regular edition" of two thousand copies, and an "extra edition" of four thousand copies. The last will contain a selection from the illustrations and will be for general sale as a catalogue. The Institute's catalogue for 1883 was a handsome publication that is treasured by catalogue collectors. It contained many etchings and engravings after the works of the artists.

#### GENERAL ART NOTES.

Says the *Detroit Every Saturday*: "The Detroit Museum of Art enterprise is suffering no unnecessary delay. When the \$40,000 for the land to be used as the site had been subscribed, and the committees upon location and organization appointed, it was found that no adequate State law existed under which to incorporate. An unavoidable delay until the next session of the legislature, which begins upon the first of next January, affords the needed time in which to mature a suitable bill. As the law must be a general act, under which any art society in any city of the state can incorporate, and yet be adapted to the anticipated requirements of Detroit, the task of drafting the bill was committed to Hon. Geo. V. N. Lothrop and Hon. Wm. A. Moore, than whom there is no higher legal authority in the state. When this act shall have been made a law, which can probably be done by the first of next February, the finance committee will be ready to raise the \$100,000 for the building. This should be done by obtaining a great number of small pledges, so that the Museum of Art will belong to the people and be conducted for the people in the broadest sense possible. The \$50,000 gift of Mr. James E. Scripps will then be available in securing the beginning of the collection of art objects, which should be selected with utmost discrimination. It is doubtless premature at present to agitate it, but the suggestion has been made, that the rooms in the museum to be devoted to art classes, should be placed at the disposal of the Michigan University for its art department." The same paper contains the statement that Detroit became the scene of operations for a number of picture dealers immediately after last year's very successful loan exhibition, but that in most cases with disappointing results, though some very fine works of art were offered.

A new permanent public art gallery is to be established in St. Johns, N. B., to be known as "The Owens' Art Gallery" in honor of its founder, who left a large bequest for its establishment. In connection with the gallery there will be an art school for study from the antique. Mr. John Hammond will be instructor and superintendent.

The Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art will soon begin the erection of an addition to the Museum building, which will be considerably larger than the portion already built. The new part will join the old on the south side, and the southern end of it will be the front of the Museum, which will be approached by a winding road from Fifth Avenue at Seventy-ninth Street. The new part, while corresponding in general architectural style with what has been erected, will be much superior in its general interior arrangements. In it will be placed the Cesnola collection, and the grand hall of the present building will contain a large collection of architectural casts, representing all countries and periods. At present only one-twelfth of the Museum structure has been built. Even this is far superior in arrangement to the South Kensington Museum, of London, and when the building is completed, it will surpass any other structure of the kind in the world. It is the intention, after awhile, to establish a restaurant in the basement story of the present building. This, like the restaurant in the Kensington Museum, will be a great convenience, and no doubt will pay the Museum something of a profit. Presents and bequests to the Museum are now becoming frequent; if they continue to come in as they have during the past two years, there will have to be almost constant building to keep even with them, to give them places—even though they are accepted upon conditions relating to their merit.



## The Art Union.

### BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

#### THE AMERICAN ART UNION.

The American Art Union, a society of American artists, including representatives of all the different schools of art, has been organized "for the general advancement of the Fine Arts, and for promoting and facilitating a greater knowledge and love thereof on the part of the public." To accomplish this, the society proposes:

- 1st. To maintain in the City of New York a permanent exhibition and sales-room for selected American works of art, and to hold occasional similar exhibitions in the chief cities of the country;
- 2d. To publish original etchings and engravings of the highest grade;
- 3d. To issue an illustrated monthly art journal, of which a leading feature will be the contributions of the artist members, both in the form of papers and illustrations;
- 4th. To purchase for the annual subscribers to the UNION original works of art, which will be selected by a committee of artists, and disposed of at the close of each year as the subscribers themselves may desire.

#### MEMBERS.

Nearly all of the leading artists of the country, representing the various schools, are enrolled among the active members of the Art Union, and its President and Vice-President hold similar offices in the National Academy of Design. The Honorary Membership includes some of the most distinguished amateurs and friends of Art in the country. A full list of the members is published in the January number of THE ART UNION.

The Board of Control of the Art Union for 1884-5 consists of:

D. HUNTINGTON, <i>President.</i>	T. W. WOOD, <i>Vice President.</i>	
E. WOOD PERRY, JR., <i>Secretary.</i>	FREDERICK DIELMAN, <i>Treasurer.</i>	
W. H. BEARD,	HENRY FARRER,	ALBERT BIERSTADT,
EASTMAN JOHNSON,	THOMAS MORAN,	JERVIS M'ENTEE,
GEO. H. STORY,	WALTER SHIRLAW.	

#### SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE ART UNION.

Upon the payment of the sum of five dollars, any person may become a subscriber to the AMERICAN ART UNION for one year, and will receive for such payment:

FIRST: A season ticket to the Exhibitions of Paintings, at the society's Gallery, in New York City, when the same may be open.

SECOND: A proof before letters, on India paper, of the etching of the year, by Walter Shirlaw, from Eastman Johnson's picture "The Reprimand." This etching is mounted upon heavy plate paper, and is of a size (13x16

inches) and quality such as the leading dealers sell at from twenty to twenty-five dollars;

THIRD: The illustrated ART UNION, which will be issued monthly, for the current year. (The price of the journal to non-subscribers will be \$3.00 a year.)

FOURTH: An interest in works of art purchased by the Art Union. One-half of the subscription will be set apart for the formation of a fund, to be expended for the joint account of the subscribers in the purchase of works of art, which will be held in trust until the end of the year, when they will be delivered unconditionally to the whole body of the subscribers, represented by a committee. This committee will then make such disposition of the works as may be determined by the majority of the subscribers, each of whom will be entitled to send in one vote as to the manner of disposal.

There are several feasible ways in which to dispose of the purchased works.

They may be sold at auction or private sale, or at an auction which will be attended only by subscribers, and the proceeds divided equally among all the subscribers; or they may be divided among the bodies of subscribers of the several States, each one to receive its quota according to the amount of the subscriptions from such State. The several state committees may then dispose of the works in one of the aforementioned methods, or present them to form nuclei of new public art galleries, or additions to some already in existence. Or they may be distributed among the subscribers by lot.

In enumerating these various methods of disposition, the American Art Union expresses no preference of one above another; its desire and interest are only that the disposition of the collection shall be equitable and satisfactory to all concerned.

No exorbitant prices will be paid to the artists, but such only as are generally obtained at the studios for a similar class of work, and the prices to the subscribers will be exactly those paid to the artists.

The latent taste for art that has existed in the country has been developed in a wonderful degree during the past twenty years, until there is scarcely to be found a home in any section that does not contain some form of art production. It is believed by the projectors of the American Art Union that the time is at hand for such an enterprise, and that the lovers of art will be eager to avail themselves of its benefits.

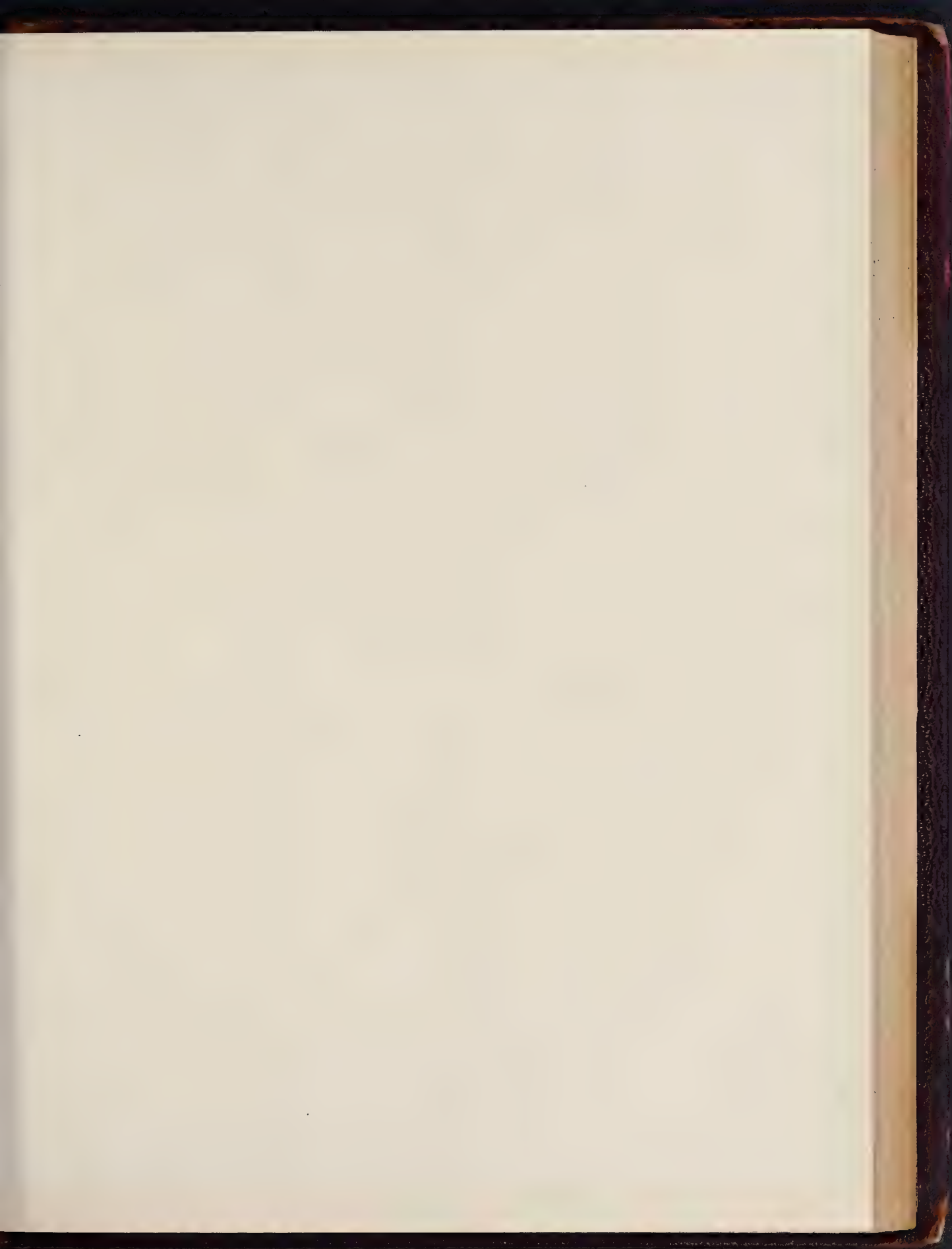
Honorary Secretaries, to receive subscriptions, will be appointed from time to time in various parts in the country. Money may also be sent by postal or express order, Bank Check or Draft or Registered Letter, payable to the *American Art Union*, No. 51 West Tenth Street, New York.

Any person sending a club of twenty subscriptions to the Art Union, will receive an additional subscription free of charge. Specimen copies of the illustrated ART UNION journal will be sent post-paid on application.

By order of the Board of Control,

E. WOOD PERRY, JR., Secretary.







"THE KING'S FLAMINGOES"—BY F. S. CHURCH.



# THE ART UNION

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN ART UNION

VOL. I.

NEW YORK, AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1884.

No. 8-9.

## THE ART UNION.

WE have come to the end of our apologies for the delays in getting out the ART UNION on the first of the month, and hope that our subscribers will be as thankful as we are that it is out at all. Only a publisher who depends upon artists in the summer season can appreciate the difficulties that have beset us.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OUR Illustrations this month are, as usual, reproduced from drawings by the artists. The frontispiece, "THE KING'S FLAMINGOES," a sketch in Mr. Church's peculiarly free and graceful manner, is from his picture that was exhibited in the Autumn Exhibition of the National Academy of Design in 1883.

"WAITING," (page 156) is a characteristic sketch in ink and crayon by GEORGE C. LAMBDIN, of Philadelphia. "FRANKLIN AT THE PRESS," by E. WOOD PERRY, N. A., is from the well-known painting by the artist, from a study made from the original press used by Franklin, in printing the *New England Courant*, a small half-sheet published by Franklin's brother in Boston. "ON THE GREEN RIVER," by J. P. BRISTOL, N. A., is an effective pen and ink sketch of a picturesque locality, executed in a free, open, suggestive manner.

## ART IN THE SOUTH.

PICTURES AT THE SOUTHERN EXPOSITION, LOUISVILLE, KY.

DURING the past few years, the popular appreciation of art in this country has been given a wonderful impetus by the numerous loan exhibitions of pictures which have been held in so many of our leading cities. These exhibitions have drawn paintings, representing the best artists, from most of the leading collections in America, and have enabled hundreds of persons who had little idea of art, to become acquainted with its highest phases.

Many persons, who, before the era of the loan exhibitions, had never seen works of real art, and whose art knowledge went little further than their ability to discriminate between chromos and "oil paintings," have thereby had awakened in them not only a high artistic appreciation and discrimination, but a desire to surround themselves by works of fine art; and, as a result, where there were formerly only a few isolated pictures hanging in the rarely opened parlors of certain well-to-do people of the smaller cities and towns,

fine collections are now springing into existence, and the possession of fine pictures is no longer something exceptional. It is a fact, also, that the largely increased number of picture buyers does not indicate a general increase in wealth so much as a steady growth of good taste and refinement.

Probably no loan exhibition ever held in this country has had a greater influence than the art exhibition held last year in connection with the Southern Exposition at Louisville, Ky. Nearly a million persons visited the Exposition, and most of them found the Art Department its most attractive feature. Visitors from all portions of the South, carried home with them new ideas of art, and a new appreciation of the beauties in Art and Nature. The influence of the gallery upon the citizens of Louisville was such, that at the close of the exposition, a popular subscription was raised, and ten thousand dollars worth of pictures were purchased for the nucleus of a permanent public gallery for the city.

When the citizens of Louisville determined to hold another exposition this year, the art department was one of the first matters to which consideration was given, and early in the spring, the exposition's representatives in New York began the work of securing pictures.

In the selection of paintings for its art gallery this year, the Exposition Art Committee felt that the most interesting collection would be one representing the American artists at their best; and, therefore, an arrangement was effected with the American Art Union, with most satisfactory results. As the Southern Exposition was the first in the field, its representatives had the first choice from the pictures in the studios, and this fact, coupled with the willingness of the artists to send pictures to a city where art appreciation was so clearly indicated as it was by the sales of pictures in Louisville last year, resulted in the formation of probably the finest collection of American pictures ever taken out of New York city.

The general appearance of the exposition art gallery is very much finer this year than it was last year, despite the fact that the collection last year contained many of the finest foreign pictures owned in this country. There are not so many large, "striking" pictures now, to attract one from a distance, but there is a much better average of merit in the works exhibited, and there are many small pictures containing just as good *technique* as was shown in the larger canvases last year. Besides, the pictures "hang together" on the walls much better than did those of last year.

The art building of the exposition is an isolated structure of brick, cruciform in shape, situated in the midst of a

pleasant grove in Central Park, about two hundred yards from the main exhibition building. Midway between the two buildings is the Music Pavilion, where Cappa's Seventh Regiment band gives out-door concerts in the afternoons and evenings, and where during the latter half of the exposition, Gilmore's band will hold forth. Entering the art building through a spacious vestibule which takes the place of the south wing, and which contains some excellent pictures, the visitor finds himself in the rotunda, whence can be obtained a view into the interior of each gallery.

In the centre of the rotunda, under a large cluster of electric lights, is a slightly raised platform, upon which are effectively arranged several pieces of fine statuary, with broad-leaved tropical plants grouped about them. The central piece is "Woman Triumphant," the celebrated statue by Joel T. Hart, a Kentuckian by birth, whose talent was only beginning to receive fair recognition when he died, some seven years ago, in Florence. Joel Hart and Hiram Powers were intimate friends, and it is an interesting fact that the same clay used by Powers in modeling the Greek Slave, was afterwards used by Hart in the creation of his sublime ideal woman. Doubtless there is scarcely one American who has heard of the "Woman Triumphant" to fifty who are familiar with the very outlines of the "Greek Slave," yet from an artistic as well as from an intellectual standpoint, the "Woman Triumphant" is almost incomparably the superior of the two. This statue was the culmination of the sculptor's life work. For nearly twenty years he wrought upon it, and at last when it was finished in the marble, ready to take its place among the master-works of our time, Hart was called away, and the praises due to him are only being paid to his memory now. The statue represents a perfect woman, possessed of all the passions belonging to a superior animal nature, united with modesty of expression and rare strength of will. Her full, free, luxurious development has nothing of grossness in it; there is refinement in every line, and the head and face raise the type—as displayed in the Venus di Medici, for example—to the highest order of human intelligence. This woman is not only a beautiful animal, able to control her passions; she is a woman who has noble thoughts and aims. At her feet stands a Cupid, charming in gracefulness of form. He has assailed the Woman; has shot arrow after arrow, but all save one have fallen at her feet, broken. The Woman has caught the last arrow in her hand, and holds it high above her head, far out of the reach of the Cupid, who, on tiptoe, with outstretched arms, vainly pleads for it. The intensely sweet, indescribable expression in the beautiful face of the Woman, the ease and unaffected grace in her attitude, the perfection of her person and the charming figure and look of eagerness in the countenance of the disappointed Cupid, render this a work of uncommon interest. And the composition tells a story too. Virtue is assailed, but reason is brought to bear, and all attacks are harmless. The old Greek Venuses were of luxurious form but had neither passions nor intellects; this work is superior in conception in giving us the passions controlled by the intellect.

After the death of the sculptor, this superb creation was

sold to Tiffany & Company, and in their establishment in New York, attracted great attention. About a year ago, the ladies of the city of Lexington and of Fayette County, Kentucky (where Hart was born), resolved to purchase the work as a memorial of the sculptor, and a testimony of their appreciation of his aim and his success. Large subscriptions poured in for the purpose, the money for the purchase was soon raised, and when the exposition closes, Lexington will possess one of the most superb artistic creations of any time.

The other sculptures in the central part of the rotunda are a bust of Hart, by his pupil, Saul; Hart's small statue, "The Morning Glory," a poetical expression of the childhood of an Italian girl, and a figure entitled "Reproof," by Thaxter, representing a child slapping the face of a kitten, which has killed a pet bird, lying at her feet. In niches at the points where the gallery walls meet at the rotunda, are pieces of statuary also. At the north-east is a superb statue of Hebe by Canova. This, one of the most satisfactory of the sculptor's ideals of Hebe, was produced upon the order of a Spanish nobleman, from whom it came into the possession of the late Robert J. Ward, of the famous "Ward family" of Kentucky. It is now the property of the Art Gallery of the Kentucky Polytechnic Society, of Louisville. Another of the niches contains Hart's excellent copy of the Venus di Medici, which also belongs to the Polytechnic Society, and the two niches nearest the entrance contain respectively busts of Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay, both modeled from life, and said to be as striking portraits as they are excellent pieces of sculpture.

The paintings in the art building occupy three large galleries and the spacious vestibule, and from the subjects and disposition of colors upon the walls, produce a most charming general effect. Every wall is a perfect harmony, and every picture hangs well in composition and color with the pictures which surround it. Owing to the class of pictures shown, it would be difficult to produce more brilliant and at the same time more harmonious effects than are shown upon some of these walls. The general verdict has been that the *ensemble* of the galleries is much finer this year than it was last year, though then the total valuation of the exhibits was more than a million dollars, while now three or four hundred thousand dollars would probably cover it.

One of the most admired pictures in the collection is Eastman Johnson's picture, "The Funding Bill," which hangs in the principal place of honor on the line in the centre of the west end of the West Gallery. There is a large group of persons about it all the time, and probably a thousand persons a day ask the names of the gentlemen so faithfully portrayed. In the same gallery, in the centre of the north wall, hangs F. D. Millet's picture, "Reading the Story of Genone," which was purchased by the Detroit Art Loan Association for the nucleus of the collection of paintings to go into the proposed Detroit Museum of Art. On the opposite wall are Benoni Irwin's excellent portrait of Mr. Albert Fink, the well-known railroad manager; Carl C. Brenner's "Through the Clearing," a faithful representation of a beech-woods in Winter (belonging to Mr. George H.



Moore, of Louisville); M. F. H. De Haas's Academy picture of this year, "A Fresh Breeze, Massachusetts Coast;" E. Wood Perry's effective "Franklin at the Press;" Thomas Moran's forcible "Storm on the Coast, Easthampton," painted for this exhibition; William T. Richard's "Tyntagel Castle," the eyrie birth-place of King Arthur, on the coast of Cornwall, and one of the earlier pictures by Mr. Wyant, owned in Louisville, showing a "Pool in the Adirondacks" on a misty morning. These are the most striking pictures on the south wall of the gallery, but there are many others which call for attention, though space is lacking to mention many of them. Among them, however, is a small picture by W. T. Frego, "U. S. Cavalrymen," which in carefulness of detail and breadth of handling is almost suggestive of Meissonier. William Morgan's "La Sortie," from the last Academy exhibition, representing a troop of school children armed with various extemporized weapons and led by a boy whose face is full of martial enthusiasm, is a picture which is attracting great attention, and William Hart's "Near Kingston, Ulster County, N. Y.," one of the artist's characteristic pictures of landscape and cattle—and William H. Beard's "Landscape with Deer," are much admired; Arthur Parton's "Nightfall," of which an illustration was given in a former number of THE ART UNION, hangs near the "The Funding Bill" in the western end of the gallery, and is a picture that has received much praise for its combination of poetic and realistic qualities. Near it is "Marblehead Neck" by M. F. H. De Haas, of which also has an illustration been published in this journal. There is an interesting portrait of Audubon the naturalist, and also artist, by Henry Inman and there are two small paintings of birds, probably studies for his "Birds of America," painted by Audubon himself. They are extremely literal in detail and yet exquisite in modeling and qualities. There are several portraits here, too, by Jouett—Matthew H. Jouett—the great portrait painter of the West, half a century and more ago. Jouett was born in Kentucky in 1790, and after graduating at the Transylvania University at Lexington, studied law. The war of 1812, however, interrupted his legal practice, which was never resumed, for art claimed his attention, and he went to Philadelphia and became a pupil of Gilbert Stuart. An intimacy sprang up between the two artists that lasted through life. Jouett, in the painting of women particularly, far surpassed his master, and some of his portraits shown here, rank in merit with the productions of artists whose works are now greatly sought after. A portrait of Henry Clay, which was painted only a little while before Jouett's death, hangs here, and is probably the best portrait of the distinguished statesman extant.

Two of George H. Story's pictures add to the richness of color in the western end of the West Gallery: "The Broken Pitcher," from the National Academy exhibition, and "The Friends,"—a child holding a kitten—the latest production from Mr. Story's brush. Arthur Quartley's "Low Tide," George F. Fuller's "Forest in Normandy," and some "Roses," by George C. Lambden, also contribute to the interest of this wall. On the north wall of this gallery, be-

sides Mr. Millet's picture, are Albert Bierstadt's "Wahsatch Mountains"—one of the best of his later pictures,—and F. Schuchardt's "Evening," both on the line, and both exceedingly popular. Seymour J. Guy's "Open Your Mouth and Shut Your Eyes," showing a little girl holding a strawberry above the mouth of a crowing infant lying on the floor near her, is also a picture that has taken a deep hold upon the affections of visitors.

In the northern end of the North Gallery, Vergilio Toppetti's large painting of "Richelieu and Julie," exhibited in the National Academy in 1881, and now the property of Mr. George H. Moore, of Louisville, holds the place of honor, and attracts much attention. It is the largest painting in the exhibition, and a broad crimson frame around the outside of the gold frame gives the picture the effect of appearing larger than it really is. The picture will be remembered by those who saw it in New York: The Cardinal in his magnificent apartment, is listening to the recital of Julie concerning the conduct of the king, and commending her for her strength of character in resisting temptation. The place of honor on the line in the centre of the west wall is deservedly given to Seymour J. Guy's "See-Saw, Margery Daw," from the last Academy exhibition. Probably this is the most popular picture in the gallery, partly on account of its great artistic merit, and partly by reason of the charm of its subject. Anyone who visited the National Academy this year cannot fail to remember it:—A mother playing with her half-dressed infant, just before taking it to bed, a child looking on with interested expression, the infant laughing and throwing out its chubby arms; the whole seen under the effect of candle-light. (An illustration of this picture accompanied the article upon the Academy exhibition, published in THE ART UNION.) There is that in Mr. Guy's picture which attracts the visitor and holds him. There is a human sympathy expressed in it which strikes a chord in every mother's heart, and there is that in its *technique* which influences the standard of judgment upon such matters. Last year there was a "Mother and Child," by Bouguereau, which attracted much attention in the exposition collection; it was very literally and carefully painted, and was always the focus of a group of admiring eyes. Yet there was little soul in the woman's face; there was in the picture more to attract one to the skill of the painter than to the sublimity of the thought expressed. No more beautiful theme than motherhood could be chosen for a picture or a poem, or a religion; and evidence of the appreciation of this fact by the greatest artists and poets and inventors of religions is to be seen over all the world. In the earliest times to which we can go back, through the myths that have struggled down to us through the ages, the idea of love in its noblest, most beautiful form was expressed by the symbol of the mother and child. In ancient Egypt there were Isis and Horus; in modern Rome we have the Madonna and child. The paintings of Raphael and Leonardo, and of many older, as well as of more modern artists—which, laying aside their artificial religious significance, are simply studies of this beautiful relation—owe much of their popularity to the sympathy of the human



FRANKLIN AT THE PRESS.—BY E. WOOD PERRY.



mind with that which they portray. It is, after all, not the Madonna, but the mother, which the people love and to whom they are attracted, Mr. Guy's picture does not show us a Madonna, and yet no Madonna could have a sweeter, more beautiful, more tender expression. And no ideal picture of a Christ-child could impress us more with the beauty and charm of childhood than this bright-eyed, chubby, rollicking baby. Mr. Guy's picture makes no claim to our consideration on account of religious grounds, but appeals to us exactly for what it is.

Opposite this picture, on the east wall, the place of honor is occupied by a picture by Rosa Schweninger, of Vienna. It represents an old antiquary examining a small statuette through a lens, and is one of the most effective pictures in the gallery. In *technique* it is broad, and yet it is very realistic in its qualities. Its harmonies are subtle and exquisite. Two charming pictures by Walter Shirlaw have a place in this gallery—one, "Puss," showing a handsome Angora cat stretched, like a collar, around the neck of a beautiful woman, and fast asleep. The other is a "Tuscan Vase with Flowers," and is one of the most forceful, brilliant pieces of coloring to be seen in the exhibition. Few pictures can compare with it for decorative effect.

"A New York Arab" is a characteristic study of a familiar type, by Frederick Dielman, exhibited for the first time. In spirit it very strongly suggests some of Murillo's pictures to be seen in the Old Pinakothek in Munich. There are two paintings here by George Inness, one a "Sunset," painted in 1858, and somewhat suggesting the early Rousseaus, and the other a "Scene at Durham," idyllic in its nature. Mr. Bristol is represented by "The Chocorua Mountain," the most recent painting from his studio and one of his finest works. Its effects of atmosphere and distance are wonderfully well expressed, and it is a picture that attracts much attention. There are two landscapes by Mr. Casilear which are greatly appreciated, and there is a small October twilight, "Shadows of Autumn," by Mr. M'Entee, that is received with a great deal of favor. Carl L. Brandt's "Portrait of a Lady"—from the Academy exhibition of 1883—is much commented upon. The marvelous rendition of qualities, in flesh, costume and accessories, attracts many eyes.

One of the most important pictures in this gallery is "Benvenuto Cellini Unveiling the Statue of Perseus with the Head of Medusa," by F. L. Kirkpatrick, of Philadelphia—the property of Mr. George H. Moore, of Louisville. It represents an interior, decorated with costly marbles and gorgeous tapestries, with the bronze statue at the left and a group of brightly costumed figures at the right of the centre. In the arrangement of its color effects the picture is decidedly "Turneresque." It is almost as rich in color as Mr. Vanderbilt's "Fountain of Idleness."

Mr. Loop's "Awakening" is a picture attractive in subject, and one which will bear careful technical study. It shows a nude child, by the side of a stream, awakening its mother by touching a clover leaf to her lips. Charming purity and grace are expressed in the figures.

In the East Gallery the central position on the east wall

is occupied by Constant Mayer's interpretation of Hood's saddest but most effective poem, "The Song of the Shirt." A woman, still young in years, but

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,

sits at her bare table, finishing the garments which give her as the fruit of unceasing toil, a meager, ambition-killing existence. To quote a criticism upon this picture:—"Mr. Mayer has rarely painted a face containing so much expression, poetry and sentiment. The large, wistful eyes, heavy with the work of the long and weary night, and yet telling a story of aspirations, of blighted hopes, and a better and happier past, the sad expression of the mouth, the wan look about the cheeks, and the nervous, wearied contraction of the muscles, all tell the story of the idea as it has never before been told upon canvas."

Mr. Mayer's "Evangeline" (belonging to Mr. Moore, of Louisville) hangs on the centre of the north wall of this gallery. It is a picture with which many who have not seen the original have become familiar through engravings and photographs. Near this is E. Wood Perry's picture, "The Story Book," which shows a grandmother with a favorite grandson on her knee, instructing him in the mysterious history of Jack, the Giant Killer, or some equally interesting character. The figures and accessories are painted with rare fidelity to nature, and the picture is another of those which attract from their sympathetic qualities. There are three excellent pictures by Mr. Dolph, representing favorite subjects, half a dozen paintings by J. G. Brown, a charming composition by T. W. Wood, Gilbert Gaul's "Silenced," one of Mr. Cropsey's brilliant landscapes, Bolton Jones's superb Academy picture "On Herring Run," two effective paintings by Mr. Whittredge, two by Mr. Hovenden, two by Mrs. Coman, and many others which deserve notice, but the consideration of which must be deferred until another time. Among the few foreign pictures in the exhibition are fine examples of the work of Rousseau and Daubigny, and the famous "Temptation of St. Anthony," by De Beaumont, which may be considered in a future paper. There are also several paintings representing the older masters, as Rembrandt, VanDyck, Solimena, Jan Steen, Salvator Rosa, and others.

C. M. K.

#### GOOD FROM EVIL.

IT seems that the much maligned Art Tariff is not quite as black as it was painted by its opponents, who have hitherto seen in it only utter destruction to the art interests of the country; but it now appears that it may be the means of hastening the development of a great national school of art, which shall be as distinctive in its character as are those of England, France and Germany. With the exception of a few people who pride themselves in being not Americans but Cosmopolitans, the desirability of such a school is admitted.

It is claimed that there is in our country, in its present and past life, no lack of subject matter worthy of treat-

ment, and also that the art instincts of our people are at least equal to those of any other nation; all that is wanting is the thorough art training, that will enable our artists to express with precision and power the thought that is in them.

Twenty years ago there were no art schools of any account in the country, and at that time the great exodus of our art students began, until now the principal art centres of Europe number them by the hundred. But instead of returning home after the acquisition of their *metiers*, to aid in the development of a characteristic American school, the large majority of them continue their foreign residences, and do their utmost to think and paint like the artists among whom they live. Not being to the manor born, they never fully succeed in this endeavor—they only succeed in becoming less American.

With their knowledge of technique, we need them here to show us home artists, who have not had their advantages, how to express more clearly and forcibly the character of our landscape and of our national life. The wonderful growth of the nation shows that it must possess peculiar traits of life and character that are worthy of being painted and sung by our own painters and poets, and that the themes are here if one has only the intelligence to see them.

A writer in a recent number of the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* truly says that "The greatest school in a country is that which is developed most normally in accord with the character of the nation." The same differences that exist in the characters of the people of America and of Europe should be shown in the works of their respective artists. It obtains in literature, why not in art?

The great artistic truths are common to all countries and all ages: every good work of art must be in accord with them, and no true artist would depart from them in order to be original or not to do what has been done by others. It is the imitation of mannerisms and foreign idiosyncrasies that is objectionable.

Several of the European governments have threatened retaliatory measures if Congress does not repeal the present art duty. It is to be hoped that this programme will be carried out, and that in consequence, European life will be rendered so expensive and uncomfortable to the American artists, that they will be forced to return to their own country. With such an influx of thoroughly trained artists there will be an impetus given to the development of art such as the country has never before witnessed.

The following editorial from the *N. Y. Times* of July 27, shadows forth the compensating good that may result from the present art tariff. It may transpire that every Congressman who voted for it "built better than he knew:"

#### EFFECTS OF THE DUTY ON WORKS OF ART.

Deplorable as the tariff on works of the fine arts undoubtedly is, perhaps it may benefit us in one respect. It may force our artists who live abroad to decide, for their own ultimate good, whether they propose to be Americans or Europeans. As it now stands Europe is full of Americans who are less than ciphers; they are mere points of interrogation. There they have learned to make pictures that sell for the moment to a class that does not pretend to buy to hold. The patronage they get is essentially unstable. It consists in part of speculative dealers, in part

of passing tourists, in part of the charitably inclined at home. It does not allow of a gradual growth such as other professions demand, if the highest eminence is to be attained. By understanding this fact, talents of no great original compass arrive at success; on the other hand, by ignoring it, the largest promise of power comes very often to nothing.

Americans cannot reasonably object if another country is chosen as a residence for life. Sir Benjamin West and Count Rumford chose to become Europeans, and no one grudges them their well earned fame. But they did not try to be Americans too. They were citizens of the lands they adopted, and did manful work as such. Our Americans abroad at present are neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. They live in "colonies" and spend their leisure in abusing alternately the country from which they come and the land they flatter by imitating. In Paris they are Americans, and in New York they are Frenchmen. Naturally enough their art work is equally hybrid; it is displeasing to the fastidious and the knowing, and inevitably a thing rejected by the generations to come. To support this bitter fact by history it is only necessary to examine the careers of Dutch and German painters who, not content with a year or two in Italy, must needs colonize at Rome. They never became Romans, and their denationalized art was, for the most part, neglected by their own countrymen of the next generation. If the tariff cause the return of a round number of Americans who have got all the good there is in foreign study, but not enough to spoil them, it will have done something to offset the prejudices aroused by the want of fair dealing of Americans in Congress assembled.

#### LAKE LONESOME.

BY A LANDSCAPE PAINTER.

IN my occasional talks with our guides, they had made certain vague references to a lonely lake, which, though not very remote, was difficult of access and about which there clung an air of mystery and seclusion which I had more than once longed to penetrate. Indeed my friend and I had planned an expedition there, but there were so many other entertaining things to claim our attention that we did not accomplish this. Now, however, being thrown somewhat more upon myself, I recalled this subject with a renewed interest and sought still further information from our men.

From the "farm" they pointed out where it lay, afar in the distance where the long line of the forest sank in a faint green ripple against the side of the mountain, which was the crowning glory of the magnificent outlook. Lake "Lonesome" they called it. It became a subject of conversation in the camp. My own inclination to visit it was stimulated by the interest of the rest of the party, and I therefore decided to go, taking "Walt," one of our young and lusty woodmen with me. All our preparations were carefully made. Much of the distance was to be accomplished on foot through the woods, and everything must be carried. We were to pass two other lakes, and one of them—the larger one—it was necessary to cross, and we carried an axe and a few necessary materials for building a raft from the dry cedars on its shore. The whole of our party accompanied us across *our lake* in the "big birch" and we took one small birch along to leave upon the opposite shore in case of an emergency. It was an ideal morning; the freshness of the creation seemed to rest upon the wilderness, save for a blush of scarlet here and there in the fringes of the swampy tracts which defined the inlets of sluggish streams, painted by these lessening September days



to emphasize the faint line which separates the full tide of summer from the Autumn glories which were soon to usurp the verdure of the far reaching forest. A blue thread of smoke rose from our failing camp fire, to mark the one spot where for many and many a mile, a touch of human interest lingered in these unpeopled solitudes. We caught the friendly signal from afar again and again between the enchanted islands that lay in front of our camp. We watched the "farm" with its green harvest of young birches and aspens, whose virgin sod no plough had ever vexed, until it gradually faded into the blue of its encircling woods. "Dan" accompanied us to help carry our luggage as far as the first lake where we were to build the raft, when he was to return with the rest of the party to the camp. The ladies regretted that they were not men in cowhide boots that they, too, might become discoverers. With many a wish from them for fair days and fortunate conditions, we plunged into the woods which came down to the beach, and began the ascent towards the little trout lake, where we had often been to fish, and which lay about a mile away and at a considerable elevation. We skirted its rocky shores, we caught alluring glimpses of its slumbering depths where I had taken many a beautiful trout, and where I would fain have cast my fly to-day were there not more exhilarating attractions lying afar in the mysterious regions toward which we journeyed. We had a dog with us which a few days before had strayed into our camp and meekly and humbly appealed to our hospitality, but we intended to send him back with "Dan." The route was very difficult, through marshes and over great boulders, following a dimly blazed line which we frequently lost, but as often regained. The afternoon was waning, and "Dan" having a long distance to go before he reached the party at the lake, shot ahead with his deer-like strides, and after depositing his pack on the shore of the lower lake, we met him on his return and put the dog in his charge to take back with him. With a wave of his hand, he disappeared in the forest. We heard the branches crackle under his feet for a moment and we were alone. It was late in the afternoon when we emerged through an alder thicket upon the shore of the lower lake; not a ripple disturbed its surface and the island of pines and the rocky scars of the mountain side were clearly and sharply reflected in its waters. A beautiful sandy shore stretched along its lower end, terminated by granite rocks on the one hand and a wooded point on the other. The very soul of quiet breathed over the place, until two loons at some distance from the shore, discovering us, set up their wild cry and filled the solitude with their startling clamor. A little inlet from the swamp seemed to hint of trout, and mounting my rod, I began to cast with the stimulus of almost a certainty that I should get some splendid fellows from these almost virgin waters. Meanwhile, "Walt" cast about for material for our raft, with which we were to cross the lake. The strokes of his axe rang with a startling discord upon the quiet, and the loons which had moved away again, joined in the tumult which seemed to desecrate the slumbering silence. To our surprise and disgust, our dog appeared and insisted

upon joining his fortunes with us. A hungry dog is not a desirable addition to a party compelled to transport all its provisions, and we made every effort to drive him back. He seemed, however, to comprehend his dependent situation quite as well as we did, and simply refused to go; moreover, he indicated as plainly as an intelligent dog could, that it was cruel to expect him to go at this late hour, so we were compelled to accept the situation. However, he proved to be a by no means objectionable companion. He had modest and gentlemanly instincts, had evidently been accustomed to camp life, demanded nothing, and thankfully accepted what we had to offer. It took two hours to build the raft, and, meanwhile, I whipped all the promising places with my fly and got not one encouraging rise. When the raft was completed, we loaded it with our luggage, got on board, followed by our dog, who embarked like a veteran accustomed to that sort of thing, settling himself so as to occupy the smallest amount of space—we shoved off for the island of pines, where we intended to pass the night. By due expenditure of muscle, we reached the beach. There seems nothing so cheap, so plentiful as muscle with these woodmen. I am appalled sometimes when I think of the labor they cheerfully perform. They volunteer so much more than I should ever dream of asking, that I have learned to wait quietly for their suggestions. The island was almost circular, and was covered with a growth of pines with some scattering white birches near the shore. How isolated we seemed there with the water and the wilderness and the silence all about us! I roamed about, gathering spruce boughs for our bed, with a timid sort of feeling that I might startle some delicate creature of the woods from its heretofore uninvaded abode, but not a living thing did I discover. There were no birds, no squirrels, but off the upper shore, hidden from our approach, a wild duck scuttled away with her full grown brood as my foot crushed a dry twig upon the mossy carpet. How sweet and fresh and virginal the beautiful island seemed. The sun had gone down and the cool breath of the woods stole in, laden with odors of balsam and birch, as I gathered the fragrant boughs, while "Walt" cut down one of the large white birches for our camp fire. It was nearly dark before our camp was arranged. The air had grown chilly, and when we lighted the fire, its ruddy glow illumined all the woods and shed a cheerful light upon our snug retreat. Then came the odors of frizzling pork, the aroma of the fragrant tea and the appetizing sense of potatoes roasting before the fire to crown the blessedness of our situation on this enchanted island in the midst of the slumbering wilderness. After supper and while we were smoking our usual pipe, lying upon the soft bed of boughs under the little tent made with my India rubber blanket, in our talk we found ourselves wandering off into intricate speculations regarding personal accountability, rewards and punishments, duty, and kindred subjects, which this wholesome young woodman treated in so fresh and rational a manner that I did not try to escape the serious turn our conversation was taking. But he came of a race of philosophers. He told me many quaint things of his grandfather, an old man I



ON THE GREEN RIVER.—BY J. B. BRISTOL.



had met a year before on my way into the woods. He lived at one of the last clearings, where he had been for more than forty years; he was eighty years old and nearly blind when I saw him. Some folks told the old man it was a dreadful thing to be blind, but he didn't think so. He had a good time and didn't want to go away from there. He could hear the river flowing by, and the mountain hadn't gone away even if he couldn't see it. He tackled my clerical companion upon theology, not knowing (nor caring much, I presume) that he was talking with a minister of the gospel.

The serene stars were shining in the depths above us, and glimmering in the depths below; the fire crackled with a soothing sound and we slipped away into a refreshing slumber which closed the happy day, and brought to us a morning breaking in splendor on the hills and inviting us early abroad upon the shining waters. The wreaths of mist curl lightly up from the mountain top. The solitary loons are awakening wild echoes among the woods and islands. I try the inviting depths with my fly but to no purpose. We sail away to the north among some granite rocks where we hear the rushing waters at the outlet, and I whip the pools and eddies with an expectation which constant failure does not dampen, but not a rise rewards my efforts. Then we coast along the shores where the pines and cedars lean over the water, and where an occasional maple shows its ruddy flush amid the green. Finally we reach an inlet, and believing it to come from the lake we seek, "Walt" lands and goes off into the woods to explore, returning after a little to say he finds no indications to tempt us further. We follow the silent shores with here and there a sand beach imprinted with the recent tracks of deer and moose, and landing once more, "Walt" again goes out to look for the lake. He soon returns and tells me he has reached it. He has not stopped to explore, has only seen the glimmer of its waters through the trees and knows that it is close at hand. We carry our traps a short distance through the woods and come out upon a beautiful beach of yellow sand with graceful birches bending above, intermingled with the scarlet bushes of the huckleberry and brown shafts of the yellow pine. While "Walt" returns for the rest of our load, I follow down the wide strip of yellow sand beach which marks the rim of the deep bay and curves round a point beyond. The beautiful lake lies among the hills, its bold shores covered with dark groves of pine, with but little undergrowth and carpeted with their brown needles. The Autumn has come earlier here. White rocks, yellow birches, scarlet and gold, with the soft harmonies of the evergreens repeat themselves in the silent and sombre waters. The lake seems full of islands, decidedly differing in its character from any other sheet of water we have heretofore seen in this whole region. A savage beauty which attracts, and yet over it all a mystery of silence which is not altogether comfortable, a stillness which seemingly might at any moment be broken by the voices of uncanny things lurking in the groves which look so frequented in their openness, luring the eye away in long vistas whose absolute silence might presently be peopled

with shy, startled and fantastic shapes. Half timidly I steal along the shore noting the footprints of moose and caribou which may but this moment have stolen away as their quick senses caught the hint of our coming. Glancing furtively into the brown depths of the woods at my left, noting the golden glimmer and play in the crystal depths at my right, alive to the quiet beauty resting upon the place, I still cannot help a feeling that I should not like to be here alone. There is something "spooky" and startling and disquieting about it. A strange object is this, which a slight turn in the shore reveals to my alert senses, somewhat resembling a flat rock with a bare pine projecting from it, and yet suggesting the work of human hands. A queer looking boat with a mast and a canvas sail blown over its side and hanging in the water—a rude, fantastic craft from which a crew of gnomes might suddenly have disappeared in the silent waters as they heard my footsteps on the sand. Who patiently hewed her planks from the shafts of the pine, and joined her rude frame and spread her clumsy sails? Whence had she come, driven by storms and winds, flying through mist and rain by the startled shores, "a spectre on the deep" frightening the winged creatures hiding in the shadowy nooks, scaring the deer, and settling at last in these soft sands, filled by the rains, buried under the winter snows, her heavy sail soaking and rotting in the ooze, and her tall mast grappled and held by the branches above? What did she here? What had been her office, or business, or service on this wild lake, where she must have been built, since there was no stream or inlet by which she could have entered from any other waters? Certainly here was food for speculation. She was not built for a day, even if not for all time, and her presence here implied a continued residence of some person. When on a closer and more careful examination of this flotsam and jetsam of the woods, my curiosity and surprise had begun to abate somewhat, it occurred to me that as she seemed entirely sound and whole, she might serve us to navigate and explore the lake instead of the raft which we had expected to build. With the remnant of an iron shovel which I found in her, I bailed the water out and had the satisfaction of finding that she would float. I hoisted a portion of the sail which had been soaking a long time in the water, and before a slight breeze which had sprung up, the rude craft crept solemnly by the shore towards the spot where our luggage was deposited. "Walt" was just returning from the raft as I came in sight with my prize. I think if a drove of caribou had come slowly marching towards him he could not have been more astonished, nor could he, for a moment, understand what it was that thus came silently over the waters, an actual boat (the last thing he would have expected to find in this out of the way place), or some fantastic creation of his awakened fancy. Our dog growled disapproval and apprehension, and ominously erected his ears and his bristling back at the apparition. However, when "Walt" discovered me in possession, delight beamed from his eyes, for he saw at a glance how completely we were in command of the whole lake, without the further trouble of building another raft. We named her "The

Bounding Dough," and after liberal exercise at the pumps to which henceforth we entirely devoted ourselves at all unoccupied seasons, we loaded in our possessions and set sail up the lake, in search of some habitation which we were sure we should find somewhere in the vicinity. We crossed shadowy bays, we rounded bold, piny headlands, entangling our ambitious mast in the overhanging branches, keeping a sharp look-out for any indications of a settlement. We had not gone half a mile, when we discovered a clearing and a bit of wooden ladder leading down the steep shore to the water beside a fallen pine. On the top of this bluff, on an open plateau, surrounded by the forest, we came upon a broad, low, log house, its door hospitably open and the remnants of a former occupation strewn about, fragments of casks, a grind-stone, litter of worn-out boots and garments, the accumulations of the wood-chopping place, and bones and hoofs of moose and deer. An open space of an acre or two had been cleared about the cabin, which nature was fast usurping again with her unfailing verdure of birch and brambles. Within were two stoves, one for heating, apparently, and the other for cooking. The pipe of the latter had been so repaired and tinkered in a very rude way, more particularly near where it joined the stove, and more or less all the way up, that at its base it was at least twice the size it was where it projected from the roof. There were a work-bench and some tools and a few kitchen utensils. The ceiling was lined with long cedar "splints" browned with smoke, and in the end of the room, on opposite sides, were four berths neatly lined with birch bark and having frames covered with mosquito netting to let down at night to keep out gnats and flies. On the paneling of the ceiling were really spirited drawings in chalk of a deer plunging along at full speed, an eagle, and an immense trout, and a very characteristic head, apparently of some woodman in a fur cap, together with a long list of game, moose, lynx, fox, black cat, rabbit, weasel, mink, deer and caribou, the trophies of some visiting hunting party. Nailed against the end of one of the berths was this notice:

"I built and have occupied this house for two years. I am now leaving it probably for the last time. The furniture, tools, etc., you are welcome to the use of, as a favor in return for which, I ask you to write to me about the old cabin. I should like very much to hear from it occasionally. Whoever occupies it hereafter won't you be so kind as to write me how long you are here, and what luck you have in finding game and fish, etc., etc. Direct to \* \* \* \*"

An ample store of wood, ready cut for the stove, lay upon the hewn log floor, and everything was in readiness for immediate housekeeping.

How strange seemed all these evidences of human occupation in this wild spot, and how they intensified the silence and the sense of remoteness that rested here. The people are gone, but sitting quietly for a little while, a fancied murmur of voices seems to steal in from the surrounding forest, the barking of dogs, the call of men, the murmur of conversation. It is but the voice of the absolute silence, whispering to our alert fancy, peopling the woods and the empty house.

After we had carried our things up from the boat and taken possession, we built a fire in the stove and prepared our late dinner. Then we swept the floor and spread some fresh balsam boughs for our beds, preferring this to the berths with their withered boughs and old blanket found in one of them. At night, we lighted our cabin with torches of birch bark. There was, however, little temptation to sit up late. We put our dog into the berth with the blanket, and the effect of so much luxury was very apparent, for he slept very late next morning and was quite reluctant to turn out, stretching himself and yawning lazily before he could make up his mind to get up.

When we awoke we found everything enveloped in mist, but a misty morning is usually a promising morning. It would be a pleasant excitement to go about the lake in the mist in the "Dough," stealing through the mysterious reaches, perhaps being able to shoot some wild ducks, certainly to catch some big trout. We ate our breakfast leisurely, and leaving the dog, who showed no inclination to follow us—evidently going through some mental process which satisfied him we would return, since we did not take our effects with us—we embarked upon our vessel and pushed out into the mist and obscurity. We followed every bend and inlet. We startled flocks of wild ducks from the bays and woke the wild echoes in our vain attempts to shoot them. I cast my fly in all alluring spots, hoping at last to find the precise one in some cold, springy quarter where the monarchs lay; but all to no purpose. They were not there, or if they were they disclaimed my fly. At last the sun broke through the fog in glints that lighted up the shores for a moment, only to be swallowed up again, until toward noon, having nearly made the circuit of the lake the clouds departed altogether and the broad sunshine rested upon the woods. The Autumnal tints seemed to have increased during the night. The shores were aflame, and the pearly mountain-side, the brilliant maples, the yellow birches and the dark pines, imparted a new splendor to this region of shifting and changing attractions.

We had visited nearly every portion of the lake, had entered every bay and fished in all promising places and had discovered nothing further in connection with its occupancy until, when we had reached a point very near our starting place, we came upon a large raft with a raised seat in the middle, poles to push it with, and a small iron anchor with which it was moored to the shore. This structure was undoubtedly the predecessor of the "Dough," whose rudder we discovered near by, now that we had made our tour without it and had no further use for it. I am satisfied that during this voyage a large portion of the water of the lake passed through the "Dough" and was laboriously shoveled back by each of us in turn.

We left her firmly anchored to the shore for the use of future explorers, carried our effects over to the raft on the lower lake and spent the night on its further shore. Next day we were early on the march in order to reach our lake in time to signal for the "big birch" in case the wind should rise, but nearing the shore, we heard the welcome sound of voices and had the pleasure of finding the whole party there expecting our return and just about to dine.



We were hailed as messengers from some fabled land and all our discoveries and adventures were listened to with an eager and delighted interest.

### SOME FRIENDLY CRITICISM.

[This sketch takes the reader into a studio, where he hears one artist criticise the work of another. In the course of the conversation several artistic questions are discussed, and various artistic terms are defined.]

"GOOD morning, Black."

"Hello, White!"

"Where's the last infant?"

"Here it is; what do you think of it?"

"I rather like it."

"Tell me more than that—pitch into it, for now's the time."

"Do you really wish it? I warn you that I'm not in a merciful mood, this morning."

"That's just what I want. Take a fresh cigar and sail in."

"Well, in the first place, I don't much like your subject, but of course that is nobody's affair but your own; however, let me see what you have done with it. In the first place, the picture lacks breadth; it has no large divisions of light and dark, but is cut up into a dozen patches of about the same size and intensity, each of which seems to be struggling on its own hook, and with no connection with any other. You know better than that."

"Certainly; but I am aiming at a kind of liveliness that the public and the critics demand. If I painted it with the breadth and gradations that would suit you, it would be too quiet, and would never be noticed. As it is my exhibition picture, I want it to make a noise, and sell, for a fellow must live."

"I don't see that at all. But here's a point that you must attend to; that figure is the pivot of your picture. I have found that out only by an intellectual operation of which the average observer is not capable, whereas, it ought to be seen at once, without any study. Any one of these other figures is quite as prominent. As it is now too late to change the whole composition, you must do it in some other way. The best way would be to put a lot of objects behind these other figures that will have the effect of connecting and rather mixing them together, so as to keep the immediate background of your central figure simple."

"You are right, and I'll make the change that way; but how about the color?"

"It is generally very harmonious and quite rich, but you must not expect me to like the way you have painted the flesh, the dresses, and so forth; they all look as if they were made of rough plaster, laid on with a trowel or shovel. You don't see things that way in Nature."

"Of course not; but you should allow something for the display of *technique*."

"The display of *technique* be dashed! And that reminds me that for a long time I have wished to preach a short sermon upon that text, and if it will not bore you too much I'll improve the present occasion. As I observed

before, the display of *technique* be dashed?—why display it? Simply to flatter your infernal vanity by astonishing the public into hailing you as a wonderful genius? It's a cheap way to get fame. Of course good *technique* is a good thing, and bad *technique* is exceedingly bad, because it is not only worth nothing in itself, but it misleads the ignorant public. *Technique* is valuable only in so far as it enables you to render the qualities of the several objects you are painting. The best *technique* is not seen by the uninstructed observer. In the Pheidian marbles of the Pediment of the Parthenon, the technique is absolutely perfect, so it is in the best pictures of the best of the old masters. You admire the beauty that is given and suggested, but with no first thought of the skill of the artist; he was willing to lose himself in the perfect rendering of his thought. The first thought on seeing the works of some modern fashionable artists, is, 'what a wonderful man the painter must be!'—and to inspire such a thought is just about all you have worked for; you try to astonish the public by a performance produced with apparently inadequate means, or in less time than any one else has required for doing it. You forget that you are an interpreter of nature. It is as if an actor, strutting about the stage, should shout out continually 'look at me, do not think of Shakespeare, whom I am supposed to be interpreting, but look at me, for I am the great man.' It is a trick you caught in Paris, from men who have quite as much vanity as you have, but who have used it with a touch of genius which you and a lot of other imitators just leave out. You give us what is only a clumsy and cheap imitation.

"The public is not concerned in the amount of time you spend upon your work. What is wanted is *the best results*. It is 'the little mores' as Titian said 'that make the difference between a mediocre and a good work of art'—and these 'little mores,' at the end of a picture, are a thousand times more difficult and rare of accomplishment than all the work up to that point. An artist's work should look as if he loved it, and not as if he got rid of it as soon as possible.

"Another thing in a figure picture, I like to feel that the painter has cared more for the figures than for the accessories. In a landscape however, figures should be treated as the rest of the picture, and with no more prominence.

"The dictionaries give no satisfactory definition of this word '*technique*' as applied to art, and it would puzzle one to deduce a meaning from the various ways in which it is employed by the current art writers, who use it and a few other stock terms, as never failing talismans to conjure up a consideration for writings whose ignorance would otherwise be patent to every reader. But a liberal larding of an article on art, with a few such technical words, seems in the eyes of the average reader, to raise the plane of the argument above his comprehension, and he is often apt to adopt the conclusions presented without any further attempt at reflection.

"The word '*technique*' has been transplanted lately from the French ateliers, and signifies the employment of means to an end; the end is the pictorial expression of thought; the means, canvas, pigments, brushes, marble, bronze, chisels &c., &c. And the manner in which these are employed is called *technique*. If the end is the expression of



WAITING.—BY GEO. C. LAMBDIN.



thought, then there must be some thought to express, and this must be paramount, the beauty of color, drawing, *chiar-oscuro*, etc., being comprehended in this. The mere manner in which the pigments are laid upon the canvas should be concealed, not with special design, but only in the more perfect rendering of the thought, which, as I before remarked, was the practice of the best of the old masters. In their pictures there is no appearance of violent effort; the *technique* seems to be so simple that only a few persons notice it, but these few know how infinitely complex is this seeming simplicity.

"An improperly constructed steam engine that shakes its foundation at every stroke of the piston, like a young earthquake, impresses an ignorant person with a sense of power much more than a perfect Corliss engine that noiselessly performs ten times the work. The best *technique* is the result of knowledge, and is modest, but this sham *technique* that puts itself forward as if it were the most or the only important thing in art, is only an affectation of knowledge, and is learned in a short time; but it leads to nothing beyond, as is seen in the after careers of some of our artists, whose first works exhibited such "magical and masterly technique"—to quote the expressions of the admiring critics of the day. There should always be a story told in a picture, a pictorial story—there is such in every object in Nature, if we have but the eyes to see it. In a single rose or a copper kettle, it is what makes the one the real rose that we love and not a paper one, and the other, a copper and not a wood or a clay kettle.

"But to return to your picture: if the flesh, hair, draperies, etc., looked as if you had painted them from the real things, and looked like these things and nothing else, then your *technique* would be perfect; but besides this absence of the qualities of the several objects, you have been careless in some of the drawing. If those marble slabs of the floor are square, then the foot in profile in this near figure is not more than two inches wide, and the foreshortened foot is about five inches wide, but only about three inches long. That comes from drawing the figure as it looked on your model stand, while the floor you got from some sketch made with a different horizon and distance. Then there is not a single fold in that cloak drawn as you would see it in Nature. Those light and dark marks are not folds, although such forms are generally so received by your school. Do you remember the drapery drawings of some of the old men—Raphael, Titian, Leonardo and others? I do not believe that you ever tried to draw a piece of drapery as thoroughly as they did; it is no easy matter, and until you are able to do so, you have no right to think yourself above such work. You have no right even to begin to generalize until you have a knowledge of particulars. It is beginning at the wrong end. This knowledge can only be attained in art by the same hard work that the best artists, ancient and modern, have gone through with.

"It is different in science; there one can use the results of the labors of his predecessors, but in the 'artistic' part of art, every one must travel the same long road."

"What do you think of the expression and action in my

picture?"

"But first relight your cigar, as it went out in the course of your long round."

"Thanks, it was rather a longish one; but I fancy that in it there were some good blows from the shoulder."

"I like the various expressions of your faces. They are natural and show capitally the interest felt by the different individuals. The action of the figures is generally very just, and the different parts of each act together, as they would in Nature, showing either a good deal of study or observation, or both. But in this one figure you have made the same blunder that Bartholdi has made in his big statue; in such a violent reaching up of that arm and hand, the figure should stand on the leg on the same side as the upraised arm. Try the action yourself, and see if it is not so. But you have given the conventional pose, and probably no one will notice it, or if anyone does, he will doubtless admire it particularly.

"Some of these heads are too large, but you will hardly have time to alter them, and you might have some trouble to get the expressions and characters as well again."

"How about my values?"

"I was hoping that you would not ask that question, but as you have, I had better continue in the same critical strain.

"In some places, your values are right and in other places they are wrong. Look at that figure. You have on the light side made the white shirt lighter than the flesh, which is also lighter than the scarlet vest; but where these fall into shadow, you have made the flesh lighter than the shirt, and have the scarlet cloth changed into a crimson many times too deep. In some of these other figures, you have thrown a warm light into the shadows that you have not put on the contiguous drapery. I suppose you did this to get luminosity in the flesh. It is all very pretty, but it is not true, and your lights are injured by this excessive liveliness of the shadows. Here is a face in shadow, that looks as if it were made of black walnut, while the light on the back of the neck shows it to be the very fairest kind of flesh.

"If your picture were simply a decorative panel, such aberrations would be proper enough, but this work is presumed to be of a more serious character. You can get your values right only by taking some one color as a key-note and working from that out. The 'new school' as it is called, talks a great deal about values, but I do not perceive, from the works of its followers, that many of them know what the word means;—any more than many of the old school do, for that matter.

"Were you at Herkomer's talk to the students of the Academy, last year?—He proposed to answer any questions that might be propounded by the audience, and among the questions asked were two which he said referred to the same subject, and could be included in one definition. These were the meaning of the term *tone* and the meaning of the term *value*. 'Tone,' he said, in his oracular way, that was calculated to carry instant and permanent conviction to his auditors, signified the just relation of one color to another in a picture, and value was a synonymous term that meant the same thing. A few of the 'N. A.'s" were intensely

amused with this wonderful wisdom, but I think that the majority of his listeners, who went to drink in what he had to say, swallowed the dose without winking.

"Now these words have entirely different artistic meanings; the values in a picture may be right, while the tone is all wrong, and *vice versa*.

"Value refers to the measure of the several colors in black and white; for instance, if in Nature, certain colors are so many degrees lighter or darker than certain other colors, the same differences must be observed in them throughout the picture, when they are under the same conditions of light and shadow. In considering values, your picture is always referred to Nature and is judged according to its truth. But in considering the *tone* of a picture, we look at the picture itself, without reference to its truth to Nature. Tone means oneness, or the unity or harmony of the colors. This is produced by one pervading influence. If your light is red or blue or yellow, then everything it falls upon must show its influence, even in the shadows in a modified degree."

"I suppose then, you will say that my picture has no tone?"

"Just so; it has no one tone, but many tones. All of your light comes from that window, and yet in the objects lighted by it, you have warm lights and cold shadows, and cold lights and warm shadows, and warm lights and warm shadows, and these are distributed in spots all over the picture. This treatment gives your picture a sort of sparkling effect which will make it very noticeable, so that it will be called 'a brilliant effort,' while if it had tone and correctness of values, it might look tame in the Exhibition, and only be seen by a few painters who are not picture buyers. Almost all of the French pictures are painted to catch the eye of a customer the moment he enters the Exhibition; the picture is meant to shriek out louder than any other picture does. I see clearly what you are trying to do, and sympathize with you. I should try it on myself, perhaps, if I had the ability in that direction, but as I have not, I make a virtue of necessity and go for the correct thing. I am probably like a homely woman who resolves to be virtuous since she cannot be anything else.

"Some day, when you are rich, I want you to knuckle down to a picture, and work as if it were to be seen by some of the old Italian and Dutch masters, men who are not to be taken in by any sensational eccentricities. Of course such work will not pay, financially, but it will pay in the pleasure and knowledge it will give you.

"This picture that I have so abused will be a popular one—the title even will be a suggestive one when read in the catalogue, and I prophecy that you will be a happy man on buyer's day. So don't take my strictures too much to heart as regards the picture, as they were mainly intended to govern you in your future work."

B. "Not at all—thanks."

X. Y. Z.

IN ART, if a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well; and one thing well done, is worth a million of inferior productions.

## NOTED AMATEUR PAINTERS.

ARTISTIC RECOLLECTIONS BY CHARLES LANMAN.

PROBABLY the most prominent amateur painter which this country has produced, was F. W. Edmonds, of New York. When I first knew him, many years ago, he used to say that he had but four painting days in the year, viz:—New Year's Day, the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving Day and Christmas Day. His regular business was that of banking, but his intense love of art induced him to devote all his leisure hours to painting. His style was allied to that of William S. Mount, humorous, but refined, and those of his productions which were engraved, are highly esteemed by those who happen to possess them. He was intimate with many of the artists, and a general favorite, and while willing to sell an occasional picture, he considered himself only an amateur. That he was a man of superior taste and culture was exemplified by the fact that, in adorning the walls of his house he substituted good engravings for paintings which his means would not allow him to purchase; and a poor picture he would not harbor under his roof. On one occasion it was my privilege to enjoy a dinner with him, and by special request, I went at twelve o'clock, or four hours before the cloth was to be spread. He took me into his studio, and exhibited to me his picture of the "Bashful Cousin," which was all finished, excepting the head of the leading figure; and then telling me that he knew all about my innate bashfulness, asked me to help him in his work. I accordingly stepped out upon the floor to the proper distance, looked as sheepish and frightened as possible, and in a very short time the deed was done; and thus was it that the late Jonathan Sturges became the owner of my portrait, as a mimic, without knowing that he possessed such a treasure. After dinner Mr. Edmonds presented me with a charming little picture, by himself, of "Gil Blas before the Archbishop," which has ever since been one of my household treasures. In Tuckerman's "Book of the Artists," there is a good account of his life, but the author makes the mistake of giving the artist the name of his distinguished brother.

Another noted amateur, whom I always remember with pleasure, was Sir John F. Crampton, the British Minister at Washington. With him I had the honor of not only catching many rock fish, but of visiting and sketching many delightful nooks along the Potomac; he employed both oils and water colors, and was a most accomplished artist. He had studied with David Cox and Copley Fielding, and possessed some of their best productions. Two of them, by the former artist, were ordered from England while he was residing in Washington, and I remember that when they arrived and were seen by one of his colleagues, that personage expressed a desire to obtain *a few of the same kind*, believing them to be colored engravings, and worth about five dollars. The ignorance of this man called forth a criticism that was much more severe than diplomatic. It was at one of Mr. Crampton's dinners that I had the satisfaction of meeting William M. Thackeray, and the conversation of these two men on the art and artists of England was a treat not to be soon forgotten. Among Mr. Cramp-



ton's treasures were many first class etchings—several by Rembrandt—and it was this collection that prompted Mr. Thackeray to write one of his articles on that branch of the fine arts. Mr. Crampton retired from the diplomatic service in 1869, while Minister to Spain, and of late years has had ample leisure to devote himself to the practice of his pencil.

When Mr. Crampton retired from the Washington Legation, Mr., now Sir J. Savile Lumley, was placed in charge, as Charge d'Affaires. With him I also did much sketching along the banks of the Potomac, but a trip that I made with him, for salmon fishing and sketching, on the Nepisiguit, in New Brunswick, I now recall as a kind of delightful dream. His pictures of the Grand Falls, on that river, and of the camp in which we lived, were gems of art, and I do not believe have been eclipsed by the sketches he has since taken in various parts of Europe. In 1859 he was sent to Russia, on a diplomatic mission, and because of his skill as an artist, he was elected an Associate of the Russian Academy of the Fine Arts; since then he has served as Minister Plenipotentiary, at the Courts of Switzerland, Belgium and Spain.

There was another diplomat with whom it was my privilege to do a good deal of sketching, viz: the late Minister from Japan, Mr. Yoshida Kiyonari. On a certain occasion, while making a sketch at Crosbysedè, Lake George, where we were spending the summer together, he watched my movements for a time, and suddenly said that he would like to try his hand with the pencil. I at once prepared my paint box for his use, and he went to work. He had never taken a lesson in drawing, and knew but little about colors, but his first effort was not without merit. He tried a second time, and became infatuated. He then requested me to order some artistic supplies from Goupil & Co., and until they arrived he retained my paint box in his possession, so that I had nothing to do in the art line, except to give him a few hints. His enthusiasm was such that he spent several entire days in painting from his cottage door, without stopping long enough to take his dinner. His progress was amazing, and many of his subsequent pictures, painted at Lake George, along the coast of New Jersey, and on the Potomac, and especially some forest scenes, taken among the Alleghenies, would do credit to professional artists of established fame. And by way of further illustrating his enthusiasm, I may mention the fact that on the morning he was to leave Washington for Japan, and only two hours before starting, he was putting the finishing touches upon a picture which he desired to present to a friend.

Connected with another of my amateur friends, who shall be nameless, is the following incident, which I fear will not pass into history unless I mention it in this place: I had been sketching with him at the Great Falls of the Potomac, and when, at the close of the day he was about to pack up his things he used a considerable amount of spare color in marking on a rock a number of strange *Indian* characters. Several years afterwards, a mutual friend of ours, and a man of science, as well as an amateur artist, discovered the aforesaid rock, took a photograph of the mysterious figures, and in his zeal, deposited it in the Smithsonian Institution,

where was held a solemn conclave over the rare discovery of new information connected with the "stone age." And it was not until many years afterwards that the scientific artist was made acquainted with the true history of his exploit.

#### A LESSON FROM A STEEPLE.

EVERY one who has tried to paint a landscape knows that an object will retire, or come forward, almost exactly in proportion to the amount of sharply defined detail placed upon it. Anything covered with exaggerated detail will look small and near—treated broadly, without definition, it will seem large and distant. I had this lesson very forcibly impressed upon me the other day, in a way which is unusual and not uninteresting. There is a certain steeple of a church, built in an Italian Renaissance style, very high and not without beauty. It was covered with a yellowish grey plaster, and formed a pleasing object about a mile distant from the railroad by which I go to town every morning. For years I have looked at this steeple and thought how well it takes its place among the morning mists. Last month I was away for a few days and, when first I went to town after my return, I looked up from my newspaper to regard my steeple as usual and was startled, almost stunned, to have it close upon me instead of at a mile's distance. It really seemed close at hand and turned into a tall gridiron. For an instant I could not understand the situation, but I soon perceived that an immense scaffolding covered the steeple from top to bottom, and the sun shining on the timbers cut the mass up with strong lines of light and dark, ruining its dignity and simplicity and making it vulgar and common. It reminded me at once of one of Denner's heads of an old woman covered with exaggerated wrinkles.

A covering of any surface with exaggerated detail has always the same effect of making the whole mass mean and little. Detail of every kind must be used with the utmost reserve and delicacy; oftentimes it must be suggested rather than fully expressed. But there must never be an appearance of incompleteness; what is done must be done with knowledge, and where the artist refrains from doing it, it must be felt that he refrains intentionally, with the full knowledge and the power to do more if it were best.

My vulgarized steeple was merely to me a type of much of the art work which I see, where ignorance is unable to discriminate, but covers the entire surface with meaningless lines. I felt the lesson strongly at the time, but I do not know that I can turn it to proper account.

G.

#### THE BURNS STATUE.

THERE would seem to be a great difference in the artistic standards of New York and London.

The Burns statue in Central Park has been universally condemned both by artists and laymen as the very worst statue in the grounds, one that by contrast raised several questionable monstrosities into the sphere of respectability. A replica of this statue, which is the work of Sir John Steel, has recently been unveiled in the gardens of the Thames Embankment, and no word of adverse criticism appears to have been uttered by any of the English art critics.

## MR. RUSKIN ON MODERN ENGLISH ART.

WHEN Mr. Ruskin published the Oxford lectures on the "Art of England" which we reported at the time of their delivery, his friends wrote to him, it seems, to congratulate him on "the supposed improvement in his temper and manners under the stress of age and experience." Mr. Ruskin did not by any means take these congratulations as a compliment, and has found it necessary to write another lecture in order to correct the false impression of his friends. Why is it, he at once begins by asking them, that "British painters, great or small, are never right altogether; that their work is always flawed, and never thorough?" Even the great Sir Joshua was "always affected, often negligent, sometimes vulgar, and never sublime." Indeed, after visiting the recent exhibition, and "shrinking here from affectation worthy only of the Bath Parade, and mourning there over negligence 'fit for a fool to fall by,'" Mr. Ruskin left the rooms, "really caring to remember nothing except the curl of hair over St. Cecilia's left ear, the lips of Mrs. Abingdon, and the wink of Mrs. Nesbitt's white cat." Inasmuch as in one of the earlier lectures Mr. Ruskin spoke of Sir Joshua's "perfection," this is the reverse side of the shield indeed; but then, as he says, "the gathering of any man's work into an unintended mass enforces his failings in sickening iteration, while it levels his merits in monotony." However, Sir Joshua does not stand alone, for the question is put broadly of "all English artists that ever are or were, why Hunt can paint a flower but not a cloud; Turner, a cloud but not a flower; Bewick, a pig but not a girl; and Miss Greenaway, a girl but not a pig." Whatever the explanation may be, the fact of this last instance is undeniable, as every one will agree who remembers Miss Greenaway's lank and wooden substitutes for pigs in the "Little Folks' Painting Book."

The first general cause which Mr. Ruskin assigns for the failure of modern art is the "infectious insanity for centralization which collects all the vicious elements of any country's life into one mephitic cancer in its centre." In the great times of art, on the other hand, all great art is provincial. There is no Attic style, but there is a Doric and a Corinthian; there is no Roman style, but there is an Umbrian, Tuscan, Lombard, and Venetian. The tendency to centralization, which has been fatal to art at all times, is, at this time especially pernicious, because the capitals of Europe are all of monstrous and degraded architecture. "An artist in former ages might be corrupted by the manners, but he was exalted by the splendor of the capital, and perished amid magnificence of palaces; but now the Board of Works is capable of no higher skill than drainage, and the British artist floats placidly down the maximum current of the National Cloaca, to his Dunciad rest, content, virtually, that his life should be spent at one end of a cigar and his fame expire at the other."

Readers of "Modern Painters" will remember the eloquent chapter on "The Two Boyhoods," in which Mr. Ruskin contrasts the world which opened upon Giorgione

when he came down to "the city of marble" with the "Covent Garden training" of Turner. Here, however, he takes as typical of "the ruin which it is for men of any sensitive faculty to live in London"—Grosvenor Square, on the one hand—"an aggregation of bricks and railings, with not so much architectural faculty expressed in the whole number of them as there is in a wasp's nest or a wormhole;" and, on the other, "the rows of houses which you look down into on the south side of the southwestern line, between Vauxhall and Clapham Junction."

Mr. Ruskin's second cause for the degradation of modern art is the degraded state of the weather. Of the physical character of "the plague wind of the nineteenth century" he discoursed at the London Institution in the spring; he now speaks of its effect on the artistic power of our time. He illustrates his point by describing the weather at Brantwood on the 20th of May, 1884—a day with an "entirely abnormal keen southwest wind with a bright sun." Now, what sort of study, Mr. Ruskin asks, could an artist get on a day like that? In the first place:—

"He must have a tent of some sort—he cannot sit in the wind—and the tent will be always unpegging itself and flapping about his ears; next, he cannot draw a leaf in the foreground, for they are all shaking like aspens; nor the branch of a tree in the middle distance, for they are all bending like switches; nor a cloud, for the clouds have no outline; nor even the effect of waves on the lake surface, for the cat's-paws and swirls of wind drive the dark spaces over it like feathers."

With this dismal picture Mr. Ruskin contrasts what a landscape painter's days used to be in ordinary spring weather of old times—days such as he himself had spent "thousands of in his forty years' of happy work between 1830 and 1870." Skeptics who are unable to follow the test of Mr. Ruskin's "cyanometer" will probably suggest that the wind seemed keener in 1844 than in 1830, because the artist has grown older, and will refuse to believe on the strength of an old man's eyes—keen and brilliant though they fortunately are still—that there has really passed away a glory from the sky.

About the next change to which Mr. Ruskin attributes some of the deterioration of modern art, there is, however, no room for doubt. The deteriorations of noble subjects induced by the progress of manufactures and engineering are only too obvious:—

"Take, for instance, four of the most beautiful and picturesque subjects once existing in Europe—Furness Abbey, Conway Castle, the Castle of Chillon, and the Falls of Shaffhausen. A railroad station has been set up within a hundred yards of the abbey; an iron railroad bridge crosses the Conway in front of its castle; a stone one crosses the Rhine at the top of its cataract, and the great Simplon line passes the end of the draw-bridge of Chillon. Since such improvements have taken place, the protraiture of these scenes by men of sense or feeling has become forever impossible. Discord of color may be endured in a picture—discord of sentiment never. The artist turns unconsciously, but necessarily, from the disgraced noblesse of the past to the consistent baseness of the present; and is content to paint whatever he is in the habit of seeing in the manner he thinks best calculated to recommend it to his customers."

Hence it is that Mr. Herkomer, whose true function was to show us the dancing of Tyrolese peasants to the pipe and zither, spends his best strength in painting a heap of promiscuous emigrants in the agonies of starvation; and Mr. Albert Goodwin, whom I have seen drawing with



Turnerian precision the cliffs of Orvieto and the groves of Vallombrosa, must needs moralize the walls of the Old Water-Color Exhibition with a scattering of skeletons out of the ugliest scenes of 'The Pilgrim's Progress' and a ghastly sunset, illustrating the progress—in the contrary direction—of the manufacturing districts."

"Mr. Leslie, indeed, still disports himself occasionally in a punt at Henley, and Mr. Hook takes his summer lodgings, as usual, on the coast, and Mr. Collier admits the suggestion of the Squire's young ladies, that they may gracefully be painted in a storm of primroses—but the shade of the metropolis never for an instant relaxes its grasp on their imagination; Mr. Leslie cannot paint the barmaid at the 'Angler's Rest' but in a pair of high-heeled shoes; Mr. Hook never lifts a wave which would be formidable to a trim built wherry; and although Mr. Fildes brought some agreeable arrangements of vegetables from Venice, and, in imitation of old William Hunt, here and there some primroses in tumblers carried out the sentiment of Mr. Collier's on the floor—not all the influence of Mr. Matthew Arnold and the Wordsworth Society together obtained, throughout the whole concourse of the royal or plebeian salons of the town, the painting of so much as one primrose nested in its rock, or one branch of wind-tossed eglantine."

Mr. Ruskin ends his lectures on the "Art of England," with a quotation from a letter from Miss Alexander ("Francesca"), the closing passage of which "alludes singularly enough to the picture of Giorgione's, which I had proposed in terminating this lecture to give as an instance of the undisturbed art of a faultless master." The picture is Giorgione's "Madonna" at Castelfranco, which Miss Alexander says "does not look like the work of a mortal hand," but reminds her of what a poor woman said to her in Florence once: "What a pity that people are not as large now as they used to be!" when Miss Alexander asked her what made her suppose that people were larger in old times, the woman said, looking surprised: "Surely you cannot think that the people who built the Duomo were no larger than we are?" Now, "allowing" (Mr. Ruskin adds) "the art of Giorgione to be the wild fruitage of Castelfranco, and that of Brunelleschi no more than the exhalation of the marsh of Arno, and perceiving, as I do, the existing Art of England to be the mere effluence of Grosvenor-Square and Clapham Junction, I yet trust to induce in my readers, during the hours of future council, some doubt whether Grosvenor-Square and Clapham Junction be indeed the natural and divinely appointed produce of the Valley of the Thames."—*Pall Mall Budget*.

#### "THE AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION" AND THE PRIZE EXHIBITION.

To the Editor of THE ART UNION:

SIR:—Can you tell me anything about "The American Art Association" whose circular I have received, asking for a contribution to its coming exhibition? As no name of any person is given in any portion of the document it has a suspicious appearance; I would like to know also, who constitute the jury of admission, and also the hanging committee.

ARTIST.

We know very little about this alleged "Art Association," except that it is not incorporated, and is not an "association" at all in the ordinary sense of the word. It is simply

the personal enterprise of a dealer in bric-a-brac and pictures, who seeks to give to his private business a public character and importance that it would not have were its true nature known. The name was adopted we believe by a former partner who styled himself an "Art expert;" since his withdrawal we understand that the Art element, such as it is, is furnished by an auctioneer (the head of the house being only a business man), who is probably both the jury of admission and the hanging committee—no artists are members of the "association."

This so-called Art Association is sending out circulars setting forth a project of raising a fund of \$15,000, for six prizes for the six best oil paintings that are contributed to an exhibition to be held in March.

The names of the jury by whom the awards are to be made are not given; but are to be selected from the contributors to the fund, only a few of whom have ever shown the slightest interest in American Art, while some of them are its enemies, and no one is recognized by artists as a fair and competent judge.

An individual who it is understood has been very active in promoting this project, has repeatedly declared that he would ruin the Academy. That the "association" intends to withdraw the support of the artists not only from that institution, but from all others, is manifest by the declaration of its proprietors, that "for its encouragement and support we now look to you and all native artists to give it your *undivided* support," and also by the holding of the two exhibitions at the same times as the fall and annual exhibitions of the Academy. The circulars are nothing less than a declaration of war against the Academy and other artists' societies, and it remains to be seen if the members of the Academy and the artists who have been benefited by its exhibitions in past years will now desert it for this prospect of pecuniary gain. We believe that most of the contributors to this prize fund are friendly to the Academy, and that they promised their quotas simply because they thought it would be a good thing for the development of American Art, or because they were asked to do so by persons who could not well be denied. We do not believe that they would knowingly take part in any action that was calculated to injure any institutions of the artists, and particularly one of which the "true inwardness" is for them to furnish the money and their influence to build up a private business.

We learn that one gentleman, foremost both by word and deed, in his interest in the development of American Art, was solicited for a contribution, but declined for the reason that he thought that the Academy of Design was the proper field for such competitive exhibitions rather than Mr. Sutton's gallery.

There are not enough artists in the country to furnish two simultaneous exhibitions with first-rate pictures—one or both must suffer.

Notwithstanding the stereotyped strictures that appear every year against the conduct of the Academy, the fact remains, that it has thousands of friends who do appreciate the value of its exhibitions and the great benefits

that have resulted from its Art schools. It is to be hoped that the artists will fully consider this prize exhibition project before sending in their adhesions to it. Let them wait until they can talk the matter well over together next fall. On their side, at least, nothing will be gained by undue precipitation.

It now behooves the Academy to seize the occasion to make an effort worthy of its name, its members, its fellows and its friends, which shall bring out fortune from what now seems to be impending misfortune. EDITOR.

*To the Editor of THE ART UNION :*

SIR :—In an article in the current number of THE ART UNION upon the Pennsylvania schools, the writer speaking of them and of the National Academy schools says : " Probably the main difference in the advantages offered to the student by the two institutions is the fact that one of them is in New York and the other in Philadelphia," thereby allowing the reader to infer that they are otherwise on the same footing. Now this is conspicuously far from the fact. The National Academy is entirely under the management of artists ; the school committees are composed exclusively of artists of wide repute, and every step taken is under the advice of a large body of professional painters and sculptors.

The Pennsylvania Academy is a body of non-professional amateurs. No artist has any voice in its direction, and the school committees are made up of men who have no practical knowledge of art. However admirable the building may be in its arrangements, and however excellent the system of instruction—a matter open to serious question—the fact remains that there is a vast difference in the position of the two institutions.—I am, sir, yours, &c.,

ARTIST.

*To the Editor :* My friends were amused when I told the following story: maybe it will also amuse your readers :

Last summer I was down on the Jersey coast making studies until well on in the autumn. I was weather-beaten and I suppose rather shabby when I came up, and I had with me a good deal of stuff which I put into the baggage car. There was an easel, camp-chair, and large sketching umbrella in one bundle, and a big square basket, covered with green baize, in which were my most precious studies. I dismounted at a suburban station where probably some people might know me, as I had long lived near it. When the baggage man came to take off the checks he said, "I'm glad to hear you've had a good season!" I had had a good season, but I was surprised that the baggage man had heard of it. Some newspaper man must have written me up, and my fame was extending since it had reached into so unexpected a place: well, art was making progress; before long we artists would be honored, even in America. All this flashed across my mind in an instant as I calmly asked "How did you know it?" "Why," replied my friend, "I see in the papers as there was never as many peanuts eat at

the shore as this year." "Well, what has that to do with me?" "Aint you a peanut man?" he inquired, looking at my basket and large umbrella. L.

#### LITERARY NOTICES.

WOOD ENGRAVING, a Manual of Instruction, by W. J. Linton. London: George Bell and Sons; New York: Scribner, Welford & Co: 1884.

A manual of instruction by a veteran engraver, though by one unaccustomed to writing, could hardly fail to be of service; but Mr. Linton wields a well practised pen. From his hand we have a right to expect a manual both instructive and interesting. He does not disappoint us. Interesting to the ordinary reader, as well as to the student of engraving, he has made it by the explanation of what wood engraving is, and by a succinct yet clear history of the art, with which he commences; and the after "manual of instruction" may be pronounced exhaustive. A mere list of the chapters will suffice in indication of so much: *Of the difference between cutting and engraving; of the tools required for engraving; of drawing on wood for engraving; of the method of procedure in engraving; of things to be avoided; of things to be aimed at; of beauty of line; of the use and abuse of photography; of what constitutes an artist.* And he supplements this course of teaching with an admirable *catalogue raisonnée* of the works which he considers best as affording examples to the young engraver. A goodly number of well-chosen engravings help the teaching, and at the same time add to the interest of the work. Of course they have been chosen to enforce the writer's peculiar views; those of our readers who may recollect the tourney between him and the admirers of our popular American engraving, will not need to be told that he has his views, and that he can hold his own. That he has not changed them since he wrote his *Practical Hints on Engraving* (Lee & Shepard: Boston, 1879); and that his present writing would be well intended to clinch what was driven in by that former hammering, we are prepared for by the briefest of prefaces:—"The object of the following pages is to help toward forming a school of artist engravers. With that end in view, it has seemed necessary to assert as absolutely as possible the true principles of Art (such of course as appear true to me), and to criticise unsparingly whatever I find antagonistic to these. In doing this I have cared rather to have my meaning clear than to leave any room for misunderstanding through fear of wounding the susceptibilities of those whose opinions might oppose my own. I believe that engravers will thank me for this plainness, seeing that all has been said in the interest of their art, and not without an earnest hope of benefiting them in the work before them." It is but fair to acknowledge, however, that if by opponents his writing shall be deemed dogmatic or controversial, the more impartial critic must allow that it does not depart from professorial dignity, and that the absolute assertion of principles is not stronger than may be the right of one whose life's practice has consistently upheld his "dogmas." Also,



while absolute in his assertions, he does not dispute the right of opposition. Advocating, as all who know anything of his words or works would be prepared to expect, the more than superiority of the old "white-line" method of Bewick, and condemning somewhat harshly, and not without an inkling of contempt, the "new developments" and the "new departure," he does not fear to add:—

"Not that I would discourage any attempt at discovery, nor insist that all the possibilities of Art are exhausted, that the engraver should never stray from established rules. I confess that I do not esteem all rules and regulations as absolute laws. But such principles of action as have been declared and exemplified by the masters of an art, have not been dictated merely by caprice. They have had some growth in observation and experience. Try all things, but hold fast to what has been generally received as good until you have some certainty of the equal or superior worth of your own conceit! Wait until your apprenticeship is over before you assume to teach your masters, and doubt your discoveries till you have come out of school! This is only again saying, avoid self-conceit! And with some reference also to this kind of over-elaboration and fine intricacy, let me repeat, avoid unmeaning lines! Where one line will give good result, do not put two merely to have the credit of 'fine' work! Avoid obscurity, vagueness, uncertainty! All these are signs of weakness; they show that you did not know what you were about. They are marks of the novice and the bungler, not of the artist."

Few are the artists, we venture to think, who will quarrel with absolute assertion so qualified. The general principles of Art laid down in the Manual we can but endorse as sound and well stated, while those more specially involved in Mr. Linton's view of the supremacy of "white-line" over all other methods we may leave, with other technical questions, to the judgment of the expert and the engraver. Mr. Linton's argument for the "white-line" is clear and forcible, his examples bear him out; and if his attack on the "impressionists" be too severe, there never yet was harm done by fair argument which explains distinctly upon what basis it relies. An enthusiast for his own art, Mr. Linton's words will always command respect. That enthusiasm would not allow him to let pass some expressions by Mr. Seymour Haden, which looked like depreciation of the engraver. This is the only portion of the Manual in which he appears to us to have traveled out of his subject. For the rest we may recommend the book as clearly written, where controversial not unfair; a book that will be studied with advantage by the learner of engraving, that also contains very much of interest and value for the general reader.

#### "THE STUDIO."

We welcome the advent of every new art journal. The fault has been, not that there have been too many of them, but that they have generally been too short lived. Every such journal must have an individuality of its own, and so treat of Art from a standpoint not occupied by others. There is enough to be said, if not of new truths, yet of old truths that need to be presented again and again in different settings, until they are acknowledged by the world—and for this work there is occupation for a hundred art journals, and there would be ample support for

them, too, if more of our people took a serious interest in art, and cared about knowing something about it. That this will obtain in time we have full faith. The second number contains a long and interesting paper, which we cordially endorse, on "A Promising Scheme"—(the points of the scheme to which we have elsewhere objected, are not considered in the article). Possibly we might also approve of the article headed "Hans Makart," if we only knew whom it was about,—things are slightly mixed in it. Munkacsy's pictures being attributed to Makart; but such blunders are common with writers whose facility in stringing words together, exceeds their knowledge of the subject treated, particularly when Art is the subject, and are really of very slight importance compared with other errors that abound and are not as easily detected by the general reader. *The Studio*, edited by a professional literateur, will, of course, give views from his standpoint, and we wish the new paper all of the success it may deserve.

#### ART NOTES.

At a convention of the artists of Germany recently assembled in Dusseldorf, to consider questions of interest to German art, a strong effort was made by the Prussian delegates to make Berlin the art centre of the nation, instead of Munich, which has for many years been the chief seat of German art. The proposition was, however, defeated, after having made a great sensation, by the delegates from Vienna, Dusseldorf, Stuttgart and Munich. Although this action was not of a nature calculated to please Prince Bismarck, yet it was followed by the adoption of an address to him, demanding that German art should be protected and encouraged by the Imperial Government in a more efficacious manner than heretofore. The petitioners cited the conduct of France as a model to follow; and state that hitherto the German artists have struggled to develop art without any aid from the government, and that if this is not now forthcoming they will probably succumb in the battle against French supremacy.

The art frauds and forgeries in Paris have assumed such proportions, that the French artists in order to check them, contemplate the establishment of an art bureau, which will, after verification by a committee of artists, affix a seal and certificate of authorship to works of art that may be submitted to them; this service will be rendered gratuitously. When this bureau becomes a fact, there will be an opportunity for our holders of foreign pictures to test their claims of paternity—no doubt many of their reputed fathers will be astonished at the number and appearance of their alleged children.

This bureau may operate with effect in France, but we predict that within six months of its inauguration, there will be more pictures with the official seal and certificate sold in this country than will be submitted to the tribunal for inspection. It is quite as easy to imitate seals and certificates as to copy pictures.

#### THE NATIONAL ACADEMY'S SCHOOLS.

THE Schools of the National Academy of Design will open on the 1st October. There is an initiation fee of ten dollars for the course of eight months, which includes both the day and evening classes in the Life and Antique schools and the Anatomy and Perspective classes. No further fees are charged for instruction in these classes. An additional charge of ten dollars per month is made for the painting classes. The several departments will be in charge of the same artists who directed them last year with such acknowledged success, viz.:—

*Antique and Life Classes*, L. E. Wilmarth, N. A.  
Edgar M. Ward, N. A.

*Perspective Class*, F. Dielman, N. A.

*Anatomical Class*, J. Wells Champney, A. N. A.

*Painting Class*, W. H. Lippincot.

## PRESENT AND FUTURE ART EXHIBITIONS.

**PRESENT.**—THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM'S LOAN EXHIBITION, at the Museum, Central Park, Fifth Avenue and Eighty-second Street, is now open. Besides an excellent collection of modern paintings, representing many of the best artists, there are several works of the old masters—notably those belonging to Mr. Marquand, which are exceedingly interesting. The exhibition will remain open until November. Admission, Mondays and Tuesdays, 25 cents. On other days *free*.

THE LENOX LIBRARY, with its collection of paintings and sculptures, is open to the public on Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, from 11 A. M. until 4 P. M. Tickets, admitting a specified number of visitors, may be obtained *free*, on previous application by postal card, addressed to the "Superintendent of the Lenox Library," Fifth Avenue and Seventieth Street.

THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Second Avenue and Eleventh Street, contains an excellent collection of early American paintings and a number of examples by the Old Masters. There are in all, 791 pictures in well-lighted galleries. Visitors may obtain access to the galleries *free*, by procuring a ticket from a member of the society.

THE SAN FRANCISCO ART ASSOCIATION'S ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now open, with a collection of paintings from the American Art Union.

THE SOUTHERN EXPOSITION at Louisville, Ky., opened August 16 and will remain open to October 25. The Art Department is one of the leading features of the Exposition, and the best foreign and American artists are represented by carefully selected works. There is a special collection of works by members of the Art Union. Mr. Charles M. Kurtz, is Director of the Art Department. See notice on another page.

THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION SOCIETY'S First Exhibition opened September 3, and will remain open to October 18. There is an extensive Art Department, to which the Art Union has contributed pictures by its members.

THE MILWAUKEE INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION SOCIETY holds its Fourth Annual Exhibition from September 6 to October 11, and the Art Union will be represented by works of its members. Thomas R. Mercein, is General Manager and Secretary, and Mrs. Lydia Ely, is Superintendent of the Art Department.

THE CINCINNATI EXPOSITION OF INDUSTRY AND ART will be opened from September 3, and closes October 4.

THE MASSACHUSETTS CHARITABLE MECHANIC ASSOCIATION holds its Fifteenth Triennial Exhibition in Boston, during the months of September and October. There will be an Art Department in connection with this exhibition, and \$5,000 worth of pictures will be bought, and medals of gold, silver and bronze will be awarded.

THE NEW ENGLAND MANUFACTURERS AND MECHANICS INSTITUTE holds its Fourth Annual Exhibition in Boston, Mass., from September 3 to November 1. Mr. Frank T. Robinson is Director of the Art Department again this year.

THE INTER-STATE INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION Society of Chicago holds its Twelfth Annual Exhibition from September 3 to October 18. As many of the pictures as remained unsold in the recent exhibition of the Society of American Artists were sent to Chicago as a part of the art department of this exhibition. The remainder of the pictures have been received, for the most part, from American artists residing abroad. Miss Sara T. Hallowell will be in charge of the department, as usual.

**FUTURE.**—THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART has made arrangements for the exhibition of a collection of pictures by George F. Watts, R. A. The pictures are expected to arrive in about a month, and will be the leading feature of the autumn exhibition.

THE NEW YORK ETCHING CLUB will exhibit in connection with the Water Color Society, at the National Academy of Design, from Feb. 2nd to Feb. 28th, 1885. Secretary, J. C. Nicoll, 51 W. 10th street.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN will hold its regular annual AUTUMN EXHIBITION from November 3 to November 29th (inclusive). Pictures will be received at the Academy, from October 15 to October 18, inclusive. "Vernishing day" will be October 31, and members of the press will be admitted on this day (by card) after 2 p. m. Lists of the pictures offered for exhibition should be sent to Mr. T. Addison Richards, Secretary of the National Academy, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, New York, by October 13th. The Hanging Committee for this exhibition will comprise William Hart, E. L. Henry, Thomas Hicks, Winslow Homer and Thomas Hovenden, and two associate members to be appointed by the Council of the Academy.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS, of Philadelphia, will hold its Fifty-fifth Annual Exhibition from October 30, to December 11 (inclusive). Pictures will be received at the Academy from October 6 to October 11. "Vernishing day" will be October 29. *For the Catalogue of the Exhibition* good drawings of important or interesting exhibits are solicited from contributing artists, to be reproduced by photo-engraving. To allow time for the careful preparation and proving of the plates, the drawings should be delivered at the Academy not later than October 8th.—George Corliss, Secretary of the Academy, Broad and Cherry Streets, Philadelphia.

THE SALMAGUNDI SKETCH CLUB will hold its exhibition of works in black and white in the National Academy building, this city, from December 10 to December 23. F. M. Gregory, Secretary, 80 East Washington Square, New York.

THE WORLD'S FAIR AND COTTON CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION will open at New Orleans, La., December 1, and continue for six months. Congress has voted \$1,000,000 to this enterprise, on condition that the citizens of New Orleans will raise \$500,000 additional. A recent letter to the *New York Herald* says: "The Director-General will confer with the Art Union, of New York, and arrange for a large display from American artists and owners, but from present indications, the art building will have to be much enlarged to accommodate the offerings."

THE ARTISTS' FUND SOCIETY will hold its annual exhibition at the National Academy of Design from January 6th to January 12. The sale will take place at Association Hall, Y. M. C. A. building, on January 13-14, 1884.

THE AMERICAN WATER COLOR SOCIETY will hold its annual exhibition at the National Academy of Design, from Feb. 2nd to Feb. 28th, 1885. Secretary, Henry Farrar, 51 W. 10th street.

## THE ETCHING, "THE REPRIMAND."

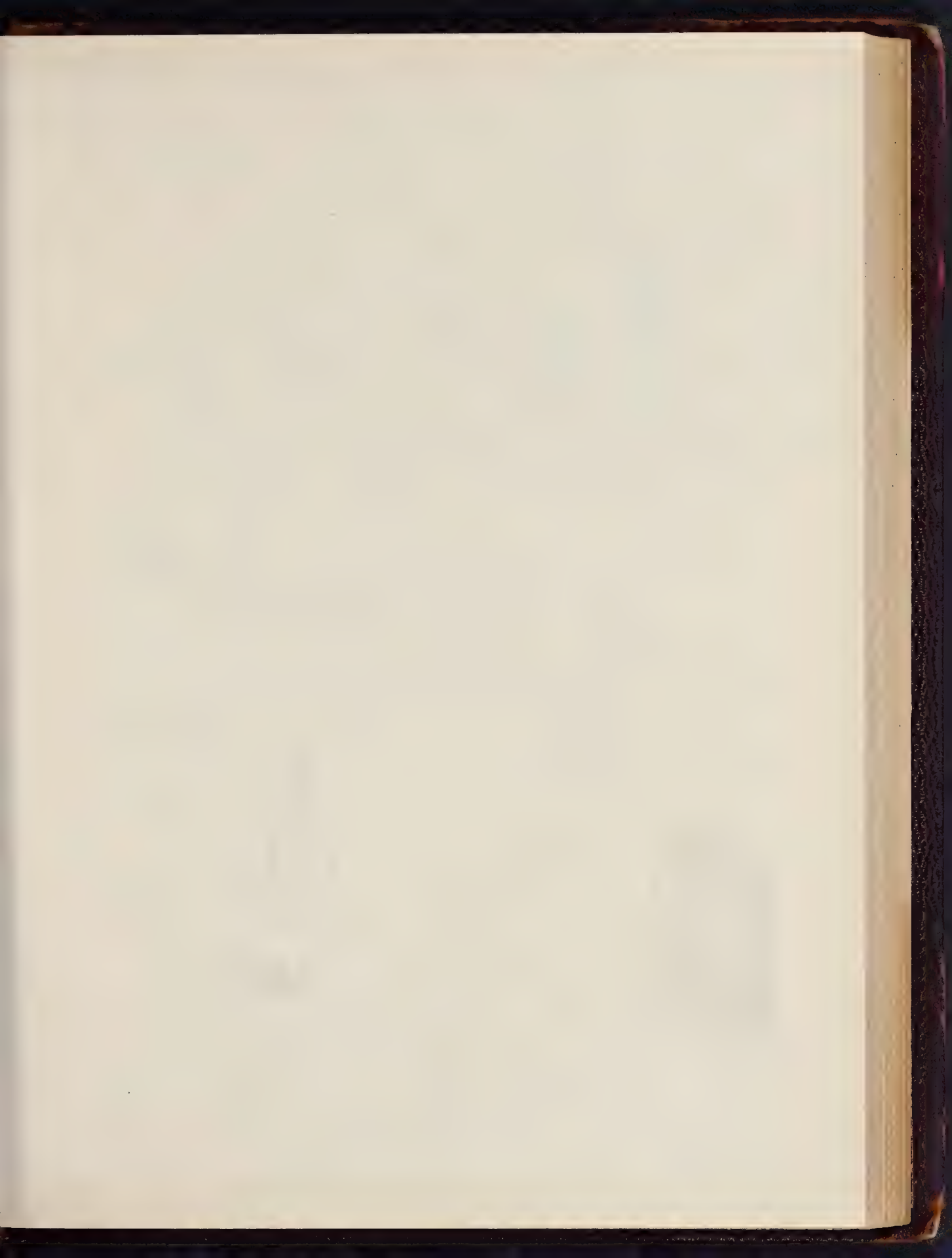
The etching, "The Reprimand," by Walter Shirlaw, after Eastman Johnson's picture, which is given as a premium to each annual subscriber to the American Art Union, has been characterized by a competent authority as the finest figure etching thus far produced in this country, and one of the finest that has been published in the whole history of etching. In another number, Mr. James D. Smillie, himself a high authority upon such matters, very favorably expresses himself concerning the etching, in a letter to the editor.

"The Reprimand" shows the interior of an humble cottage with a broad, open fire-place. An old man is sitting near the chimney, and leaning forward, with severe expression, is reproving a young girl, who stands before him, for disobedience. His words, however, are slightly heeded; she has turned aside with a toss of her head and a look that indicates smothered rebellion.

As studies of expression, the faces in the etching are remarkable. The figures are both admirable in drawing, and the quaint interior is well realized. As a composition, both in lines and in *chiar-oscuro* the work is exceedingly effective and pleasing.

This etching alone is worth several times the cost of the Annual Subscription to the American Art Union.







ROGERS' SLIDE, LAKE GEORGE.



# THE ART UNION

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN ART UNION

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NO. 10-11.

## THE ART UNION.

OWING to the illness of the editor, and the absence of the officers of the Art Union on their summer vacations, it was impossible to get out our October number on time. Trusting with confidence in the good nature of our subscribers, we make the present issue do service for both October and November.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MR. J. W. CASILEAR'S sketch takes us, as far as black and white go, to Rogers' Slide, one of the most charming views of that charming Lake George.

Mr. T. W. Wood's sketch is from his picture that was in the Louisville exhibition. It lacks the subtlety of expression that constitutes the chief charm of the original.

Mr. J. Wells Champney's page of seaside sketches remind one vividly and pleasantly of familiar types that are always to be met "by the deep sea and music in its roar."

Another of our most accomplished pen and ink draughtsmen, Kruseman Van Elten, furnishes us with a sketch of his picture, "A Village Road Near Ellenvill'e, N. Y." The illuminated poem from *Punch* speaks for itself, and our imaginative illuminator has added to the original text quite as much as he received from it.

## A CONVERSATION.

MR. GOODWILL comes into the studio of his friend, the painter Ceno, and after a hearty salutation, proceeds, as is his custom, to look about the room for such work as the artist may have done since his last visit. He examines what is in progress on the easel, and then catches a glimpse of a sketch put somewhat to one side. Taking it up with manifest interest, and giving it attentive study, he comes out at last with the question: "Say, my good friend, when did you make this? It is a most excellent subject."

"You think so? I have had that for a great while; it is several years old, like some others of the same character, hidden away among my papers. In fact, it is too good a subject, and for this reason I have never attempted to convert the sketch into a picture."

"Is that the case? But surely, you can scarcely be in earnest. You have never done anything better. The *idea* is so fine, not to mention the composition. There are splendid possibilities in that subject. You certainly ought to give it a more worthy and permanent shape."

"But what's the use? I cannot afford to paint what

would never sell. It costs money to paint pictures, and this subject would require a good-sized canvas, an expensive frame, and other outlay. You know very well the state of affairs that rules at present; that we have, artists and people alike, been gradually subsiding into utter indifference as to thought in art—regarding subject—and a race of model philosophers has evolved the novel notion that *thought* spoils a picture for a work of pure art, which, according to their definition, is something independent of, or perhaps even militating against, unmixed æsthetics as required by the highest canons of art. In fact, French example, that is prolific in downward gravitating theories, has long ago excited the criticism, 'A Frenchman cares about the *manner* before the *matter*.' We have come to the same condition, and the artist is forced, may be against his better instincts and convictions, to yield for the sake of bread and butter. You know personal and family needs are very imperative, and the heroism necessary to hold out against popular dictates when they affect a man's living in this expensive age, is rather a scarce article. For that reason I put my fine thoughts into my portfolio, look them over once in awhile, not without a regretful sigh, and endeavor to suit the prevailing taste by studying naturalism and *technique*, and so meet the demand of the market."

"But I am of the opinion that you view the case from the darkest side. The real condition is not quite so black. Indeed, I believe we are even now on the edge of a transition to better, more common-sense, ideas; that the crisis is passing, and a healthy practice returning."

"You are very hopeful. But by what 'signs of the times' do you predict so desirable a change?"

"Ah! perhaps as a layman in art matters, with no small share of love for an interest in art, I am more free to look about and notice these 'signs of the times' and give them careful consideration. You see, I have been watching these many years, change after change in taste and fashion, each running its due course like any epidemic—for we Americans cannot do things coolly, nor this nineteenth century go slower than the express train and telegraph—and this little history is replete with many useful reflections. You recollect how single-minded were the men who had the honor of being the pioneers of art in this country: the Copleys and Weirs and Allstons and Coles, and how little troubled they were with baneful theories such as now distract their successors. You recollect also with what intellectual and high moral promise they started Art on this Western continent; how thoughtful were many of their productions, so that, for epic grasp and poetic force

and grace the works of these later times have never quite come up to them, although we are rather given to self-laudation, and fancy these men 'old fogies.' At least this is *my* solid conviction. Now according to so auspicious a beginning, we ought to have grown in mind, and in depth and richness of feeling, as well as in technical skill and scientific accuracy. But we have gone away from that. Passing through a variety of phases, with a good deal of noise and 'hurrah,' at least a great many are now where they have no more a valuable story to tell, or an important lesson to give, but, swamped in naturalism, the 'how' of the Frenchman has nearly crushed out the 'what'; the artist has become a painter of things instead of ideas, and very trivial, commonplace, or vulgar things often. Mind, in the higher sense, no more rules, but matter is enthroned; the soul is no longer taken into account, only the senses. The artist has unlearned and forgotten to look beneath the surface of things and to divine their inner meaning—to be a Seer and a Prophet—a discloser of the secrets of God and the wants of the human heart, and no longer is he an interpreter of the heart's irrepressible longings."

"Very severe, and not very cheerful, because the truth of your judgment cannot be disputed. But by it you only confirm my own impression, and justify the practice forced upon me, and no doubt many others by dire necessity. I see no remedy from this grave and complex difficulty. It is caused, certainly in part, by our fast and impatient nineteenth century living. Men have no more time for thought. Haste and the multiplicity of crowding impressions urge them on more and more to superficiality. Besides, I fear there is a still deeper cause—the skeptical and flippant spirit now almost universal. The taste for soberness, quietness and meditative earnestness, has died out with the past generations. Living in a whirl and rush, without chance of repose, whips out with the harlequin's pea-bladder all serious inclinations. And so, when people visit exhibitions, their object is amusement, not instruction. They weary if the artist invites them to follow his preaching patiently and with a docile mind. Least of all, are they inclined to 'make churches out of their parlors,' as a lady of fashion remarked to a friend of mine who committed the unfashionable impropriety of giving a religious painting in her parlor the central place. All your admissions only confirm what I so sadly feel and groan under."

"No doubt, my pessimistic philosopher. But I am not to the end of my remarks. So far I have only made a statement of premises. There is an imperative sequel to them, and in these fast moving times, sequels push much more closely upon the heels of premises than in former centuries. Revolutions of thoughts, changes of convictions, also move with lightning speed, like our engines. You must have noticed how few years it takes for a popular craze to run its course, from beginning to end; and by observing the thickening indications, a cheering hope cannot be expressed that we have nearly arrived at the boundary line of another, and let us believe a more healthy artistic era."

"I should rejoice if I could share your belief. However, being beset and hard pressed by real necessities as a

professional, I do not yet penetrate the secret of your meaning."

"It is easily explained. Our safety lies in the fact that humanity and human wants are now and always will be what they were three and four hundred years ago, during that halcyon period of art on which I have with pleasure and instruction heard you discourse enthusiastically again and again. Thank fortune, we cannot stifle long the mighty yearnings of the great human heart. It is true certain classes of people by persistent effort succeed to a marvelous degree in this miserable business, but their mad fashions finally stifle them, and so does vice of any kind, or inordinate pleasure and greed and unscrupulous ambition where indulged. But the great human heart in the many beats strong and loud and will assert its claims despite all rivals and enemies. It has its longings, and its pains; its sorrows, its outreachings, its eternal wants that go to the very root of its being and inhabit every fibre of its constitution. It has a hunger of its own, craving to be satisfied, although the poor thing is often fed with strange kinds of food by fatal ignorance as to what the heart actually stands in need of. And so it has come to pass that some, having a clearer knowledge perhaps of what their individual hearts wanted, have gone through our frequent exhibitions, and on leaving have complained, in print or by word of mouth, that they were in search of bread and were offered—well, something else. They recognized in art a mode of speech for their benefit and instruction; the artist being the teacher, the prophet, the priest of a sanctuary. They would treat with scorn the poet who insisted perpetually on discoursing of grammar and empty rhetoric, the mere clothing of ideas—necessary, but not superior. They fondly expected to find in these exhibitions, at least here and there, the real gospel of human life, a message of sympathy with human needs, with the deep outcry for peace and consolation, for help in the perplexities of earthborn struggle, for heart-sores in the midst of a cold and selfish world; a friend and companion to take away the emptiness which now and then discovers itself in every human breast and which cannot endure to be left unfilled. They tired—as who does not?—of admiring forever the gymnastic dexterity, the æsthetic dress-goods in gilt frames challenging admiring recognition from the crowded walls. All mere externalities pall on the taste; sooner or later their superficial nature discovers itself. And this voice of complaint has become louder with the years, and more general. It has now become a dominant note in our own organ (THE ART UNION) and I am convinced it will refuse to be silenced. It is the morning star of a better day. As the indications are prominent that home art is to receive presently its rightful recognition and support, and that the flunkyism which despises American art in favor of foreign, has had its day, so also will mind and soul triumph in the contest with heartless egotism, exhibitions of dexterity, and shallow though brilliant display. And very little time, I feel sure, will show us the thrice welcome day."

The painter, during this rather lengthy speech of his friend, had, while listening attentively, plied his brush.



He remained silent for several minutes, and then suddenly turning, with a strange eagerness in his tone and manner, propounded the enigmatical question: "*Who is to be the Luther in this crisis?*"

"My friend, you startle me. How shall I know?—But your question lays the foundation of a pyramid, a tremendous historical basis. To be sure, how often it has happened that the people were ahead of their appointed leaders, crying out for reform! We have now such a case. Material is fast piling up. Ours is a momentous age full of mysterious developments. Certain it is that in the upheavals of mind, passing like a prolonged earthquake over the nations, art must take her share. And in such a struggle of giant forces, it is nothing less than criminal to waste opportunity in childish or trivial externals; to fritter away strength on the millinery of art; to be contended with handicraft, substituting body for soul, galvanizing a fictitious life into the cadaver, deceiving a shallow public and the shallower artist. It is an outrage on the sacred function of art—one of the noblest benefactions mankind has received—and a defrauding of those whose right it is to expect from the artist that he shall be to them a teacher and an apostle of truth; including, as a matter of course, that most holy and which comprises man's undying interests. Indeed, look closely into this subject, and *this* truth is nothing less than the very keystone to the arch of all worthy and good human endeavor, in æsthetics as well as in life itself. But I am getting probably too far into this labyrinthine sanctuary for the public taste; and no man ought always to utter all his thoughts."

"Yes, yes! you are touching a serious matter. It invites careful thinking and talking as one of the root problems of this age, heaving with solemn momentous conflict. I have read art and other history, and the reading has forced upon me some very important considerations not unlike the hints you have thrown out. I wish you would express yourself sometime more fully, because I feel that what you have advanced are merely outlines, and that a great deal more lies in the domain of this subject. At any rate, you have given me new hope and courage, and may be I shall yet paint a picture from the sketch you did me the kindness to commend so highly."

J. A. O.

#### AN ART THOUGHT.

"It is a vice of criticism that it is impossible to admire a man for doing well what he wished to do, without either praising him for aims he never had, or blaming him for the absence of qualities he avoided and an ideal he does not appreciate. A man has in him to do what he sincerely feels and only that well. Criticism which is out of sympathy with his point of view only embitters the war of schools and misleads and discourages the individual."—R. A. M. Stevenson on "Art in France."

#### SOME PRICES OF PICTURES IN 1650.

M. DE COSNAC, in his "*Souvenirs of the Reign of Louis XIV.*," publishes a curious correspondence of M. de Bordeaux, the French ambassador to England, with Cardinal Mazarin, relative to the purchase of the art treasures of the collection of Charles 1st, sold by order of Parliament in 1650.

The prices paid for some of these were as follows, viz.:

For the Antiope of Corregio.....	4,500 francs.
" Venus of Titian.....	7,000 "
" St. Michael and St. George of Raphael...	2,000 "
" Portrait of a Young Man, by Raphael...	1,000 "
" The Triumph of Titus, by Julio Romano.	800 "

#### WHAT MAKES AN ARTIST.

EVERY artist of established reputation has constant applications made to him to decide whether such and such a young person has talent enough to justify his studying art; and the proof furnished in which a judgment is to be based is usually a few very slight sketches made in a hazy manner with charcoal or daubs of paint.

On such proof no matter how much multiplied, no thinking man can base any judgment. They are merely evidences of an imitative habit, often strong in young persons who may lose it entirely later in life.

If the object in studying art be the acquirement of an additional means of education, or for the amusement of the student and his friends, we may safely encourage every person to its study. A knowledge of shapes and an appreciation of colors can be got in no way so surely as by drawing and painting, and this knowledge and appreciation helps wonderfully in making us understand and enjoy everything about us. No one who has not tried to paint, can understand the constantly developing sense of the beauty of nature which is produced by the attempt to imitate it upon canvass. Therefore we say, let every young person learn to draw and paint.

But when it comes to studying Art seriously as a life pursuit, the case is different. Great artists are very rare; even good artists are few in number, and when we pause to think of the reason, we find that it must be so. The production of a great statue or picture involves the use of different sets of faculties which are rarely combined. In no other vocation is a man required to be at the same time two things so different as an artist must be. He must be at once a poet and a mechanic. His imagination must set before him an ideal, and his hand must have the cunning to execute the shapes and colors which will express that ideal. Now the imagination of a great artist must not only be lofty but very vivid, for it must enter into every detail. He may pass over no portion as the poet may, and leave it undefined, for the vacancy would be at once discovered. And the hand of the artist must be so trained as to be ready for every emergency. What workman in the world is so dexterous as a good painter?

To become an artist the student must have these qualifications. First, imagination, an insight; this will point out to him the road he is to take, it will separate the essential and the true from the unimportant and the false. He must have quickness of observation and a good memory; he must have diligence, perseverance and some mechanical dexterity.

"Science is a part of art," says Goethe, "but the artist must have the whole." The more a man knows, the better artist he will be; but knowledge alone will not make an artist; something in addition is required which we may call imagination, or delicacy of perception or the Divine Spark. It is all the same thing under different names. Without it all the science in the world will not make an artist, but the science is also required, and that comes through study, through persevering observation of the phenomena of Nature.

L.





A DAUGHTER OF EVE.—BY T. W. WOOD.



## MADRID.

ON a bright sunny morning in December, I was sitting quietly sipping a cup of chocolate in the cheerful coffee-room of the Hotel de la Paix (Fonda del Paz), which looks out on the Puerta del Sol, the great central plaza of Madrid, when I was accosted by a newly-arrived traveler and an old friend, Professor Savorin, of Ohio. He had reached Madrid two days before, and had already visited the Royal Palace, the Armory, the Buen Retiro, and the Museum of the Prado. He proposed that we should go together to the Gallery. We started at once. As we stepped out into the sunlit plaza, the air was soft and balmy. The streets were running with rivers of water and melting snow, which the authorities were washing away from the hydrants by means of a hose, the supply of water being abundant. Two days previously the streets were impassable for vehicles, eight inches of snow having fallen in a night, an amount so unusual that all the cabs, carriages, and even the tramways were stopped, and groups of people were gaping with astonishment at the sight. We sprang into a cab, were driven rapidly down the Carrera San Geronimo, past the Chamber of Deputies, the Fountain of Neptune, and along the spacious Alameda. We were soon at the entrance of the great Art Gallery. We sauntered on, occasionally stopping to observe some masterpiece. Presently we entered the Italian part of the long gallery. "Look, Professor, at that portrait of an old man; how thoughtful, venerable and life-like it is?" "It does not strike me so," he said; "to me it looks rather dull, monotonous and indistinct; yet, as I look longer, it grows on me. I confess it has something of the calm, contemplative expression of a very old man." "My dear Savorin," cried I, "come a little further back; you are too near to get the entire effect; observe the subdued color of the flesh; see how the modeling is all there, but so unobtrusively expressed; the eye and brow show the calm repose of age, after a life of enthusiastic study. How simple and unaffected is the attitude; what a sober richness in the coloring? It seems to me that he must presently turn and fix his gently-observant eye on us—it is a portrait of Titian, by himself, painted when about 80 years old." "I begin to see what you describe," replied the Professor; "I am not quite up to it yet; I am afraid I like more dash, more contrast, brilliancy and sparkle. For example, look at that Rubens; how it gleams, the flesh is full of blood, the shadows are ruddy, brown and juicy; the handling is so spirited you can see the very daring flourishes of the brush; it is all alive with movement. I enjoy all that; don't you?" Of course, I do; it is wonderfully brilliant and effective. You are surprised by the facility and splendor of this great Fleming, but with all his power, he is often careless and faulty; he lacks delicacy; is sometimes coarse. The character is always strong, but often overdrawn; his women are not only fat, but frequently gross; his Satyrs, glowing with the rich brown of the forests, squeeze and kiss the rollicksome Bacchantes with beastly fury. In sacred subjects he seeks to gratify the eye by splendor of color and imposing contrasts and effects, rather than by true expression and the

solemnity and dignity belonging to the subject. But who has so forcibly painted the cunning, the malignity, the sensuality and hypocrisy of the Pharisaic tempters of Our Lord? In spite of his faults, we are forced to admire him; he is a wonderful fellow, and reigns supreme in the realm of florid magnificence. In the copies he made of Venitian pictures he introduced always his own peculiarities; there is a Rubens flavor about them all. The copy yonder of Titian's Temptation of Eve, is a marked instance. Comparing it with the original, in the other room, you will find how skillfully done it is, the general hue of the flesh rendered well, but with heightened tints, and in the heads and accessories several variations, making it rather a free translation than a copy. The portrait of Charles V you are looking at, is one of Titian's famous works; it is a powerful and spirited picture; the horse is fiery and in full motion, but it is not a great horse, though the action suits the subject—rushing into battle. In Venice there was no need of horses, and little opportunity to study them. As you examined yesterday, at the Armory, the very suit of armor which Titian has painted in this portrait, you can judge with what force and truth he has represented it, even to the details of the golden ornamentation; and yet, this simple breadth of general effect is perfectly preserved. The head of the Emperor, however, is the great point of interest. The cool, determined courage, the earnest deadly intent, the eagle eye piercing to the future of conquest, and the insatiable thirst for dominion, are all there. Titian has modeled the head, partly shaded by the helmet, with great force, almost severely, and the low rich color has a silvery vein running through it, sobering its depths of golden warmth."

At that moment we came to the famous Venus, with the figure of a young man playing on an organ. "Tell me," said the Professor, "if you like that female figure; it appears to me of a pallid yellow tint; it lacks the rosy hue of health; and where is the modesty of reclining on that soft white drapery, dispensing with all other robes, as though the unconscious innocence of Eden had come back; and what business has that young cavalier, in the full costume of Titian's day, to be coolly playing the organ, in such luxurious society, with an air of calm indifference, as though a beautiful woman without a rag, was an everyday affair; pray, what is the moral which this great prince of painters intended to teach?" "My dear Savorin," I said, "we are not here to sit in judgment on the moral intentions of Titian; he surely had a decided moral motive in some of his works, but in this picture he was bent only, I should say, in expressing the most bewitching beauty of the female form, the loveliness of truthful and harmonious coloring, and the delicate flow and gradations of light and shadow. That he has succeeded wonderfully in his purpose, the longer you study this work the more completely you will be convinced. There is a delicacy and refinement in the color of the flesh, and a suavity in the flow of light as it is diffused over the figure, in scarcely perceptible gradations, revealing the forms by a modeling so subtle as to escape scrutiny. The shadows are massed with great breadth, but are not flat and vacant blots; for, as you look, the forms

are faintly seen within them. These are traits of a high order. The glow and richness of color in Titian, are tempered by a pearliness which pervades them even to the deepest golden and amber tones. There is a reserved strength, a sobered splendor, enthusiasm and imagination controlled by judgment, which stamp him as truly great, and give the senatorial dignity so often noted in his art."

We strolled towards the Sala de Isabel, the large square room where are collected several masterpieces from the various schools. In passing, I called Savorin's attention to the famous "Spasimo," by Raphael. "Doubtless, it is a very great picture," he said; "but, it is too 'high' for me; many acknowledged masterpieces of High Art fail to interest me. I see that the expression of sorrow and sympathy is strongly portrayed in the face of our Saviour; the lines of the composition are grand, the story is told clearly, the draperies are dignified; but yet the effect is harsh, the outlines are cutting, the coloring is bricky, the shadows are brown and opaque." "There is reason in your criticism," I replied. "The picture was probably painted on a dark ground, and its transfer from panel to canvas, though necessary to save it from ruin, has probably darkened the tints. The outlines are severe, but their precision gives firmness; the coloring, though sombre, agrees with the sadness and terror of the scene; the group of broken-hearted women is affecting; the cruelty of the soldiers and the cold sternness of the Roman Centurian are forcibly expressed. Though not a pleasing picture, it has great and noble character, and is worthy of the exalted mind and feeling heart of Raphael. The engraving of this picture, by Toschi, is admirable." The Professor smiled, saying, "perhaps I shall come to it some day, but meantime, give me more of the nature and life I see around me. There, for example, in that group of peasants drinking, by Velasquez. They are alive; they stand out as real as that beautiful black-eyed girl who is copying it. She has caught the jolly expression of some and the mock solemnity of others, but she has not got the brilliant, though modest, flesh colors of the half-naked youth who plays the Bacchus. But to catch this marvelous truth of Velasquez in painting the flesh, is given to few. See how he has painted that brimming bowl of wine, which makes your lips to smack. And then how easily and decidedly all is done. Velasquez is the master for me."

A few steps farther and we came to a full-length of a man in armor. Who is that?" inquired Savorin. "He looks like a prince; his suit of armor is rich and elaborately inlaid; he has an air of dignity and command, and a very serious and thoughtful look. Perhaps there is something sinister in his glance, and about the mouth a touch of cruelty and sensuality. There is a pallid hue in his face as of an invalid and a student; the eye, penetrating and crafty, seems to fasten on you with the malicious charm of a serpent. The armor and accessories are carefully finished, the general coloring is harmonious and warm, though I should say it was somewhat faded." "I am glad you like that portrait so well," I said, "for it is Philip 2d, by Titian, and I believe one of the best portraits in the world. Titian has fully grasped the character and rendered it with great pre-

cision. As an example of his method of treating a portrait, you will observe a certain breadth and simplicity of light, shade and color, while the details, which properly belong to the subject, are faithfully painted with inimitable truth and even elaboration, without the loss of that vigor of touch and broad massive style of which he was so great a master. There are two other pictures by him in this great room, which you should observe carefully, as they are among the most pleasing of his compositions. One is the Bacchanal, a group of many figures, Ariadne asleep, surrounded by youths and nymphs dancing and pouring libations. This is a glowing picture, remarkable for the luminous coloring of flesh. On the opposite wall of this room hangs one of the loveliest of all Titian's creations. A crowd of cupids sporting in all imaginable attitudes and making offerings to the Goddess of Love, whose statue is before them. The playful, child-like motions, the beautiful faces, the fresh warm color, make this one of the most fascinating pictures in the world. The execution is marvelously skillful."

We were just turning to examine a nativity—a Worship of the Shepherds, by Murillo—when a young artist, who was engaged in the room on a sketch from Velasquez's group of St. Anthony and the Hermit Paul, said to us: "What a lot of feeble rubbish there is in this Collection. These soft, overdone, highly-finished things are awfully stupid and old-fashioned. Even these Titians, Murillos and Raphaels, are fearfully overrated. There is no touch, no grit, too much slow work; that kind of thing won't go down much longer. I like something which gives you the *impression* with one or two bold dashes. Look at that bit of drapery, for instance, in the St. Anthony. There are, one, two, plucky sweeps of the brush, and the thing is done. See how ridiculously exact Titian has been in that full-length of Charles V, making out the very figures of the embroidery on his vest. I can't stand that kind of rubbish. If one can't be fearless and knock off a spirited suggestion by a stroke of the brush, why then, I say, let him back down and go into something else." "My dear young friend," said I, "that bold, rapid, effective way may do wonderful things in a master of long and careful experience, whose thorough training has given certainty to his eye and hand; every touch tells in his bold work, and the essential truth is suggested if not completely expressed, as in this superb sketch by Velasquez, from which you are copying a bit of drapery, but in a beginner, a student, it is only bravado and unmeaning flourish, and will end in worthless trash." The student looked angry, and the professor, wishing to end the discussion, broke in with "What a striking portrait is that which hangs near 'The Drinkers,' that man in black who is modeling a bust. What a fine manly head; what an eye of thought and speculation looking out from the shade of those ponderous brows. His clearly cut nose is one which Napoleon would have liked for a marshal; his crisp grey mustache and pointed beard does not quite hide a mouth, determined, but about to speak a kindly word. There is a real living man, and how vigorously and freely every part is done. Who is it, and what great painter did it?" "It is by Velasquez, and considered one of his best as it is one of his latest. The head is mod-



eled with decision and solidity, the color is fresh and harmonious, the relief is powerful, the expression full of life and thought. It is generally believed to be a portrait of Alonzo Cano, who was painter, sculptor and architect—Don Pedro de Madrazo in his recent catalogue, says it is an error to call it Alonzo Cano, and pronounces it to be Montañes, who was one of the ablest sculptors of those life-like figures of saints which enrich the churches of Spain. Cano was his pupil, and they were equally celebrated for the naturalness and vivacity of their productions, mostly carved in wood, painted and adorned with gilded and figured draperies, but of such low and mellow tones as to harmonize well with the profuse decorations of Spanish architecture.

Before we leave this "Sala de Isabel" don't fail to look carefully at that noble picture by Sebastian del Piombo "Christ Sinking Under the Cross." It has that large and simple style which this artist caught by his friendship with Michael Angelo. There is great depth and solemnity in the tone, the forms are grand and impressive. The head of Christ is majestic in its divine patience, and touches the heart by its tender expression of sorrow. To my mind this is one of the best representations of the suffering Lord in Italian art, and approaches as near as can be to the ideal of the God-Man which is enshrined in the hearts of his devout worshippers." "Yes" said the professor, "it is a noble picture, and as I stand before it a certain feeling of awe and pity comes stealing over me. What tenderness and love beams from those sad eyes, yet there is a calm heroism about the brow which seems to say "Weep not for me but weep for yourselves and for your children." I must acknowledge that there is a purity, an elevation, a high and sacred purpose about some of these great Italians of the religious school which pervades also the style of their treatment of forms, of draperies and their system of coloring, and compels us to give them the highest rank." At this moment the guardians called the hour to close, and we descended the massive stairway to the promenade of the Prado.

D. H.

#### THE AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION.

THE ART UNION does not intend to be unjust to any one, and will always be ready to correct any misrepresentation of motive or deed that may be made in its columns.

The Aug-Sept. number contained some strictures on the prize scheme of the "American Art Association," which have been deemed by the proprietors unjust and not warranted by the actual facts.

The article in question was written only after due consideration of the subject with the light then at hand, which consisted mainly of the two circulars that had been issued and some remarks that were made by a friend of the firm who appeared to speak by authority, which was not the case; as they are perfectly friendly to the Academy. We are also assured that the title, viz: "the Am. Art Association" was assumed, not to gain any advantage from persons who were uninformed of the personnel of the Association, but only that the names of the proprietors might not be too prominent.

Also, that the expectation of the "undivided support" of the artists did not mean their exclusive support, but merely that they should respond with cordiality to the request for pictures; and that the holding of the exhibition at the same time of the Academy exhibition, was, owing to unavoidable circumstances, as it was at first intended to open in the early part of the winter.

We did not reflect on the permanent exhibition of the galleries, as that feature was only to be commended; for the more there are of such exhibitions the better it will be for each one and for the artists—we do not believe in the virtue of any monopoly of the Art business, either by the Academy or any other institution.

This prize scheme was discussed informally at the last meeting of the council of the Academy, and it was the prevailing opinion that the interests of the Academy would not be likely to be injured thereby—this does not agree with the anticipations expressed in our article, but the writer cheerfully defers to the better judgment of the council.—*Nemo Solus Sapit.*

#### THE BEAUTY OF MAN.

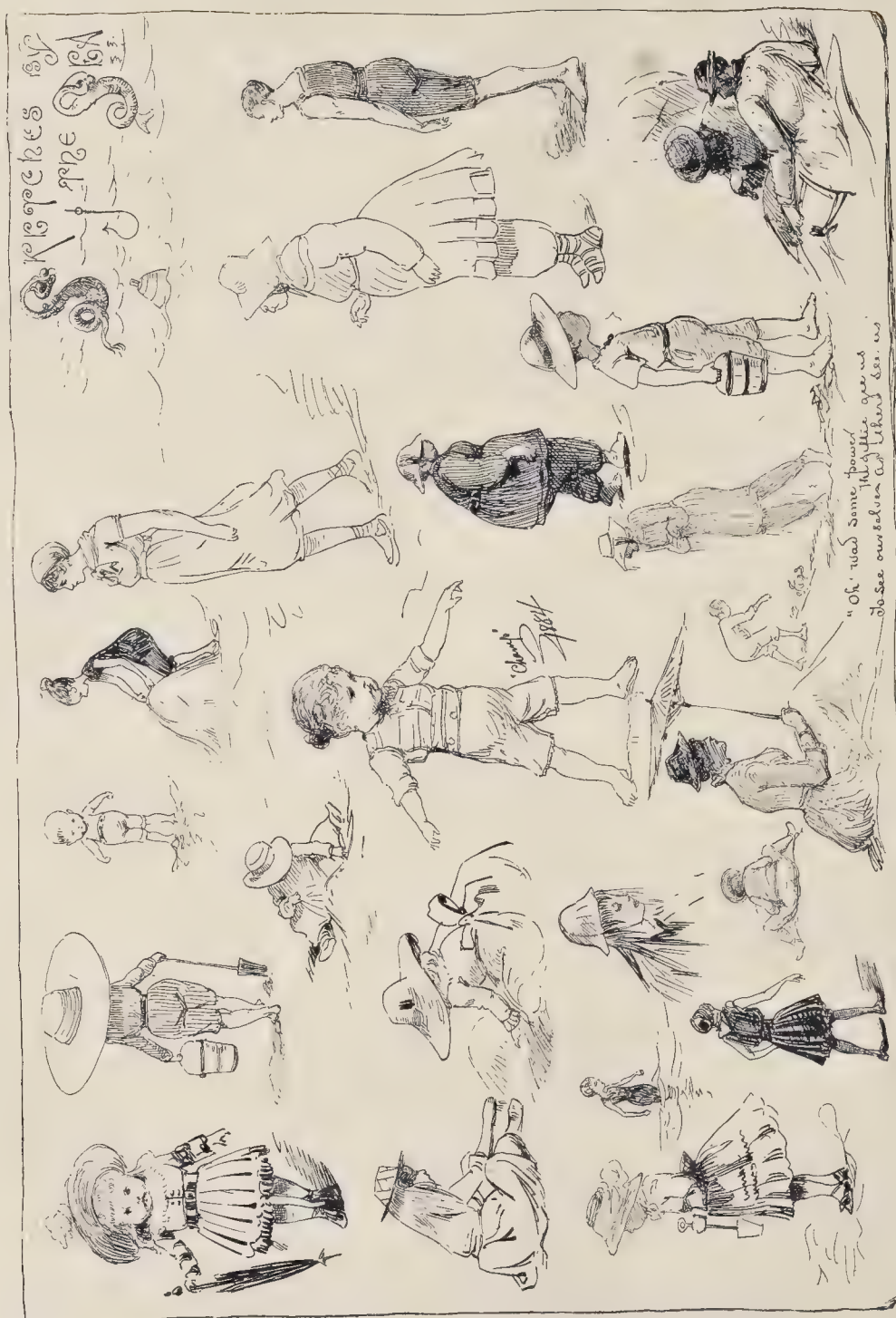
IT is a very curious fact that of all familiar things, we are least familiar with what is nearest to us all. We are surrounded by men and women but we know almost nothing of what they really look like. Very few of us know anything of the appearance of the human body, except as we learn it from pictures and statues. The most of our knowledge, indeed, comes to us by the way of the ancient Greeks and Romans.

We are all ready enough to acknowledge that man was made in the image of God; that in man's body is revealed the most perfect symmetry, the greatest perfection of form, but at the same time we treat it as if it were something vile, to be covered up, concealed from view—we scarcely dare to speak of it. This is certainly very irrational, not to say absurd.

There is nothing in the world so beautiful as the human body. In comparison with its exquisite lines and surfaces the sculptor finds everything poor and mean. No problem so fascinates the painter as the effort to represent its color and texture. The greatest artists of all times have had their greatest triumphs in their pictures or statues of undraped men and women. If it were not for them we could hardly know that the "body is better than raiment."

The Greeks were wise when they erected statues to the men who through "sobriety, temperance and chastity" brought their bodies into the highest state of beauty and efficiency. With us would not the cause of morality be promoted by having to appear as we really are, or as we have made ourselves, instead of as the tailors have made us? Would we not, perhaps, be inclined to reverence and respect ourselves more if we knew how beautiful a being a man might become, even here upon the earth? Let us applaud the artist who shows us the ideal man; the man who, though rarely seen, still may be found, almost as beautiful as ever among the Greeks.

L.





## A TALK ABOUT PORTRAITURE.

WILLIAM HAZLITT, the best of all the English writers on art, it was, who said that the greatest works of the greatest masters are their portraits, and Ruskin concurring in this opinion very justly adds, that no greater thing than a noble portrait of a noble man can be reached by art. This is, however, by no means a current or popular belief, either with laymen or artists. Indeed, Sir Joshua Reynolds, who is to be held responsible for very many of the art heresies still abroad—who, while making a trade of portraiture, still delighted to pay homage to the *grand style*, as exemplified by Michael Angelo—and was at much pains to belittle that department of art through which whatever lasting reputation he was to have, was made.

Later on, Inman, who did some portraits that not many of the strongest men of our time would have any just cause to be ashamed of, seemed to have looked upon his avocation as a sort of pot-boiling arrangement—a means of raising the wind, and in some biography I remember reading, he is made to complain bitterly of the lack of appreciation of *high art*. He had a harmless little bit of inanity called "Mumble-the-Peg," being a landscape with figures—much landscape and a small proportion of figures, which to him stood for high art, and it would seem he had pleasure in pointing to it with bitterness, as an illustration of the vanity and ignorance of his countrymen. "They will have me paint their phizs," he is made to say, "through vanity; but as to high art, they have allowed my Mumble-the-Peg to hang upon the walls of my studio for years." I suppose this excellent painter would, if he had had any choice in the matter at all, have been quite willing to have his chances of posthumous fame rest upon his most wonderful effort, "Mumble-the-Peg." Fortunately, though, for the "whole" of the people, the "remnant" who are blessed, or afflicted, as you will, with the creative faculty, may not dictate to posterity as to which of their works may be most worthily be let to live: for the simple reason that the "whole" have had little cause for belief in the infallible quality of the "remnants" judgment in this respect. It does not, as a rule, take many generations to pretty thoroughly sift and adopt the works of a man, or else pass them altogether as the things of a day that have done their work for good or for bad; and this process is not guided at all by the directions or opinions of the men whose works are undergoing the process, fortunately, or the result would be different and scarcely so satisfactory.

Time, indeed, in its nice adjustment of values, has made it evident enough to us that Sir Joshua was essentially a portrait painter; that our own Inman's "Mumble-the-Peg" was not nearly so high an object of art as he fondly imagined it; and that the works of the older and greater masters, most complete and satisfactory in every sense, are their portraits.

It must be borne in mind, however, that there is a vast difference between portraiture and likeness making, and one would naturally suppose that intelligent people generally are quite well aware of the distinction; but such, indeed, is not the case, and I am very much afraid that

people who frequent exhibitions and collect pictures, have a strong inclination, as a rule, to admire the striking likeness rather than the profound portrait, for the simple reason that it is striking. We are apt to like what we can readily apprehend and grasp, because it is an invidious sort of flattery—to be let seen at once just what an artist or a poet meant by it, you know. The sentiment in Mr. Longfellow borrowed, and in the process of embalming, in his "Psalm of Life," added thereto and improved: "Life is long and art is fleeting, and its goal is not the grave," is an immensely popular sentiment which not many of its readers stop to think, that as the Christian would see the matter, is the baldest kind of platitude; but coming oracularly from so popular a poet, this truism is vastly pleasing to many an honest man who has thought of the same thing in the same way himself—"ha-ha!"

To one somewhat trained in the matter of looking after the truth, rather than for confirmation of his own views, and the flattery to be got out of finding that some painter has painted a thing just as he has seen it, platitudes are invidiously obvious, and a painter who can teach him to see no more, or other than he has learned to see directly in nature, has nothing for him. So he must go to some painter or poet who has got beyond the outlying facts of nature, into her profounder depths of truth—to works that have neither the soothing quality of current commonplace, the glare of a torch-light procession, or the blare of a brass band.

The strong tendency that not a few cultivated and most amiable people have to get very angry when they see a work of art they can't understand is quite amazing, and would be amusing if the direct results of it were not so bad for good artists and good art. They will insist upon having an artist see things exactly as they do; "For, have I not eyes—hang it!—and can't I see for myself?" is an expression common enough—too common, in fact. People pretty generally think, I am convinced, that what they see with their eyes is all that is to be seen, and from the fact, no doubt, that the sense of sight, of all the senses, is the one that gets next to no education, outside art schools. We are taught in the ordinary school of the youth that there are a multiplicity of ways of seeing a thing mentally—points of view that shift with the added and various experiences of each day of our lives—that throw over the same thing another color, and bring to the surface new meanings. All readers of poetry who have ever read a sonnet of Shakespeare, and read it again and again, find always with their widening vision the master's work touches somewhere the new experience, and throws a light ahead. It will rather startle this same appreciative and apprehensive man of mental training, if you tell him that a great portrait will make him see the wife of his bosom in a truer light and more deeply than ever before, for even a most commonplace personality carries a more multiple subtlety than the farthest reaching poet's verse.

I read somewhere only a day or so ago, an article copied from that accomplished writer's newspaper, and attributed to Mr. Chas. Dudley Warner, about a bust that some young man has recently made of Mark Twain. Mr. Warner says,

as nearly as I can remember, that the likeness is the first thing to be considered in a performance of the kind, and that it may afterwards be looked at as a work of art. And this is the view that almost any one without special training, would take of the matter, and I was going to say, in consequence, a superficial view, but that might be not a just thing to say. At any rate it is superficial, and a confused way of looking at the matter if we are to make the distinction between a portrait and a likeness. If the bust is no more than a likeness I don't know that it needs to be considered at all, and if it is in any sense a portrait it should be considered as that, and in no other way, for the aim of the artist having been to make an interpretation of character, inasmuch as his art is good or bad, so in like measure it follows, of course, is the portrait adequate or inadequate.

A clever journalist said to me once, as we were passing a bust of a well-known actor: "It is a striking portrait of him."

"A striking likeness, if you please, but not a portrait," I replied, somewhat to the astonishment of my friend. He did not apply to this particular form of art the same general principle by which he would have measured the excellence of a sonnet or a sonata. In either poetry or music, he would have known at once that startling and superficial are synonymous. Now, the young sculptor's bust of Mark Twain may not be to any looker-on a likeness at all; but still, for all that, and possibly because of that, it may be a most profound portrait. Remembering that never were two human beings in the world who could see any object in exactly the same way, and that to be a great portraitist—if I may use the term, implies a natural aptitude, trained through much disciplined use to see deeply into the very springs of character. We would not be astonished to find a portrait by such an artist so far from a likeness that we may not at first sight be able to recognize it. But accustoming ourselves to the point of view which may be far enough away from our own, we will then, entering into the artist's sphere, see the character in another light, and in some way more comprehensively than ever before. All artists who have had much right success in portraiture know perfectly well how almost impossible it is to get positive hold of any thing like a fixed fact. Indeed in the human face there is no such thing as a fixed fact, they are all moveable ones, and facts that in themselves to a very great extent change from day to day. In one case I remember of a poet of whom I made a bust, the forms of the face changed so that it would have been noticeable to the untrained eye. In cases of this kind, or in any case for the matter of that, the artist must positively establish his conception of the character, and then use his subject as a model in a merely suggestive way, that is to say, in order to have your work thoroughly in keeping, and in that kind of keeping that will fix your conception. You may choose an expression that possibly never was put in that way upon the face of your subject, and fix all those ever-changing facts of form for the sake of arriving at the interior truth in a way in which you never saw them, using them in fact merely as

symbols, making of them, as they are indeed, the outward expressions of an interior truth you see and hold until it is realized. These are some of the elemental principles that enter into portraiture.

If the reader has ever seen a number of artists make studies of the same place or of the same thing, he will have seen how differently they have felt—or seen what they have been sketching, and the sketches differ most, one from the other in the degree that the artists are men of originality or who look at nature through their own and not the spectacles of another man—or of a school. A number of pupils from a school or studio would see the same thing, not so differently as the older artists who had got into seeing their own way, but after the manner of the masters of their school. Now the likeness maker is either a crude, untrained person who has not learned to see more than the obvious outlying facts, or one who has been trained to see them and insist upon them in a conventional way, and to do every thing with the terrible certainty of one trained into inflexible narrowness. He works from the outside, while the true artist works as I have said from an interior conception, and his work is consequently really a portrayal—a revelation.

Do not infer that I would have an artist neglect or slur over facts of form or detail, or to twist them into any unwarrantable shape for the sake of bringing forth a truth of personality, for the simple reason that a conception dragged into life through such violence is apt to be a strained and contorted one. There is no doubt that often the very spirit of a personality is quite strongly conveyed through a violation of facts of form and of their proper order, and when it is done, the accomplishment excuses the means. Every man of genius is in fact, as has been often enough said, a law unto himself, and people are not as a rule inclined to quarrel with his methods; but they are upon the other hand pretty certain to become tired enough of the little people who are always ready to make a rush through the master's manner and style, for that royal road, which it seems no end of disastrous experience will teach them, leads nowhere else than to the dogs.

But to invest, combine, and through a composition of many figures and arrangements of light and dark, of color of form and action, to express a story of humanity, a tragedy, a comedy of life; is this not more—said a creative writer to me the other day—is this not more, or a greater thing to do, than the painting of a portrait. It is different of course and brings into play a different set of faculties, but it is not more, nor a greater thing than the painting of a portrait, for to repeat what Mr. Ruskin has said—there can be no greater thing than a noble portrait of a noble man. I certainly cannot conceive of any set of conditions under which it will be possible for an artist to do a higher or a broader work than the painting of a truly noble man or beautiful woman, in whom the loftier and sweeter attributes of humanity have play. To go beyond this would be to pass into the realm of the infinite, which while opening schemes of measureless reach in themselves, will in their treatment always mark in a more or less painful way, the limitations of human power.

W. R. O'DONOVAN.



## ART PRIZES.

"THERE was a prize offered or rather two prizes, a large and a small one, for the greatest speed, not in a single race, but to such who had raced the whole year."

"I took the first prize" said the Hare, "one had a right to expect justice, when one's own family and best friends were in the council; but that the Snail should have got the second prize, I consider as almost an insult to me."

"No" observed the Fence-rail, who had been a witness to the distribution of the prizes, "you must take diligence and good-will into consideration. The Snail to be sure took half a year to cross the threshold, but he broke his thigh-bone in the haste he made. He devoted himself entirely to this race, and moreover he ran with his house on his back, and so he took the second prize."

"I think my claims might have been taken into account," said the swallow, "more speedy than I in flight and motion I believe no one has shown himself. And where have I not been? Far, far away." "And that is your misfortune," said the Fence-rail, "you gad about too much. You are always on the wing."

"I can declare upon my honor that each prize—at least as far as my voice in the matter went, was awarded with strict justice," said the Sign-post in the wood. My plan was to give the first prize to one of the first letters in the alphabet, and the second prize to one of the last letters. If you will be so good as to grant me your attention, I will explain to you. The eighth letter in the alphabet from A is H; that stands for Hare, and therefore I awarded the greatest prize to the Hare, and the eighth letter from the end is S, therefore the Snail obtained the second prize. Every thing should be done by rule and rules must not be broken through."

"I should certainly have voted for myself had I not been among the judges," said the Ass. "There is one thing which must never be disregarded, it is the beautiful. I saw that in the Hare's charming, well-grown ears, it is quite a pleasure to see how long they are. I fancied that I beheld myself when I was little and so I voted for him. I must say I expect great things from the future—we have made so good a beginning."

The above is one of Hans Anderson's charming fables which describes most humorously but most accurately the distribution of prizes in nearly all contests. Most especially is it true of prize giving for art work. The Hare got it because he had friends in the council, and the Ass voted for him because they both had long ears. The Sign-post had a pre-arranged rule for awarding the prizes, and one may be sure that all the other judges were influenced by many reasons besides the merit of the case. The Swallow was the genius who undoubtedly deserved the prize, but then he was eccentric, and probably should have had all the prizes and so got none.

The question arises "is it possible for any jury to award any prizes for art work with entire justice?" Can any men put aside their prejudices, their personal feelings, their likes and dislikes, their rules and systems long enough to be fairly just. It seems doubtful.

If we look back over the awards of juries in this country it is hard to find one which can commend itself to an intelligent observer. The award of a medal to be voted for by all the contestants, or by a large jury selected by the contestants, would seem to be the only plan likely to produce good results. No artist of ability cares to have such a council sit upon him as sat upon the Swallow.

ACADEMICIAN.

## THE NEW ORLEANS EXHIBITION.

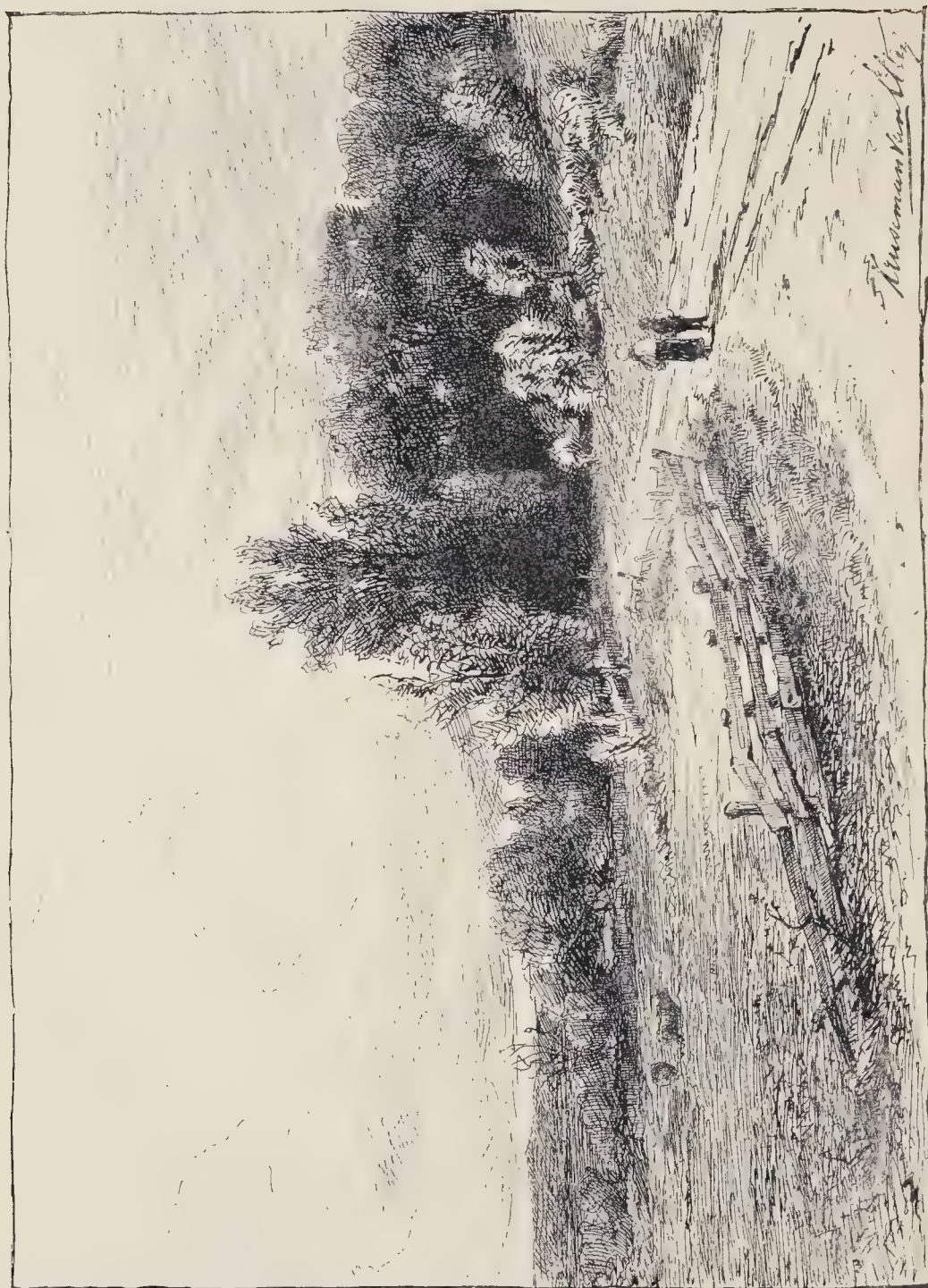
NOTHING definite has been heard in regard to the Art Department of the World's Fair, to be held in New Orleans. An extra number of the *Times Democrat* has been received, which devotes eight full pages to the different departments of the exhibition, the mineral, the agricultural, educational and industrial features of which are discussed at length, but not one word is said about the Art Department; however, among the illustrations of the buildings already erected and to be built, is one of the art building—but whether this has gone further than the design, remains to be ascertained. Three or four months ago we learned that negotiations were to be opened with the American Art Union, for a collection of pictures of the members, but nothing further has been heard.

It may be that the directors intend to confine their art exhibit to the local art of the South, and to photographs and art manufactures.

There has hitherto been so little interest shown for Art by the Southern people, that it will be difficult if not impossible for them to obtain a good collection, unless some guarantee is given for a fair percentage of sales, according to the plan inaugurated last year by the Art Union, which has given such satisfaction to all concerned.

JAMES L. CLAGHORN.

THE death of James L. Claghorn, the well-known banker of Philadelphia, and an honorary member of the ART UNION, which was announced on August 27th, removes one of the best friends of art in America, and one of the most active supporters of the Pennsylvania Academy. It is not overstating the case to say that the institution just named, of which he was for a number of years the president, owes its present comparative financial prosperity mainly to his exertions. He was greatly interested, also, in the Philadelphia School of Design for Women, and occupied the position of presiding officer of its Board of Directors at the time of his death. As a collector he was principally interested in engravings and etchings, of which he had probably the largest and finest selection in the United States. It is to be hoped that this collection may be kept together as the most fitting monument to his memory. The deceased left his property, valued at over \$100,000, to his widow and son, with the proviso that, if the executors can, without encroaching too much on the estate, give to the Academy any presents in the shape of paintings, engravings, or books it would be only carrying out the intention which the testator himself would have declared more fully, had not the estate been encroached upon by shrinkage and other causes.



A VILLAGE ROAD NEAR ELLENVILLE, N. Y.—BY KRUSEMAN VAN ELTEN.



## THE LONDON PRINTSELLERS' ASSOCIATION.

ACCORDING to the adage, "one cannot touch pitch without being defiled," and it would appear as if the developments that are being made from time to time would crystalize into another proverb, to wit:—that the man who deals in art will show stains; not that the art he deals in is not perfectly pure, but it acts as a sort of touch-stone that brings to light the original sin that is latent in the man. St. Anthony himself could never have resisted the temptations that beset the art dealer. Generally, associations of men practice virtues that they disregard as individuals, but the following letters from Mr. F. Seymour Haden to the *Pall Mall Gazette* exhibit the London Printsellers' Association in a different light:—

"In your article of June 4 you charge certain of the principal printselling firms—you were careful not to include the whole of them—with having formed themselves into an association, or ring, for the manufacture and issue on an extensive scale of sham proofs, and by means of a stamp which they parade as a certificate of genuineness, for imposing these sham proofs upon the public at the price of real ones. Of this kind of manufacture you gave two recent instances. With every word of this article, which confers a signal benefit on the public, I heartily concur. The letter of "A Printseller" in reply to it can only be accepted as a specimen of that kind of defence which it is common to set up when it is found inconvenient to look facts in the face, and which consists in calling witnesses to character. Meanwhile, by way of strengthening what you have said, permit me to forward you copy of a letter which, more than two years ago, as the representative of a body of independent engravers, I myself found it necessary to write to a prominent member of the ring in question. I regret that I have not been able to obtain the writer's consent to the publication with it of the letter to which it is an answer. Nothing, however, will be lost by this refusal, my letter, as you will see, dealing categorically with the whole subject, and disposing summarily of each point as it has been raised by the printseller. To this letter I have only to add that, pending an equitable settlement of the question it treats of, I have withdrawn the whole of my own art work—the mezzotint of 'Calais Pier' included—from the market:—

38, Hertford street, February, 26, 1882.

"I am in receipt of your letter of yesterday, written in answer to one from me of February 11, to inform you that much as I should have liked to put myself into the hands of your firm, I must not, if you expect me to submit my works to the stamp of the Printsellers' Association, think of doing so. In this letter you say, though it is observable you make no attempt to prove it, that your association is not a trade union; that it implies no combination to keep up prices; that it violates no economic principle; and that in making its members declare beforehand the maximum number of proofs which they mean to take from their plates, it consults the interests both of the artist and the publisher; and you finally add, as to the sacrifice of unstamped work (which you admit), that the associated printseller does not

embark his capital in such work because their authors, by refusing to make the 'declaration' you require, render you 'uncertain' and the public 'suspicious' as to the number of impressions which may be taken from their plates.

"To this I reply that, in my judgment the Printsellers' Association is a trade union; that it is a combination to keep up prices, and even to create factitious prices; that in hampering independent production, it does violate a very important economic principal; and that, however advantageous its operations may be to the printseller, they are disadvantageous to the public and injurious to the artist; further, that the declaration you require, and which you claim to be a protection to the public, is no protection at all, but the reverse; and, finally, that in refusing to deal in unstamped work the printseller is not animated by the distrust you suggest, or, to the best of my belief, that the public (except so far as it may be prompted by the printseller) is in the least 'suspicious' as to the value and integrity of such work.

"You say the Printsellers' Association is not a trade union. As to this, as one of its chief promoters, you are of course aware that when, in 1875, I attempted to publish the plate known as 'Calais Pier,' its publication was suddenly stopped by a secret notice served by the association on my then publisher, which warned him that in embarking in its publication he was contravening a fundamental rule of the association, and in continuing the circulation of its unstamped impressions was rendering himself liable to expulsion from the body, a notice which so frightened him that he at once broke the engagement he had taken with me and ceased to sell the work. Was not this the act of a trade union? If not, on what other ground did a confederation of tradesmen that I had never before heard of assume to interpose between me and my production, and thus interfere with my liberty as an artist? Again, among the restrictions which you impose on each other, have you not a rule which prohibits your members from giving employment even to a printer who refuses to belong to you, and are you not again and again a trade union when on the specious pretext of 'distrust and suspicion' you do your best to prevent the sale of an independent engraved work?

"Again you say your association is not a combination to keep up prices. I say it is, because in combining to stamp and issue as "proofs" impressions which it well knows are not proofs, it forces the print-buying public to pay a price for those impressions which is not represented by their true value—a price, in fact, which is altogether factitious. Nor does your present proposal to call these factitious proofs 'states' at all mend the matter, since they are no more 'states' than they are 'proofs.' If we are to believe your association, everything is a proof which a publisher affiliated to you chooses to call one, and which, for a fee, payable on each, you are ready to stamp as a proof and issue to the public as a proof at proof price! What, I would ask you, is this not a combination to keep up prices?

"Again, you say your association violates no economic principle. I say it violated a very obvious economic principle when, by interposing between me and my publication

of 'Calais Pier,' it stopped its production, and that it does the same thing when it withholds employment from a printer, however able, who conscientiously refuses to belong to it. True, on the first of these occasions, in consequence of a prompt letter to the *Times*, the association had to draw in its horns and alter its laws; and that to my knowledge, at least, one able printer is in receipt of work furtively given him by members of the association; but these instances only prove how an untenable and tyrannical principle will break down in practice, and how the strongest combination for a wrong purpose vigorously attacked in front may easily be put to the rout.

"Again, you claim for the 'declaration' you require your members to make as to the number of 'proofs' they mean to take from their plates that such declaration, since it provides for a 'limitation' of issue, is a protection to the public. But how can this possibly be when you allow your associates to take as many as they like, and when, without the least regard to the interests of the public, you sanction by the guarantee of your stamp their issue as genuine proofs? Do you think if the public knew this they would continue to buy them and pay proof prices for them as they are now doing? I think not. On the contrary, I think, their eyes once opened, they would speedily learn to regard your stamp as I do—*i. e.*, as a certificate not of value, but of worthlessness, and avoid it accordingly.

"Finally you tell me, and quite seriously, that the associated printseller does not invest his capital in unstamped work—*i. e.*, refuses to sell the comparatively few fastidious impressions which an artist jealous of his reputation may think proper to take from his plate, because he is uncertain as to their number and quality, and because the public 'accustomed to the safeguard' of your declaration and your stamp, is 'suspicious,' and will not buy them. Surely, sir, knowing as you do the real reason why the associated printseller will not sell such works, that reason being that their authors will not make the delusive declaration you require, or countenance your proceedings in any way whatever, you impose on yourself when you profess your credence in such an explanation. You do not deal in such works simply and solely because, being a trade union, you have made up your mind not to deal in them, or even to do business on equal terms with any independent printseller who undertakes their publication.

"Having thus, by a consideration as brief as possible of your own propositions, answered your letter, I will, if you please, add some reflections of my own, capable, I think, of throwing even a stronger light on the character and objects of the association which you represent. From a publication called *Year's Art*, edited, I believe, by one of your members, but whose statements on your behalf seem to me in the highest degree imprudent, I learn that the circumstances which determined the formation of your society were these: A publisher—I know not what publisher, and forbear to enquire—was discovered to be stealing a march upon his fellows by removing from exhausted engraving plates the lettering which characterized the state of "print" and reissuing impressions from such rejuvenated plates as

genuine 'proofs.' Against this proceeding you seem to have combined. But why did you combine? *Year's Art* says it was to vindicate your good name and to protect the public from so disgraceful a fraud; but I say it was because, having learned the dangerous secret of his gains, you thought it better to make a partnership with this recreant brother, and to become henceforth yourselves manufacturers and issuers of factitious proofs on the largest possible scale. As to this I find that while in 1871 you stamped 6,433 of these proofs, and issued them to the public at a value of £44,052, by 1879 your issue of them had increased to the astonishing number of 26,580, at a cost to the public of £169,024—an increase not to be accounted for by the healthy growth of any legitimate business whatever. And, again, which is still more extraordinary, that while in 1880 seven of these plates yielded 5,550 proofs, at a price to the public of £32,576, two others of them, in 1881, gave as many as 5,000, at a price to the public of £20,000! What, I repeat, if they saw them would the print-buying public think of these figures—the magic produce of your 'declarations' and your 'stamps'—and what am I and my fellow-etchers, whose impressions are to be counted by fifties, or at most hundreds, to think when you gravely tell us you cannot "invest your capital" in them or "persuade the public to buy them" because there is no 'certified limitation' to their numbers!

"Thus it would seem that a portentous change in the print trade—a change disastrous to every interest but your own, disastrous to art, disastrous to the artist, and disastrous to the public, and, if anything, still more disastrous to those fair dealers who, to their honor, have refused to join you—has resulted from the formation and action of the association of which you are a member. Disastrous to art, because, the only artists who have been found to subscribe to your conditions being foreigners and copyists, you have been driven to deal, and are actually dealing, in these foreign copies to the exclusion of independent and original English art; disastrous to the artist, because, his self-respect forbidding him to join you, you have, on an unhandsome pretext, which will not bear examination for a moment, tried to exclude him from the market; disastrous to the public, because, by guarantees which are no guarantees, you have for many years been making them pay an exceptional price for that which is not only not exceptional but not even genuine. More than this, emboldened by impunity, you have not hesitated to strike at the independence of the artist, and, by decrying his work, have sought to terrify him into an acquiescence of your proceedings. You will not succeed. You may fill your pockets at his expense, but you will not find him among the subscribers to your 'declarations' or the believers in 'your stamp.' By-and-by, too, the tide will turn. Other outlets than those you have blocked will be found for his work, and not improbably your own members, ashamed at last of the position they have drifted into, or who, like my unfortunate publisher, are bound to you by fear, will one by one abandon you."

I am, etc., etc.,

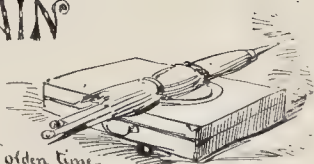
F. SEYMOUR HADEN.



# ARTIST ON THE BRAIN



A Transatlantic Rhyme  
from PUNCH  
Cisatlantic Illuminations  
always did love Walberswick, and have in  
Immortalised its lonely shores, in olden time  
Sentimental rhyme;



But now the place is filled with crowds of men, and many a lass  
And white umbrellas, shot the beach like mushrooms on the grass;  
In ancient days the harbour was poetically drear,  
But now it's crammed with artist-folk, those Painters on the Pier



They sketch the Ferryman's old hut, the reeds that sway and nod,  
The early Christian countenance of Chazon — Miss Dadd,  
And Lady Amateurs are there who morn and evening flop  
Round artists of the other sex, and take supremist shops;  
Oh, would that I might never see a canvass any more,  
Away with all your 'stumps' and tubes, oh smudgers by the shore



I take a boat and sail outside to where the breeze blows stiff,  
And quietly bones diversify the face of Dunwich Cliff;  
When lo! a sketcher on the sea uncomfortably floats  
And several canvasses are seen our spread in heaving boats.  
They come to haunt my midnight dreams, I see them in my sleep,  
Those everlasting drawing-boards of daubers on the deep!

I'll try a voyage in the  
And soar towards the  
And even then I'm  
Still perpetrating libels  
They're rampant upon  
There comes another



air, I'll hire a big balloon  
midday sun and interview the moon  
sure to meet the Amateurs on high  
on the unoffending sky  
sea and land, and yes, I do declare,  
through the clouds, an artist in the air!

I'll paint myself with Van Dyke Brown and the with Naples Red  
And crimson Lake and Cadmium shall flame upon my head  
A suit of Double Elephant shall be my daily wear  
And "Ducatif de Courtrai" shall amoint my flowing hair;  
So bring the cup with turpentine, nor deem that I'm insane,  
For since I've been to Walberswick, I've Artist on the Brain.



## ADVICE TO YOUNG ARTISTS.

IF you have the curse of genius, young man, which you cannot subdue or degrade, God help you! There is no other help for you, and I have no advice to give in such a case, save to retire from among men, like a leper, for you are not of them and have no place with them. To be sure, your name may, a few centuries hence, become the pride and glory of your country; if there is any satisfaction in that uncertainty, glean such comfort as you may from it, but you have no claim upon your cotemporaries. What you may be to posterity is nought to them. You are but an object of distrust, envy or hatred, for you should know that all men, by virtue of some paltry idiosyncrasy which they magnify (because it is theirs) into a gift, cherish in their secret hearts a conceit that they are not as other men, grow bitter because of the non-recognition of their superiority, and will not brook the elevation of any but the commonplace, like themselves; and so, being in a vast majority, unite their efforts in a crusade against the really gifted, to render the possession a curse and discomfort. This is a general—possibly an exaggerated view, and doubtless there may be exceptions to the rule, but rule it is, in general, nevertheless. But, as I have said, I have no counsels for you who are burthened with genius. You are but one sent before to prepare pleasures for the enjoyment of those to come after you, and must accept the discounted glory as your only possible reward. But to you who are only moderately gifted, or better still, who have but an inclination towards art, and have mistaken a desire for a talent, I have something to say. You would make whatever ability you have subservient to your social advance and material prosperity, and would sacrifice all else to that end? Then learn the course you are to pursue. It is written you cannot serve God and mammon, and it is true that anything more than a seeming regard for virtue, justice, etc. is incompatible with the greatest worldly success that you covet. A true, earnest, independent, manly pursuit of art, for the love of it, is in the nature of serving God, and has no place in your creed. You are to seek the favor of your fellow mortals, and of them expect your reward. Make little effort to win the approval of the true and noble of earth, for they are few and without influence; also, they may divine your real character, and so you needlessly augment their contempt for you. You are to systematically suppress all emotions men call generous, only simulate them when occasion requires. You shall flatter the coarse vanity of the rich, defer to the absurd opinions of the powerful, cringe to those in authority and never give unnecessary offence to any, for there are none devoid of influence which sooner or later may be felt. If there be a question between two authorities and you are forced to decide to which you will pay homage, weigh well the relative strength of position of such now, and the chances of permanency in the future, and take your position accordingly. Let no other considerations influence you, and let your decision be made with all the ambiguity of language possible, to avoid unnecessary offence.

Should one who has befriended you fall into ridicule,

laugh with his enemies, for thereby you gain in numbers, but keep up the appearance of friendship with him, that you may not lose even the one. Should he, however, discover your double dealing, you are still the gainer. Decry the art and artists of your country, especially those artists who have earned and occupy high positions, for so you will appear learned and fearless. Your daring will quite awe your hearers, and impose upon their ignorance with the boldness of your denunciations. Always accompany this, however, with a corresponding servility to those who hear you, this will not fail to act as an antidote to the shock, for thus you virtually acknowledge their superiority to those attacked, and their vanity can always be relied upon to swallow this; and more, if administered with any degree of discretion; and so you still add to the number of your friends. Of course these schemes will occupy much time supposed to be precious to an artist, and so it is, but the work is being done for you, as bees make honey for our table while we attend to other wants. There are always delving men of talent who will furnish material ready for your use if you skilfully dilute it with enough of your own to enable you to claim it all as yours and so disgust the originator that he will not dispute your claim lest the whole be laid at his door. The multitude are neither scrupulous or observing in such matters.

Should your ambition desire a reputation for originality, you have only to be vigilant, watch those who are capable of producing new thoughts and who, in their unsuspecting simplicity, carelessly put them out. Seize upon them promptly! Boldly set up a claim before the author's is established, and so, having already secured all the influence on your side, your victory is easy and complete. Should your gifted victim be moved to a violent attack, you allude to him as a poor, misguided lunatic, crazed by excessive envy, towards whom you have no unkindly feeling, and you are more than triumphant. You have not only secured all the honor due to him but have transferred to his shoulders the contempt that rightly belongs to yourself.

These rules will apply to all arts—painting, literature, sculpture, music and all—with certain success if properly used. Of course their practice will win you the contempt of all true men and women, but what need you care, if you be saved from a life of obscurity and gain the applause of the multitude? A thousand voices to one! You go through this life with the seeming respect of the world, die without visible dishonor, your funeral is largely attended, where the clergyman recounts your virtues, commends your life to men and consigns your spirit to the God who gave it. To be sure you may have some difficulty in explaining that "blameless life" to the satisfaction of your Judge, but then you will have a whole eternity to do it in—and will probably need it!

WORMWOOD.

## OTHER ADVICE TO YOUNG ARTISTS.

MY neighbor Wormwood, being a good deal agitated by the storm and winds of late, employed his bitterest breath to shed abroad his pessimistic views as to the



study and practice of art. What he said cannot be called untrue—on the contrary there was much in his article fearfully just! Still it is so incomplete, or onesided, that it amounts to pretty much the same thing, and is calculated to mislead the unthinking and discourage the thoughtful and earnest. I therefore feel constrained to present my own views, to counteract, as far as may be, the pernicious effect of his gloomy sarcasm. In the first place, then, there is no occasion for his addressing himself to the class he does, for those persons have no right to an artistic existence at all. Though there are such parasites upon the noble calling I know, they are entitled to no consideration, and need none of my neighbor's guidance. They are already too proficient in the art of simulating art. Those who most need counsel and encouragement from some source with worldly wisdom to impart, he dismisses as so far outside of the world's sympathy as to be utterly without hope of success in it, and presents to their sensitive natures such a gloomy aspect of affairs as would be calculated to discourage from all effort. The object of my writing, as I have before said, is to try and reassure these that their powers may not be wasted, and arouse them to worthy effort for the good of their race, present or future. While it is certainly true that gifted men and women are sometimes—perhaps frequently—unappreciated and left to struggle on through a life of hardship and neglect, while they, all the time, labor to enrich the world with results that will only be esteemed and held precious when their sufferings are long since ended, and the great brain, heart and hand are cold in death. It is also true that often this class are appreciated, at least in part, and *do* reap a portion of their reward this side the grave. Of course they are required to endure their share of annoyances of an imperfect world, like their plodding fellows. Through being sensitive, fastidious, capacious and unlearned in the world's ways, these ordinary troubles of life they are apt to magnify into sorrows or wrongs, sometimes even greater than their morbid natures feel able to bear, and rashly take themselves off, to escape that which the average man would scarcely give a passing thought. It is also true that the unusually gifted do have, as Wormwood says, annoyances peculiar to themselves. The best results of their labor is often filched by unscrupulous persons, who not only steal the thought, and even the manner of expressing it, but credit as well, giving slander and abuse in place of it. But this is only one of the conditions of life, and like many of this world's ills, can often be provided against by a reasonable outlay of caution, forethought and determination on their own part. There is also, as my neighbor says, undoubtedly a degree of that latent conceit and consequent jealousy of success, especially that unexpected success of unthought-of individuals, in the hearts of most, if not all men. At the same time, there is also in their hearts a sort of pride and generous recognition of the efforts of genius. Not being of extraordinary talents himself the common man is dull and slow to comprehend the value of his more gifted fellow's work, and during the process he frequently mistakes the false for the true, but he is sure to arrive at a just conclusion at last, and when a

true work is understood, he is only too glad to acknowledge it as such and enthusiastically join in the universal applause from which, even the envious, dare not withhold their voice.

You are, of course, to study all art, to strengthen your faculties and perfect your judgment, and to learn the laws governing all art productions, for these are essential to the best expression of the particular art you may pursue, without a knowledge of which, though your work may be full of the evidence of genius it will still be crude and lacking in the fullest expression. Do not fall into that fatal error so prevalent at the present moment, that obedience to long established rules is unworthy a modern student. On the contrary an affectation of independence of those essential laws, is itself born of ignorance, and an attempt of incapacity to shield itself. There is no short cut! and true genius will not seek it, genius is exacting and will not be content with any half-way expression, but will be at any pains to compass the utmost power, which is still too slight for its aspirations, therefore entertain no fear lest the study of art already accomplished may mar the originality of your work. The highway is for all to travel, each one takes his own gait upon it, or imitates others. Even if your aim is to present manner alone, you had better present good conventionality than worthless novelty.

You are to study nature to learn her ways and find out her subtle beauties, which it is your business to interpret to your work-a-day fellows, for by her forms and through her varied effects alone can you convey any impression to the understanding of another soul; hers is the court language of all art! You are also to acquaint yourself with history, that you may not lack in its truth when occasion requires the introduction of any portion of it in your work. For similar reasons, at least, a general knowledge of science is essential. In short, no knowledge will come amiss to the true artist, though some, of course, must in the nature of things, be superficial; but look to it that your art education be thorough and well grounded, beware of the misleading influence of vanity, conceit and that most seductive siren of all, the blind flattery of friends, go through a most searching examination of your own powers, compare them carefully with those who have stood the test of time. This will be most humiliating, but if you have the true spark you will not flinch nor find frivolous excuse, you will rather underrate your own crude gifts, for true genius is modest and will tolerate no sham, but in justice to yourself you must remember that the diamond in the rough does not show its real qualities, only the experienced and close observing eye can detect its obscured light. The lapidary's skill is required to bring out its latent fires, and the lapidary, in this case is yourself, and the method, patient, well directed study, therefore make no ostentatious display of your undeveloped gifts, be content to cut your gem patiently, face by face, until its every ray is freed and its utmost sparkle shall penetrate the dullest vision, make no demand for recognition until you have *established* your claim, when it will be freely accorded. Be content with the lustre of your own jewel, nor disparage that of your peers, be modest, just and generous, as you surely will if you wear a true stone.

SWEETBRIER.

## THE BLenheim RAPHAEL.

THE *Portfolio* states that the *Blenheim Raphael*, known as the *Ansidei Madonna*, has been purchased for the National Gallery at the enormous sum of £70,000. Great satisfaction has been expressed at this conclusion of the negotiations between the government and the Duke of Marlborough's trustees. It would have been a misfortune indeed if such a picture had been allowed to leave this country. We gave a great sum for the *Garvagh Raphael*, which was, indeed, relatively far dearer than this finer and more important panel. The composition of nearly life-size figures groups the enthroned Madonna with the Child on her knee; St. John Baptist and St. Nicholas of Bari on the other side. The color has the richness of Raphael while under the influence of Perugino; the style is of the early Florentine period, though, according to Vasari, the picture was begun in 1505, the date of that early fresco at Perugia, which foreshadowed the upper part of the learned *Disputa* in the Vatican *Stanza*. It was finished and signed in 1507, and placed in the chapel of the Ansidei family, dedicated to San Niccolò di Bari, in the Servite church of San Fiorenzo at Perugia. In 1764 it was replaced by a copy and bought by Lord Robert Spencer, who gave it to his brother, the then Duke of Marlborough. Lord Landsdowne was the central portion of the tripartite predella. The picture is in some senses unique, and in excellent preservation. For the National Collection is also secured, at the price of £17,500, the *Blenheim Vandyke* portrait of Charles I on horseback; and probably most people will feel the money well spent, although at Windsor is an equally fine equestrian portrait of the martyr king, and a replica at Hampton Court. The Rubens portraits of himself and his wife have been bought for a private collection abroad.

## WORKS OF ART NOT "HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE."

WE learn from the *Magazine of Art*, "that about a year or more ago quite a ripple of excitement was raised in the art circles of Philadelphia by an attempt of the Assessors of Taxes to class works of art as taxable property, under the pretense that they were included in the term "household furniture," as used in the taxing act of April 29, 1844. This new construction, which had never occurred to any of the assessors before, was of course appealed from, but the Board of Revision of Taxes affirmed it. Mr. Lea, a well-known citizen of Philadelphia, thereupon carried the case into the courts, where it was argued before Judge Mitchell of the Court of Common Pleas. Judge Mitchell sustained the appeal of Mr. Lea, and the assessment was stricken off. The matter being one of general interest to all friends of art, we subjoin some extracts from the judge's opinion, as published in the *Legal Intelligencer*. 'Ornamentation,' says Judge Mitchell, 'is not furniture, though incidentally to its own purpose it may contribute to the idea of furnishing. 'The expression household furniture,' says Sawyer, J., in *Towns v. Pratt*, 33 N. H., 345, 'must be understood to mean those vessels, utensils, or goods which are designed in their

manufacture originally and chiefly for use in the family, as instruments of the household, and for conducting and managing household affairs.' Pictures are certainly not 'designed originally and chiefly for use in conducting and managing household affairs.' They are clearly not furniture in the artist's or even in the dealer's hands, as a table or a bureau would be in the hands of the manufacturer; nor would they probably be so considered, if bought and stored away in a closet or lumber room. Indeed, this view seems to have governed the assessors in the present matter, as we are informed that they did not assess as furniture, paintings, etc., hung in a separate room or gallery, intended for display only. Why, then, do they become furniture if hung in a parlor or other room not reserved exclusively for them but devoted to other household uses? Only, if at all, because in the progress of civilization and the development of the refining influences of art, there are now but few households, however humble, that are restricted to the bare necessities of life, and that have not some little contribution to the gratification of taste. In this sense pictures may be called household furniture, but this is not the popular sense of the word, nor is it the sense in which the legislature intended to use it. It lacks the idea of *household utility* that makes the basis of the definition of household furniture. . . . This conclusion is fortified by the construction universally put on the [taxing] act at the time of its passage. Some of the earlier American taxing acts used the word *household utensils*. . . . and those which spoke of 'furniture' meant the same thing. For forty years the act has been understood and administered, by tax gatherer and tax payer alike, not to include paintings and similar objects. It is to be hoped that the exigencies of the State will never require the taxation of art, which all civilized men in all ages of the world have sought to encourage and develop; but if such a departure from established usage is to be made, it should be by a new and clear expression of the legislative will, not by a new reading of a statute nearly half a century old.' The assessors may now appeal to a higher court, but it is thought that they will not take such an unpopular step."

THE STATUE OF GEN. REYNOLDS,  
PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1884.

JOHN ROGERS' equestrian statue of General Reynolds was unveiled before a great crowd and amidst great enthusiasm, on September 17th. It stands before the new City Hall, opposite to, and visible from the whole length of Broad Street; a superb situation, but owing to the vast size of the building and the width of the street even this large figure is quite dwarfed.

Reynolds was distinctively a Pennsylvanian. He commanded only Pennsylvania troops; he was killed on Pennsylvania soil, and though he fell on the first day at Gettysburg, it was largely owing to his vigor and skilful dispositions, that the great battle resulted in the deliverance of Pennsylvania from the invaders.

The orator of the day was the same Gov. Curtin whose forethought enabled him to offer to the President a trained



body of soldiers in the Pennsylvania Reserves, and those same Reserves were present in great numbers at the unveiling, and listened to the old governor extol their old commander, and fight over again their old battles.

It was probably the intention of the sculptor to represent the first discovery of the enemy at Gettysburg. The General reins in his horse and points with his arm outstretched to an object to the right of him. The horse throws up his head and raises his left fore-foot with a great deal of spirit, but in a way that entirely hides the rider from the spectator in front, and unfortunately it is from in front that the statue is chiefly seen. As we come down Broad Street we see nothing of the man but his outstretched hand, and it seems to be attached to the horse's ear.

Seen from the right side, the action is fine and the rider sits fairly well upon the horse, but his figure is very wanting in grace and there is too much made of the details of the drapery and accessories, which remind one too much of the famous Rogers' groups.

G—.

#### THE AMERICAN ART YEAR-BOOK.

THE Art Year-Book, for the year 1884, published by the New England Institute of Boston, has been received. In its mechanical features it leaves little to be desired, and is a worthy memorial of the eminent institution that fathers it. The various examples of reproductive art processes are extremely interesting, and alone make the book a most valuable one to every person interested in art. As a year-book of the art of the country, the performance hardly fulfills the promise implied by the title; yet as such things go, it will doubtless be considered amply sufficient by the general public. We are not disposed to be hypercritical, but prefer to encourage the publishers to increased efforts in future issues.

#### THE ARTIST AND SOCIETY.

Sir Edwin Landseer was endowed with great natural artistic gifts. Being so gifted, why was he not greater as a painter? The most practical lesson to be learnt from a study of his life is that even unflagging industry and natural gifts, high as they may place an artist in the distinguished society of his time, popular as they may make his works, do not alone secure for him the prize which the purest ambition of every artist ought to long for—namely, that by the thought, the feeling, the beauty, and the worthy translation of Nature's truths, to be found in their work, their pictures, as long as the paint lasts on the canvass, shall have an ennobling, a refining influence. That is the practical use of the fine arts, and there is no common sense in the pursuit of them, no reason for their existence as a serious element in social culture, if such an ennobling, refining influence is not their effect. Sir Edwin Landseer spent the hours away from the easel mostly in society, and mostly in what is called "the best society." It is a question interesting to consider whether even "the best society" supplies the best opportunities for receiving those impressions of nobility and beauty which are food for the truest art. Mr. Ruskin is supposed to have said: "Fit yourself for the best society and avoid it,"—and to the artist of the present day this is, we believe, sound doctrine. The social intercourse which arises out of what is called "society" does not, as a rule, feed the better part of the artistic temperament. "Society" in its modern form, is so much of an occupation in itself that it does not work in satisfactorily with a very absorbing labor, and the position of a lion, even in the most distinguished, fashionable society, must be distasteful at once to the dignity and to the modesty of a nature moulded in the finest fibre.—*The Spectator.*

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor: Sir,—Before me lies a curious paper written fifty years ago by Thomas Sully and given by him to my father. In the announcement made in the advertisement, appears the germ of what afterward grew to be the Royal Academy. This was the first organized effort in England to afford instruction in art. Upon the Royal Academy our own National Academy was modeled, and in fact all our Art institutions and instruction were thence derived until within the last twenty years.

The following is the copy of an advertisement which was published in the weekly papers during the years 1758 and '59, in London:

Very truly yours,

GEO. C. LAMBDIN.

THOS. SULLY.

"For the use of those who study Painting, Sculpture and Engraving, will be opened on Monday March 6th next, at his Grace the Duke of Richmond's in Whitehall.

"A room containing a large collection of original plaster casts from the best antique statues and busts which are now at Rome and Florence. It is imagined that the study of these most exact copies from antiques may greatly contribute towards giving young beginners of genius an early taste and idea of beauty and proportion, which, when thoroughly acquired, will, in time, appear in their several performances.

"The public is therefore advertised, that any known painter, sculptor, carver or other settled artist, to whom the study of these gessos may be of use, shall have liberty to draw or model from any of them at any time; and upon application to the person that has the care of them, any particular figure shall be placed in such light as the artist may desire.

"And, likewise, any young man or boy above the age of twelve years may also have the same liberty by a recommendation from any known artist to Mr. Wilton, sculptor, in Hedge Lane. For these young persons a fresh statue or bust will be set once a week or fortnight, in a proper light for them to draw from.

"They will only be admitted from the hour of nine to eleven in the morning, and from the hour of two to four in the afternoon.

"On Saturday, Messrs. Wilton and Cissriani, will attend to see what progress each has made, to correct their drawings and models, and give them such instructions as shall be thought necessary.

"Nobody is to touch any of the gessos upon any account or to move them out of their places, or draw upon either them, their pedestals, or the walls of the room; any person offending in such manner will be dismissed and never admitted again upon any consideration.

"There will be given at Christmas and Midsummer annually, to those who distinguish themselves by making the greatest progress, the following premiums:

"A figure will be selected, and a large silver medal will be given for the best design of it, and another for the best model in Basso relievo.

"A smaller silver medal for the second best design, and one for the second best Basso relievo.

"The servant who takes care of the room has strict orders not to receive any money. It is therefore hoped and expected that none will be offered."

THE committee of the association of the French artists has decided to modify the programme of the next salon, relative to the vote for the medal of honor. This year, the department of engraving was the only one that received this award, and great dissatisfaction having ensued, the committee has decided to enlarge the electoral body by the admission, in addition to the *hors concours*, of the artists who have obtained honorable mentions in the preceeding salons; and further, it has been decided that the medal of honor will be adjudged by a plurality and not by a majority vote. This decision will be preceded by a preparatory vote which will decide upon the advisability of voting the medal of honor or not.

## PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE EXHIBITIONS.

**PAST.**—THE SUMMER EXHIBITIONS of Boston and the Western States have closed their doors, and from reports that are current, it is believed that a much larger proportion of pictures than usual will be returned to their owners—the sales having been few and far between. It is too early to ascertain in detail the results of these exhibitions, which will be given in the next number of THE ART UNION.

**PRESENT**—THE 55TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts is now open, and in addition to the works of art there will be the attraction of promenade rehearsals by the Germania Orchestra every Thursday afternoon.

THE LENOX LIBRARY, with its collection of paintings and sculptures, is open to the public on Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, from 11 A. M. until 4 P. M. Tickets, admitting a specified number of visitors, may be obtained *free*, on previous application by postal card, addressed to the "Superintendent of the Lenox Library," Fifth Avenue and Seventieth Street.

THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Second Avenue and Eleventh street, contains an excellent collection of early American paintings and a number of examples by the Old Masters. There are in all, 791 pictures in well-lighted galleries. Visitors may obtain access to the galleries *free*, by procuring a ticket from a member of the society.

**FUTURE.**—THE ART ASSOCIATION OF INDIANAPOLIS is now negotiating with the Art Union for a collection of pictures for an exhibition to be held in January next.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM has received the Watts' collection and will soon present them to the view of the public.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN will hold its regular annual AUTUMN EXHIBITION from November 10th to November 29th (inclusive). Pictures will be received at the Academy, from October 15 to October 18, "Varnishing day" will be Nov. 7th, and members of the press will be admitted on this day (by card) after 2 p. m.

THE SALMAGUNDI SKETCH CLUB will hold its exhibition of works in black and white, in the National Academy building, this city, from December 10 to December 23. F. M. Gregory, Secretary, 80 East Washington square, New York.

THE ARTISTS' FUND SOCIETY will hold its annual exhibition at the National Academy of Design from January 6th to January 12. The sale will take place at Association Hall, Y. M. C. A. building, on January 13-14, 1884.

THE AMERICAN WATER COLOR SOCIETY will hold its annual exhibition at the National Academy of Design, from Feb. 2nd to Feb. 28th, 1885. Secretary, Henry Farrar, 51 W. 10th street.

THE NEW YORK ETCHING CLUB will exhibit in connection with the Water Color Society, at the National Academy of Design, from Feb. 2nd to Feb. 28th, 1885. Secretary, J. C. Nicoll, 51 W. 10th street.

THE WORLD'S FAIR AND COTTON CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION will open at New Orleans, La., December 1, and continue for six months. Congress has voted \$1,000,000 to this enterprise, on condition that the citizens of New Orleans will raise \$500,000 additional.

## ART NOTES.

THE Sunday society of England has at last gained one step in its long continued endeavor to open on Sunday the museums and libraries of the metropolis, permission having been given to the members of the society to visit Apsley House and Grosvenor House on that day.

THE celebrated picture of Paul Veronese, "The Adoration of the Magi," has just been purchased in England by the Russian Government for the sum of 60,000 dollars. The picture will be placed in the cathedral which is being built on the spot where the emperor, Alexander II, was assassinated.

## THE ARTISTS' FUND SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA.

THE ARTISTS' FUND SOCIETY of Philadelphia, is one of the oldest art associations in the country. In March next it will celebrate the 50th year of its founding, and it is proposed to issue a volume of etchings and other reproductions of the works of its members in commemoration of the first half century of its existence. As its name implies, the purposes of the Society are purely benevolent, and its object is the collection of a fund for the relief of poor or disabled artists and their families. With this object in view, the Society at one time held a series of annual exhibitions which were abandoned on the re-building of the Academy of Fine Arts, and later the plan of an annual sale of contributions of members was adopted, but the results proving unsatisfactory the Society fell back upon the simple plan of small annual payments by members. It is hoped that the proposed volume will add to the benevolent fund now in hand.

## SALES FROM THE SALON.

THE *Courrier de l'Art* says: The French artists are ungrateful if they do not adore America, as works of art to the value of fifty millions of francs have been purchased by Americans from the salons of the last seven years—this being independent of the pictures that have been bought directly from the artists.

In 1877 the purchases were:	\$ 701,000
" 1878 "	630,000
" 1879 "	1,051,000
" 1880 "	1,392,000
" 1881 "	1,668,000
" 1882 "	1,937,000
" 1883 "	1,754,000

and from the present salon nearly \$2,000,000 worth of works of art have been purchased.

## SALES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

In the last exhibition of the Royal Academy there were exhibited 1664 pictures of which 203 were sold for the sum of £11,813.8s. The prices of the pictures ranged from £1,000 to one guinea, there being one sold for £1,000 (T. Faed's "Of What is the Wee Lassie Thinking?"), one for over £500, one over £400, four over £300, ten over £200 and sixteen over £100.

A diplomatic conference has recently been held at Berne, with the object of organizing a general union for the protection of the rights of authors and artists in literary and artistic works. A circular to this effect has been addressed by the Swiss Federal Council to the representatives of the different governments.

## THE ETCHING, "THE REPRIMAND."

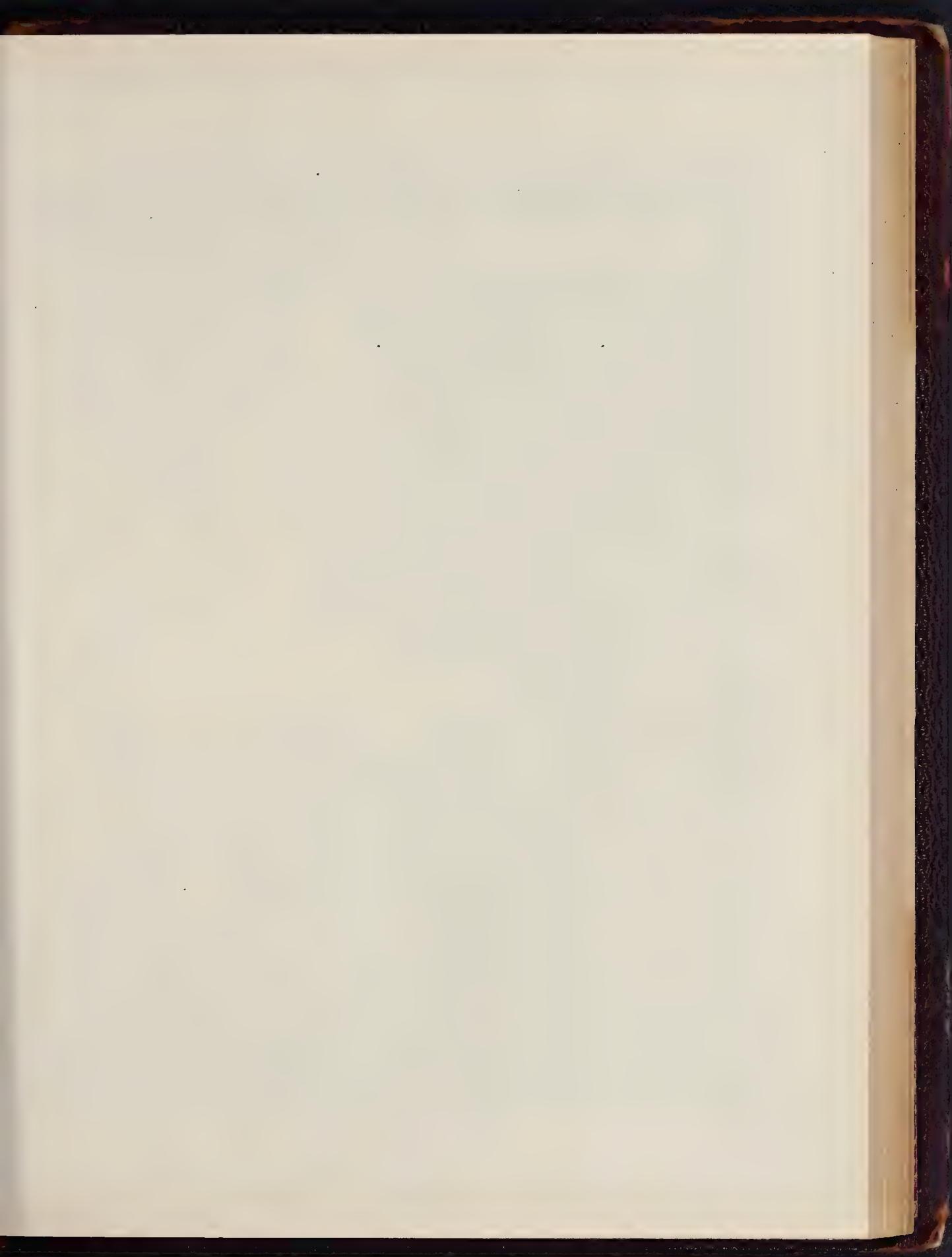
The etching, "The Reprimand," by Walter Shirlaw, after Eastman Johnson's picture, which is given as a premium to each annual subscriber to the American Art Union, has been characterized by a competent authority as the finest figure etching thus far produced in this country, and one of the finest that has been published in the whole history of etching. In another number, Mr. James D. Smillie, himself a high authority upon such matters, very favorably expresses himself concerning the etching, in a letter to the editor.

"The Reprimand" shows the interior of an humble cottage with a broad, open fire-place. An old man is sitting near the chimney, and leaning forward, with severe expression, is reproving a young girl, who stands before him, for disobedience. His words, however, are slightly heeded; she has turned aside with a toss of her head and a look that indicates smothered rebellion.

As studies of expression, the faces in the etching are remarkable. The figures are both admirable in drawing, and the quaint interior is well realized. As a composition, both in lines and in *chiar-oscuro* the work is exceedingly effective and pleasing.

This etching alone is worth several times the cost of the Annual Subscription to the American Art Union.







L. Wood Perry N.Y.

MOTHER AND CHILD L. WOOD PERRY N.Y.



# THE ART UNION

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN ART UNION

VOL. I.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1884.

NO. 12.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OUR illustrations this month consist of five reproductions from artists' drawings. The frontispiece, "Mother and Child," is from a pen-drawing by H. P. Share, after a painting by E. WOOD PERRY, N. A. On pages 188 and 189, are reproductions of pen-drawings by JULIAN RIX,—the first giving "A View on Pompton Plain, N. J.," and the second showing "A Bit of Eastport Harbor, Maine." THOMAS B. CRAIG is represented by "A Sketch from Nature," on page 192, and CARL WEBER by "An Old Stable near Munich" on page 196.

## ERRATA.

Page 190, right hand column, 14th line from foot, for *so* read *and*.

Page 191, left " " 1st " " head, for *that is, on the part*, read *that is in the path*.

Page 194 right hand column, 19th and 20th lines from foot, *belong to the next paragraph*, as 7th and 8th lines from foot.

his drawings, reproduced by a new process which he had invented, and in which he took considerable interest.

T. L. Smith was born at Glasgow Scotland, in 1835. He was brought to America by his parents when he was very young. He lived in Syracuse, N. Y., when he first conceived the idea of becoming an artist, and shortly afterward—about 1857—went to Albany, where he had some art instructions from G. H. Boughton, soon after becoming one of a coterie of half a dozen well-known painters, who for six or seven years met together socially from time to time at "Annesleys," in Albany. These men were George H. Boughton, E. D. Palmer, Edward Gay, James Hart and Homer Martin.

Mr. Boughton's great success with pictures representing winter scenes, inspired Mr. Smith to follow in his footsteps, and when Mr. Boughton went to England—about 1860—Mr. Smith might be said to have succeeded him here as the painter of this class of subjects. Yet Mr. Smith did not confine himself exclusively to the rendition of winter subjects; some of his spring and autumnal pictures showed a fine degree of appreciation for the kindlier seasons. Among the pictures by which he was best known, may be mentioned, "The Haunted House" and "The Old Mansion at Christmas Time."

Mr. Smith was elected an Associate Member of the National Academy in 1870. He was also a member of the American Art Union. He was a man of most kindly impulses and had many friends, who will greatly miss him.

## THE ART UNION FOR 1885.

ON the 31st of December this journal will have passed the first eventful year of its existence. It has survived the various infantile complaints that are usually fatal to journalistic enterprises, particularly to those of an artistic character,—and now stands on the threshold of its second year the richer by a large fund of experience, and a moral and financial strength that promises future life and usefulness.

The public is beginning to discover that it is the only publication in the country in which art topics are discussed

is this feature that gives it its makes it valuable to all who of art as it is understood by ss natural fitness, have devoted their views are not at all like asionally assume the robes and ne will dispute the existence of union which has obtained over t artist and the first critic. If the subject, then the other is —both cannot be in the right. t are desired, they will be found the views of the journalists are

and in the newspapers and magazines.

As the publication of the journal is held to be of more immediate importance to the art interests of the country than the scheme for the purchase and distribution of pictures, this latter feature of the programme of the past year will be discontinued, and the energies of the members will be devoted to the improvement of THE ART UNION.

It has been determined to continue this publication, however, as a *Quarterly* instead of a monthly, and to make it as distinctive in the character of its illustrations as in that of its contents. To this end, each of the numbers will contain at least three carefully chosen etchings from the hands of our best painter-etchers. These twelve etchings alone will be worth several times the subscription price of the journal, which we have concluded to reduce to *three dollars* a year.

The first number of THE ART UNION for 1885 will appear in March.

Thanking our last year's subscribers for their kind indulgence, we have the hope that they will continue their support of THE ART UNION, and that many new friends will come forward, as its peculiar character becomes more widely known.

## THE WATTS EXHIBITION.

FOR the first time an American public has an opportunity of seeing and judging fairly one of the most justly distinguished English artists, in the Watts exhibition at the Metropolitan Art Museum. Watts like Turner, enjoys the envious distinction, rare in English art history, of seeing in his own life time a general appreciation of the highest class of art work from his hands, and of being recognized as what he is, *facile princeps* in his generation of English painters. Turner was indebted for the position he holds still, to the appreciation mainly of the artists, and then to the enthusiastic propaganda of Ruskin; but to this day, in the public apprehension, he is judged by the least characteristic and least artistic of his works—those in which what people choose to call his common-sense and his common-place views of nature are dominant; the most Turnerian of all being commonly spoken of as the things he did when he had gone half mad, as his vagaries, etc.

Watts has been more fortunate in this respect than his great compatriot, and he owes it mainly to the fact that the intellectual themes on which his art has been bestowed have been such as the intellectual public was capable of sympathy with, and in part, too, to his potent and poetic personality. Like our own Page, but in even a greater degree, he imposes his ideals on those who come in contact with him, by his earnestness and profoundly artistic nature, predisposing even those who have but slight knowledge of art, to see things through his eyes and accept his standards and aims as those of the highest art. Himself devoted to it with supreme devotion, and giving to its problems a mind of extraordinary power of insight and idealism, gifted by nature not alone with the keenest susceptibility to the qualities of art, but to those poetic inspirations which are allied to art as poetry is to music, it is impossible to come within the range of his influence without feeling that to this man, at least, art and all its outcome are the supreme reality, or without coming to sympathise with this unflinching devotion to his æsthetic creed. To see the world of the artist through his eyes, even for the moment, is to see a metamorphosis in it, and to realize the possibility of finer things than our common sense aspires to. It is this power of the man which, perhaps even more than that of his art, has obtained for him a present recognition which no English contemporary has reached in England. You will find people who profess to be admirers of Turner, but who cannot sufficiently revile his later work; and the only two painters besides worthy of being classed with Watts as successful students of art for art's sake, Rossetti and Burne-Jones, are, while they have their special public, neither so equal in their work nor so generally accepted as entitled to the upper seats in the assembly of artists as Watts. Rossetti's imaginative intensity and his singular individuality, his extraordinary fecundity of design and wealth of color, have given him, in spite of all his technical shortcomings, a permanent position in English art—apart, and in his province supreme. Burne-Jones, in another vein of design as fertile and far more fluent, extraordinary in invention, and subtle and refined in

color as any modern of any school—reminding one in his best work of the Bellini or the early work of Titian—is distinctly a follower of Italian art, and carries one back to the Italian Renaissance irresistably. His work, seen collectively, is an eclectic adaptation of Italian treatment with themes ranging from classical to mediæval. Mythology, fable, allegory, Greek, Hebrew, fairy—all that lies within the inexhaustible realm of the ideal—Burne-Jones roves over; the actual he never touches by intention or by chance, and every coin from his mint bears his image and superscription—he need put no *B. J. fecit*. Both these are, like Watts, highly individualized products of modern art culture, but not of English exclusively, as Millais is, and as are the whole brood of story-tellers and incident and common-place life painters, from Hogarth to Frith. Yet Watts, Burne-Jones, and Rossetti have two traits only in common—they are artists as opposed to the naturalists and realists of the day, and their art is vivified by the life that expired in Italy in the sixteenth century; Rossetti maintaining most an elemental independence—his very fibre is individual—and Burne-Jones yielding most to the fascination of the elder art, and measuring his steps by the old foot-prints; while Watts, between the two in this respect, towers above both by a larger view of the intellectual side of art, while, at the same time, he has a firmer grasp of the real as shown in his portraiture. In this he stands alone in England, and, in my opinion, in his epoch, and in a certain way is the first since Velasquez in one vein and the great Venetians in another. Certainly England in this generation has produced no such portraits for profound reading of character as some that may be seen in the exhibition at New York.

I wish that the portrait of Mr. Gladstone could have been among them, but it was regarded as too valuable to be risked afloat. Mr. Gladstone has been painted within a few years both by Millais and Watts, and the two portraits are so thoroughly characteristic of the difference between the two painters that I can illustrate them better by a comparison than in any other way. I knew both heads well before I had more than a casual chance to study the original, but it so happened one summer that I passed several days in the Dolomites with Mr. Gladstone, just after what was supposed to be his definitive retirement from public affairs, prior to the last general elections. We walked together every day, and the conversation was on Italy, Greece, and Montenegro, generally, and of a purely philosophic character, except that now and then he spoke of America, but always in the vein of his actual feeling—reflective, and with remote interest in the actualities. It was no longer the politician, the tribune who spoke, but the man of letters and humanist, and, his face was habitually that of Mr. Watts's portrait—a quiet, meditative, almost dreamy face, which no one would suspect to be that of a great statesman; and it was this phase of his character which Watts's portrait brings up and tells absolutely. Some time later, when Fenian attempts on the lives of members of the Government were apprehended, and they were commonly watched over by policemen, I met Mr. Gladstone going up Regent Street on foot and alone, looking straight before him, with no deflection of his vision or



line of motion, as if he saw a Parliamentary conflict ahead and meant to be there in time for the first hot word, going with the rapid, resolute step of a man of forty at most; and I saw at the instant Mr. Millais's portrait of him—all surface but a more or less agitated surface.

To judge more clearly of the comparative merits of the painting of Watts, as painting and as portraiture, leaving out of question any ideal faculties or aims, compare the portrait in the next gallery, by one of the greatest of living French portraitists, Bonnat, with its aggressive realism and melodramatic rendering of character, with that of Burne-Jones, by Watts, luminous and splendid in color, subdued in its relief, and dignified as a head of Titian, which it more resembles than does any other modern work. It is indeed painted substantially on Titian's method, with pure color over a modelled monochromatic under-painting. Look into the execution—large, vigorous, firm in touch, and yet light-handed; no uncertainty or timidity anywhere, with every modulation of tint as pure and transparent as water-color; with some experience in painting one can follow its method down to the under-painting. But take again the portrait of Leslie Stephen, painted in a single sitting, a rapid, certain execution such as no other modern has ever been able to combine with the quality of color here given. It is such an *alla prima* as we have not had since the great Dutch painters. The painting of the brown beard with a thin, transparent tint rapidly brushed over a white ground, showing the canvas for all its lights, is a piece of execution not in the least ostentatious, but which Rembrandt might have been content with—it is as unaffected as though it had been the painter's signature, and as free. It is not only the highest quality of execution that this portrait gives us, but almost the highest quality of color—the highest being reserved for such paintings as that in the Burne-Jones, where the method is more elaborate and adequate—with realization of character of which one can only say that it is, with all its rapidity, quite equal to the more studiously painted—*i. e.*, so far as I am competent to judge, with long acquaintance with both originals—that absolute portraiture which embraces the complete individuality. The head of Motley, again, is a rendering of character that haunts one; the strangely searching eyes follow you around the room like a ghost-inhabited canvas. As a study of methods we have never had such a lesson in this country, for there is no prescription in it. It shows the results of many years' researches into the secrets of the *métier*, and if some are more successful in the completed result than others, it is impossible that it should be otherwise, because even in the hands of a master all methods are not alike good. If Mr. Watts had never painted anything but his portraits, we must have given him a position among the greatest painters of all nations and times.

And the proof of Watts's mastery is, to the most commonplace critical ability, evident in his portraits. There is a reported saying of Titian that all art was contained in a bunch of grapes, and in one sense all art may be said to be in a simpler subject, for a rose or a pomegranate which Titian would have painted would have betrayed all his

technical powers as did Giotto's O all his drawing. But a portrait shows not only all an artist's art, but all his intellectual power; and we believe it to be a rule without exception that the truest artists as well as the ablest painters of any age were the best portraitists. Watt's art is to us new—*i. e.*, as far as an art whose fundamental character is the same as that of the great Venetians can be said to be new—and so antipodal in all technical and ideal qualities to that which has been the chief pabulum of the American art student so long, the modern French painting, that it will be a great revolution in taste to learn to accept it as what it really is, higher in aim, nobler in its sphere, and really of a stronger quality of workmanship than any modern painting, except the pictures of Millet.

Those who are not prepared to accept this judgment will do well to devote their study for a time to the portraits of the collection, leaving in abeyance any opinion on the more elaborate works until they have seen how, in every sense of the word, Mr. Watts responds to the demands made of a great portrait painter, *the* portraitist of his day. The portraits are unequal, some less fortunate than others in the subject, and others betraying the varying physical powers of the painter, whose uncertain health has probably interfered with his work in more ways than one. In the most successful of the examples shown in this collection, such as those of Burne-Jones, Leslie Stephen, Mill, the Duke of Argyll, and Calderon, I am quite of the opinion that the present epoch of art has no other work to show which can be claimed to equal it. Not only are these revelations of character of the subtlest touch, which indeed it needs personal acquaintance for full appreciation of, but they are, as technique, of a *maestria* which the best French work does not approach. It is useless to reply to the criticisms made by a well-known art critic "that on the whole, interesting as these portraits must be confessed, they can teach our painters absolutely nothing," for it is clear that the critic does not know what is to be taught. The painter or the critic who cannot learn something of them does not know what art means, and the critic will study in vain and the painter paint utilities forever.

What Watts, in common with the other English artists I have mentioned, not to speak of his contemporaries in general, shows a deficiency in, is the power of execution as compared with men of equal natural and not finer poetic powers in the great Italian schools. The modern training is absolutely and universally in default in the development of executive powers, when we measure them by the standard of Titian, Rembrandt, and Velasquez. To paint and draw with rapidity and precision was the basis of the training of the early painters—training which began at eight or ten years of age; and their lives were not burdened with superfluous education in useless sciences and accomplishments. Painting was a craft and not a learned profession, though some knowledge of letters were requisite, as we see from the fact that when Giotto became the pupil of Cimabue he was set at once to study Latin, clearly in order that he might read the Bible, from which his chief subjects were to be drawn. But there was not, as now, the general di-

version of the intellectual powers into the various channels comprised in our modern system of even common education. To draw well and readily was the first object of all the training of the apprentice painter, and all other education was quite incidental; and until these conditions are again observed, it will be useless to look for a school of art equally great in executive powers—*i. e.*, as painters. A critic who ventures to differ from Mr. Watts as to the proper aims of art is bold and must assure the world that he really knows something about painting as a *métier*. Empty talk about what *he* thinks a painter ought to aim at, is not worth the printer's ink it asks, nor are his notions of a technique which involves anything beyond good realistic study. The value of painting, as such, depends entirely on

clearer, more rapid, and more precise; they approach more nearly to the ideal of execution—the highest precision given with the greatest rapidity. In the ideal pictures, where nature could not be the subject of simple portraiture, the execution is more *recherché*; it attains, in neither lightness nor precision, to the degree shown in the portraits; the conscious effort of will is in all parts apparent, and in the unimportant and therefore least aspiring portions of his work most so. But even in this respect it is with the great old masters that he must be compared, not with the frivolous realism of to-day, whether English or French. It is easy for a man to be glib in execution when he has only surfaces to imitate and models to follow, as in the art of Alma-Tadema, where the best work is in the least important de-



A VIEW ON POMPTON PLAIN, N. J.

FROM A PEN-DRAWING BY JULIAN RIX.

its success in rendering the ideal of the painter, and the error, if I am not debarred by my own rule and my slighter knowledge of the technique from pronouncing in such a point, which Mr. Watts has fallen into, is that in the avoidance of the glib, oily and suggesting method of the French school, he has gone too far in the direction of dryness and crumbly texture even in the attempt to avoid any ostentation of texture. But doubtless the best execution is that which is apparently unconscious of contrivances.

Under this rule, Mr. Watts, as well as any and all of his contemporaries and predecessors since Rembrandt, fails in comparison of his executive ability with the older masters. In his portraits, under the immediate inspiration of the nature which he reproduces, the lines of expression are

tails; and easy to seem to be masterly in execution when, like Whistler, an artist shirks all the difficult problems, and spends days in struggling to give an appearance of ease to a really labored effort, so that the public may imagine it the work of minutes, which is in fact only a kind of legerdemain. But to carry out a grave and complicated perception like those of Mr. Watts, in which the highest technical problems of color, composition, and light and shade are more or less involved, is quite another matter, and one in which nothing less than the supreme power and training of a Titian, a Correggio, or Velasquez would be absolutely triumphant. In Watts's ideal works the execution is, if always honest and manly, and consequent with the gravity of his theme, still marked by the shade of hesitancy which follows the necessi-



ty to think over every touch—the unfailing consequence of the want of that early training of apprenticeship in which the artist learned to execute almost unconsciously and before thinking.

As for the subjects of Mr. Watts's pictures, the public appreciation will differ widely in America, as it has done in England, the artists generally preferring his portraits to the ideal subjects, and thoughtful people such subjects as his "Love and Death" and "Love and Life" to everything else. The pathos and power of the "Love and Death" as design have, to my mind, never been surpassed, and serve to mark the highest attainment of art in this direction. Love stands on the threshold of the menaced home, and

education, but not a primary lesson. Something about art, in all its bearings, must have been learned before it can be profited by, and the painter or the critic who has not learned enough of art to see that, in spite of every short-coming, and an execution unequal to his conception, the work which Mr. Watts has sent us is a great lesson in every great quality in art, may well be advised to be modest. If these pictures were painted for the uneducated or ill educated there would have been no use in getting them here, we have plenty of the kind of so-called art for that class of artists and critics in the Meissoniers and Bouguereaus—we have no modern art, except Millet's, so perfectly Greek in spirit as that of Mr. Watts.

—W. J. STILLMAN.



A BIT OF EASTPORT HARBOR, MAINE.

FROM A PEN-DRAWING BY JULIAN RIX.

passionately but with unequal strength strives to bar the way to Death—a hopeless agony of struggle. It is not allegory but impersonation, and the personation is not of the conventional familiar type, but created by the thought. Death is not the familiar fleshless skeleton, but a mighty, mysterious being, whose power over his opponent is not merely in the strength that pushes, but in the dread that paralyzes. As colorist, Watts lies between the Venetians and Turner, and in the "Love and Life," in which the theme, more cheerful than in "Love and Death," takes a more joyous tone of color, he resembles Turner most.

The public unused to Watts's work must not expect to understand it as they do the surface work of the popular French painters. His exhibition will be important as art

THE following note may interest some of our purchasers of foreign pictures. If any of them are thinking about realizing therefrom, perhaps it will be wiser to sell them here, rather than send them to Paris where they may be pronounced frauds:

The *Figaro* states that a considerable collection of ancient and modern pictures belonging to an American had arrived in Paris and were to have been sold through the agency of the famous expert, M. Bernheim, Jr., and that this expert had refused to conduct the sale as he discovered that the greater number of the pictures were fraudulent, many of them bearing the signatures of the most esteemed artists. *Figaro* also added that M. Bernheim proposed to submit the pictures to a thorough investigation, which was of the utmost importance, as it ought to be ascertained whether the pictures were made in French or American ateliers.

## THE ACADEMY'S FALL EXHIBITION.

THE Fall Exhibition at the Academy of Design closed November 29—just in time to enable us to announce its results in this number of THE ART UNION. The Exhibition opened Nov. 10 and closed Nov. 29—and in the three weeks, sixty-eight pictures were sold for \$11,295—a result very encouraging, considering the condition of the times. Last year the sales at the Fall Exhibition only amounted to \$11,740, when the exhibition was open a week longer; and in 1882, when nearly \$19,000 worth of paintings were sold, there was a very much larger collection on exhibition. This year 6,000 admission tickets and 3,500 catalogues were sold, as against 9,000 tickets and 4,600 catalogues last year. Most of the pictures sold were the smaller, lower-priced ones, though two or three high-priced paintings were sold. It is not worth while to discuss at length the character of the Exhibition, now that it has closed; it is sufficient to say that most of the older artists were well represented, and the catalogue contained many new names.

## INVENTION IN ART.

INVENTION is a rare quality among painters; rare even among the great masters. Generally, when they invent, painters only find, in fable, poetry, religion, history, subjects already invented by the poets, already illustrated and consecrated by tradition. As if imagination were a faculty rather Northern and Germanic, there have been few inventors more powerful than Albert Durer and Rembrandt. Moreover, it has been agreed to regard as an invention of the painter, every new manner of conceiving a known subject. But why are the men of the north more inventive? Perhaps because they are more habituated to interior life, to meditation, reflection. Solitude is imperative to facilitate that prolonged attention, that persistent and profound meditation, which are the sources of great thoughts, because little by little, warming the mind, they end by enkindling enthusiasm. As a miser ever finds opportunities for acquisition, because always thinking of it, so the artist can find means of enriching his mind if his thoughts are ever thus directed. Meditation is precisely what the painters of to-day lack. Impatient to produce, urged on, eager to follow the breathless march of a civilization driven by steam, they do not give themselves time to meditate, and that in an art for which all the men of genius have worked as if they had no genius. "Painting," said Michael Angelo, "is a jealous Muse; she desires lovers who give themselves up to her without reserve, with undivided heart." Again, whether an artist invent his *motives*, or discovers them in a poet, or renews them from the ancients, he ought to conceive them in vivid figures, and, drawing them from the vague obscurity in which imagination perceives them, make them visible, palpable. If he is not the first creator of his thought, he ought to re-create it by making that which was poetical picturesque, by making a representation what was only an idea, a sentiment, a dream.—CHARLES BLANC'S *Grammar of Painting and Engraving*.

## THE COMING PRIZE EXHIBITION.

THERE has been not a little talk in the studios over the prize exhibition of the American Art Association, and the general feeling seems to be, that it will be a stimulus to the interests beginning to be felt in American Art, and will be likely to benefit particularly some of our younger artists. It is also generally held that the Academy will not suffer thereby, as it is the acknowledged arena of the American artists, and has the prestige of past success in the matter of sales.

The leading artists of all countries do not believe in the artistic value of art prizes in a general exhibition—and even when the awards are of a considerable money value, the benefits to the few successful competitors are more than counterbalanced by the stigma of inferiority publicly inflicted upon the unsuccessful artists, who of course, are always in the very large majority, and are sometimes quite as deserving. It appears also that very many of our best artists who would be willing to contribute to the Art Association Exhibition under ordinary conditions, will not be represented in this coming prize exhibition, as they hold that it will be entirely *infra dignitatem*, for them to submit their works to a bench of judges who are not qualified by knowledge of Art for such judicial functions as they are to undertake. The generosity of the gentlemen who have contributed to the prize fund, and their evident interest in the advancement of American Art, are not precisely the qualifications that would fit them to solve the problem that the best professional artists feel is beyond their powers, viz.: to decide with justice which is the best picture among a lot of well painted portraits, landscapes, marines, genre, historical, still-life pictures etc., and when these again are painted from different standpoints—the suggestive, the realistic, the imaginative, the conventional or classic, the decorative, etc., the question becomes still more complicated.

Of course as far as such a jury as is proposed is concerned, it will arrive at a verdict without much trouble, as it will be resolved simply into a question of personal liking or disliking—all non-professionals must perforce judge in this way—they know what they like and that is reason enough. To rise above this would involve a thorough knowledge of Nature and of Art—of the boundless expanse of the former and the limitations of the latter—the power to analyze a picture into its different elements, so to see and judge it as a whole—to put one's self in the place of the artist and to judge him from the ground of his own choosing, to disregard the art fashions of the day, the commercial value of the work and its popularity with the public.

The contributors to the fund are successful business men who have devoted the greater part of their lives to other things than the study of Art;—such a jury would not be accepted by any body of European artists, and indeed would not be proposed to them.

However, the hope of a check for \$2,500 will no doubt prove irresistible to many of our painters who will consent to swallow the conditions of the award if they can only obtain it.



There are two ways of meeting this difficulty—that is, on the part of the association—one by allowing all of the exhibitors to decide the question; in which case the verdict would be of about the same value as the judgment of all the professional doctors or lawyers, good, bad and indifferent in a nice question of law or medicine—but yet better than the decision of a body of laymen. The other way, to have the contributors to the fund not attempt to pass judgment on the relative merits of the works, but to have them simply buy out of the exhibition such pictures as they fancy—and let it go at that. The same practical benefit to the artists would be reached and the contributors themselves would not be placed in a false position which they do not deserve. —B.

#### PRIZES AND COMMISSIONS.

A GREAT many prizes for the best Art work are now being offered, and they may have a good effect in stimulating the young and ardent workers to put forth their best endeavors. But they will have another effect which it is quite worth while to consider.

While those who have everything to gain and nothing to lose will be eager to compete and will crowd the galleries with immature work, the established artists—those who have already achieved something—will be less and less disposed to enter the arena. They will not care to risk what they have already gained, and so will more and more withdraw from public competition.

Another evil tendency of the time will be strengthened by the distribution of prizes—the doing of work likely to please the judges, to attract their attention, rather than that which is intrinsically good.

A very much better mode of encouraging good art would be, not so much the purchase of work already done, or the offering of prizes for the best to be done, but the giving of commissions for work of a definite character such as the artist to whom the commission is given could do to the best of his ability. There are many men in this country who could and would, if circumstances permitted, produce works far beyond anything they have yet achieved, but to paint a really good picture is very expensive; most of them cannot afford to do it unaided. Year after year is spent in the every-day routine of making a living. The hopes and aspirations of youth die before the time comes when they can attempt to please themselves. They cannot compete for a prize, for, should they fail to receive it, their costly labor is all lost.

A dozen liberal commissions given to a dozen of the best artists in the country would, just now, have a far better effect than any amount of money spent in prizes. —L.

"Beauty is that little something that fills the whole world, and is neither contained in a straight nose, a long eyelash, or a blue mountain. Some see it in a leg of mutton; others in a compound fracture; and to expect others to accept one's own definition of it is as absurd as to expect all humanity to use the same toilet-brush."—*William Hunt, Talks on Art.*

#### THE ART UNION'S SECOND YEAR.

##### A REVIEW.

IN the January number of THE ART UNION was published an account of the founding of the Union, an explanation of the objects of the society, and a report of its accomplishments during the first year of its existence. By its very successful business arrangements, it had succeeded in selling nearly eighteen thousand dollars' worth of pictures for its members, it had brought the works of most of them before the picture-loving people of large sections of the country, and had made for itself a reputation upon which a large and successful business might be builded in the future.

With some cash capital on hand, from the original payments of members of the society, and from the income from the exhibitions in Buffalo and Louisville, the Union then undertook to carry out two of the principal aims which had animated its founders,—the establishment of a Permanent Gallery for the exhibition and sale of the works of American Artists who were members of the Union, and the publication of a monthly magazine devoted to the interests of American Art and Artists. The gallery was duly opened with a fair collection of pictures, but, though it was in a central location in the city, it was inconvenient of access and was not sufficiently patronized to warrant its continuance, so after having been open for several months it was closed, and the most costly experiment of the society was no longer a burden upon its treasury.

The magazine has been more successful from a financial standpoint, but has not been more than self-supporting. Its subscription list, however, has reached respectable dimensions, and the publication has received favorable consideration from the press and people. The premium etching by Mr. Shirlaw, after Eastman Johnson's painting, "The Reprimand," has met with great favor everywhere, and has been universally voted to be worth several times the price of the annual subscription to the magazine.

The most successful department of the society's work in the past year has been in the equipment of out-of-town exhibitions. Though, on account of the great financial depression which has reigned throughout the country during the year, there have been few sales of pictures, the arrangements which were made with various exhibition societies have brought considerable money into the treasury of the Union. In each case where the Union contracted with exhibition managers in other cities, it was upon the basis of guaranteed sales to the amount of a certain percentage of the total valuation of the pictures at catalogue prices, or in case of a failure in effecting such sales, the payment of a specified percentage of the aforementioned valuation as a remuneration to the artists for the loan of the pictures;—an arrangement beneficial both to the exhibition societies and the members of the Art Union;—beneficial to the former in insuring them collections of pictures representing a large number of the best artists—who would not be inclined to loan pictures under other conditions, and advantageous to the artists in insuring earnest endeavors upon the part of



A SKETCH FROM NATURE.—FROM A CRAYON DRAWING BY THOMAS B. CRAIG.



the exhibition managers to effect sales, or, in the event of no sales, the payment of money to their society, enabling it to carry on its work for their benefit without calling upon them for the payment of further assessments.

Three exhibitions were held during the past year, for which the pictures were furnished by the Art Union;—one in San Francisco, one in St. Louis and one in Louisville. In San Francisco only one painting was sold,

DE SCOTT EVANS—"Grandma's Visitors,".....\$250 00

and the Exhibition managers paid the Art Union nearly a thousand dollars for the loan of the pictures, returning them in good condition and paying the cost of transportation both ways. No official report of the results of the St. Louis exhibition have yet been received at the Art Union office, but several pictures were sold and a considerable amount of money is also to be paid over to the Union. The Louisville exhibition—the Art Department of the Southern Exposition—was the most successful of the Art Union's exhibitions. Seven pictures were sold, and the Exposition Management pays over two thousand dollars to the Art Union for the loan of the pictures. The paintings sold were as follows:

J. W. CASILEAR—"Driving the Cows Home,".....	\$250 00
F. K. M. Rehn—"A Calm Evening,".....	175 00
FREDERICK DIELMAN—"A New York Arab,".....	250 00
PETER MORAN—"By the Sea,".....	150 00
M. F. H. DE HAAS—"Moonlight,".....	250 00
W. L. SONNTAG—"An Old Mill-dam,".....	175 00
J. JAY BARBER—"A Passing Shower,".....	400 00

\$1,650 00

This is a small amount of sales compared with the return from the Southern Exposition of 1883, but the difference in the financial condition of the times is accountable for this. Louisville, in common with nearly all the larger cities of the country, suffered severely during the past summer from large business failures, and these, added to the general stagnation of trade, caused those who would have purchased pictures liberally under other circumstances, to hold back for the present. In no city of the country, probably, is there a greater degree of intelligent art appreciation than there is in Louisville, and in fairly prosperous times this appreciation gives material recognition to the art and artists of the country. The Permanent Gallery in Louisville, which gives promise of becoming one of the finest art collections in the United States, owes its existence, in great part to the Art Union's efforts. It is already an institution in which the citizens take great pride, and which, in better times, they will support liberally.

But, to return to the Art Union's accomplishments during the past year, one need have no hesitancy in congratulating the members of the society upon its success. Mistakes were made in certain instances, it is true, but human judgment is not infallible. The "Permanent Gallery" did not turn out well and was not at all "permanent," yet the losses occasioned by that enterprise have been more than "made up" by the receipts from the various out-of-town exhibitions, so that now the Art Union is in very much better financial

condition than it was a year ago. Besides, it has maintained its reputation and has grown stronger in many ways, so that its successes of this past year ought to furnish a broad foundation for greatly increased successes next year.

### THE GLASS FRAUD.

IT was hoped that the glass business had been effectually settled years ago;—that is, as far as the artists were concerned; but it appears to have been revived by some of the younger men, who have refused to exhibit in the present exhibition of the Academy, and declare their intention to keep aloof from the Spring exhibition, on account of the rules barring out glass covered pictures.

These glass boxes are called "robbery boxes" in England, where they originated, as their effect is to rob a purchaser of money he pays for excellencies in a canvas that are not in it, but only in the plate glass covering it. All artists acknowledge that a poor picture is greatly improved, while a good one is injured, by a glass cover.

The glass acts as a mirror and takes reflections of all the various lights and colors within its range, and the picture, although it may be chalky and opaque, when seen through this medium, seems pervaded with palpitating light and color; thus the work of an indifferent artist is made in some respects the equal of one in which an able and conscientious painter, has by subtle gradations of light and color, really given this depth and richness. Again, to the unsophisticated mind, the glass conveys an idea of preciousness and such great pecuniary value that it must be thus protected from the air and dust or any chance touch. But artists know well enough that a picture is very rarely damaged from these causes.

To state the case in plain English, *the glass is used simply to take in ignorant people by making them believe that a picture is better than it really is*—and every would-be purchaser of a glass-covered picture should demand the removal of the glass before buying it.

If a picture dealer wishes to practice such trickery, let him do so; but no body of artists who are working for the advancement of their art can afford it.

We do not believe that the artists who are now agitating a revival of this pernicious practice have thought of it in this light. They naturally wish their work to appear as attractive as possible, and have not further considered the subject; but upon further consideration, we believe that their individual honesty and their sense of what is due to their profession, will show them that the Academy ruling is the true one and ought to be supported.

In the exhibitions of the Salon and of the Royal Academy, and, we believe, in all other European exhibitions managed by artists, oil paintings covered with glass are ruled out. Let it be so with the National Academy and the Society of American Artists.

—X.

Mr. Harry Chase has been elected a member of the Board of Control of the Art Union, for 1884-5.

The prospectus of THE ART UNION for 1885, will be found on the first page of this number. The etchings presented with each issue of the new volume will be exceptionally fine.



# The Art Union

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN ART UNION.

Correspondence on Art matters is respectfully solicited.

Notices of all forthcoming Exhibitions and Art Sales throughout the country are desired, as well as copies of the Catalogues of Public and Private galleries and transient Exhibitions, and reports of Art Sales.

All communications relating to the Literary Department of this journal should be addressed to CHARLES M. KURTZ, No. 51 West Tenth Street, New York.

All communications relating to the Business Management of the Journal, or having reference to advertising in the Journal or Catalogues of The Art Union, should be addressed to "Business Department, American Art Union," No. 51 West Tenth Street, New York.

For terms of subscription to THE ART UNION, and rates for advertising in the same, see the "Business Department" of this Journal.

VOL. I.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1884.

NO. 12.

## EDITORIAL.

THE ART UNION this month closes the second year of its existence, and considering the fact that the past year has been one of the worst that has ever been experienced by the artists of this country—if we consider the question of picture sales—the society has done remarkably well for its members. It is true it has been unable to sell pictures for many of them, but it has kept the machinery in operation which certainly did effect a remarkable number of sales in 1883, and which promises to do as well the next season when there is a return of general prosperity to the country. It should be a matter of great encouragement to the artists that their society has been able to survive the exigencies of the past year. Corporation after corporation has gone down, and financial ruins have piled upon financial ruins. Even aside from the matter of earning money, the firms and corporations which have been able to continue business without piling up debts, have done well;—but the Art Union has done better than this, it has actually earned money.

\* \* \*

If the members of the Art Union will continue to work together, and if each member will not only be faithful to his obligations, but will constitute himself an individual worker for the society, if he will only feel that in working to up-build and extend the power and usefulness of the Union, he is working for his own best interests, The Art Union may easily become all that its projectors hoped, and more. But there must be a *real* union of the members; each must realize the importance of his own efforts, and the possibility of the disaster which may grow out of his own neglect.

\* \* \*

The artists apparently do not realize what they possess in this Art Union. They do not appreciate what they can do

through it, if they will only unite and stand by their pledges. Enough of the best American artists are members of this society to control all exhibitions of American pictures offered for sale, and to exact in all cases guarantees of sales, or the payment of reasonable sums for the loan of pictures.

When a picture is taken from an artist's studio—his own salesroom—it is right that he should be given some guarantee that an effort be made to sell it; and if it is not sold, it is right that he should receive some direct or indirect compensation for the use of the picture—which it is presumed is employed as an attraction in an exhibition designed to make money for the exhibitor or exhibitors, through the sale of tickets of admission.

\* \* \*

There are various matters that might be corrected through such a society as this one, and one of these is the pernicious practice among nearly all the artists, of asking one price for a picture and accepting another. If the artists would only unite in an agreement to make no concessions upon their published prices, they would soon find that such concessions would no longer be asked for, and that both themselves and their patrons would not only be able to preserve their individual self-respect to a higher degree, but would respect each other more.

\* \* \*

The Art Union should be to the artists of greatest importance in enabling them to place their artistic productions upon the market in a business-like way, and in further enabling them to establish a rule of strict business principles in the studios. If they will unite in this matter, and will be honest to their Union, to each other, and to themselves, they can do this, and they will soon cause American Art to be better respected, and will enable American artists to live at least more comfortably, and to do work of a degree of importance scarcely dreamed of, in the present condition of affairs.

A circular will be addressed to each subscriber of THE ART UNION as soon as our arrangements have been made.

THE conditions of the subscription to the American Art Union for 1884, as set forth in the published prospectus, will be duly fulfilled at the end of the year, by the delivery to the subscribers of the year, of works of art of the aggregate value of one-half of the subscriptions received. Some of these have been already purchased comprising pictures by W. H. Beard, Wm. Bradford, J. B. Bristol, Albert Bierstadt, J. Wells Champney, Henry Farrer, Jervis McEntee, T. Moran, J. C. Nicoll, E. Wood Perry, Julian Rix, A. D. Shattuck, Walter Shirlaw, Geo. H. Story, A. F. Tait and T. W. Wood. Other works also will be added to these.

Subscriptions will be received until the 31st of December, and the back numbers of this journal will be given as far as possible. As only a few copies of the January number remain, early application may be necessary to secure them.

E. WOOD PERRY, JR.,  
Secretary.



## MISTAKES OF ARTISTS.

MANY artists of excellent technical ability, who have not succeeded, from a financial standpoint, have themselves to thank for their lack of success, and mainly because they have failed to consider three important things:—the rules of supply and demand as applied to works of art, the great question involving wisdom in the choice of subjects for their pictures, and the application of strict business principles in the disposal of their productions.

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The terms "supply" and "demand," as applied to paintings have not the same significance that they have as applied to ordinary productions—as of the soil or the manufactory, not involving the exercise of individual taste applied in a specifically different direction in each example produced; nor do artists feel the increase or decrease of the members of their profession to the same degree as do men engaged in other professions or avocations. The competition which affects the earnings of men engaged in almost every other walk in life is really almost unknown to the artist.

Yet supply and demand have a great deal to do with the artist's success or failure. In regard to the question of "demand," the artist's work must be such as to cause people to desire to possess it. It does not belong to that class of productions for which recognized necessities cause the demand; the demand must spring from the merit in the production itself, causing it, though "a thing which can be done without," to appear almost a necessity to the pleasure of some cultivated mind. The artist has a great problem to solve in this matter of working up a demand for his pictures, and yet, how many artists ever consider this matter at all?

In the first place, let us presume that the artist feels drawn to a particular class of subjects;—street scenes, forest interiors, cattle, *genre* pictures or what not. For these subjects most interesting to him, he wishes to create an interest in the minds of the people. Now, given the proposition, what has the artist to do? "He must study thoroughly the subjects he has selected, from their every standpoint; he must seek for all the poetic beauties which they involve; he must interpret their lessons through his art, he must glorify his subjects by the idealization of his educated, refined nature; he must paint the truth so truthfully as to command admiring recognition of the excellence of his art!" So answers a friend to whom I put the question. Yet, is that all? It is *not*. There is another field for the artist's study, a field of the greatest importance to his financial success;—*he must study the minds* in which he hopes to create interest in his pictures. Let an artist paint ever so well, and if he has failed to gauge the popular mind,—by that I do not mean the mind of the vulgar crowd which does not consider Art, but the mind of the intelligent, observing and thinking portion of the people, his pictures will cry in vain for purchasers—even though they may receive a fair recognition for their technical qualities.

Now, let us suppose an artist finds that there is a demand for his pictures, what should he do?

Too many artists, to satisfy this demand, become mere manufacturers, repeating themselves—if not literally, at least practically—in the mad endeavor to realize all the profits possible as soon as possible. As a result, after a while the market is crowded with these repetitions, which soon get into the auction rooms, and after that, once becoming "common," are no longer in favor with men who can best afford to pay high prices for them, and the artist comes to find that he has killed his auriferous goose.

"But what would you do?" asks a friend; "would you have an artist curtail his production, after the fashion of the iron and the glass works of western Pennsylvania, when times are dull?"

Most assuredly not; but instead of becoming a mere manufacturer, let the artist remain a creator—or more properly, an *interpreter*, and then his works will always have that freshness and vigor and originality that will commend them to the intelligent lover of art. Then the "demand" will at least keep pace with the supply, if it does not exceed it. If it does exceed it, that only means that the artist will come to receive higher remuneration for his work, and then he can live better and think better and paint better, and he will not only elevate himself, but the art of his country, so far as his own art is a part of it.

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I have heard a great many comments upon pictures that would guide me in many ways, were I an artist. Very frequently I have heard well-known picture buyers discourse in this way:

"I like that picture by Mr. Blank very much. He has painted the subject in a most realistic way; his composition is good, the distribution of light and shade is thoroughly artistic and it all appears to be true; the coloring is pleasing, and the picture would have a very decorative effect if hung in almost any room, yet the *subject* of the picture is one that is positively objectionable. If the artist had just taken a subject that would give me some pleasure in its contemplation, I should not hesitate to buy the picture."

Some artists appear to think that one of the greatest accomplishments of art is the selection of an exceedingly uninteresting or positively disagreeable subject, and painting a representation of it in such a way as to make us admire it despite the objections to it and our conviction concerning it. But it strikes me that this is not the highest exercise of talent. Why not take a subject interesting in itself and paint it in such a way as to give it enhanced interest, letting intellect, educated observation, and dexterity *all* unite in the work?

A dung-hill, in Nature, is not an affair to invite contemplation. No man, except a native of Switzerland, would put a dung-hill in his front yard as an attraction. Even the most abstract contemplation of a dung-hill is scarcely pleasant—and yet, as a point of fact, a dung-hill is usually most excellent in rich, luxurious color effects, which might be represented so as to attract admiration from those who would never look at a dung-hill in Nature.

And a triumphant artist, securing the attention of refined society to such a production, might exclaim: "See!



AN OLD STABLE NEAR MUNICH.—FROM A CRAYON DRAWING BY CARL WEBER.



what I have done ! I have by my art compelled admiration of so mean a thing as a dung-hill ! ”

Yet, has he really accomplished anything beyond the satisfaction of his own vanity in this matter ? The admiration after all, has only been an admiration of the dexterity of the artist. He may claim, it is true, that by his art he has glorified the dung-hill ; yet, what does a “ glorified dung-hill ” amount to, after all ? And has he really glorified the thing he has represented, so that men will search it out and revel in its beauties and study its teachings. Has he succeeded in giving us a conception of the beauties of Nature in any greater or clearer degree than he might have done by choosing and representing some subject more agreeable in itself ?

And now let us consider the economical standpoint. Certainly no man will wish to purchase a representation of a dung-hill to hang in his parlor, or library or dining room ! And so, after a while, if the artist continues to paint such subjects, he will soon have his studio full of them ; they will come back to him from the exhibitions, and they will destroy his reputation among picture buyers.

And the painter of dung-hills, feeling much aggrieved at the low artistic condition of the minds of the people, will complain :

“ Do you see those dung-hills, made interesting by artistic interpretation ? Well, those dung-hills have been admired by everybody who has seen them. My scrap-book is crammed with newspaper notices of them, characterizing them as ranking among the highest triumphs of *technique*. You know they are good, and I know it, yet nobody will buy them. This stupid age demands some literary quality in a work of art. Pure art is not enough for it ; it must call in some adjunct to bolster it up, and then even inferior art is accepted ! ”

The conclusion reached in the last sentence is doubtless correct, and why should it not be correct ? Why should we not demand more than mere dexterity—mere gracefulness in the use of language ? Even the artist who worships technique as the highest thing in art, would condemn the most exquisitely written poem that contained no thought, no motive, no excuse for its existence except as the vehicle for the conveyance of sonorous syllables.

\* \* \*

The people who spend money for pictures, want pictures that will interest not only the artists of their acquaintance, but their friends. An artist who paints exclusively to satisfy the criticisms of his artist friends, makes a great mistake. It is all well enough to acquire a commendable *technique* ; the necessity of that should be assumed. It should be so that one artist should feel little more like commending a friend for good drawing or realization of quality, than he should for the proper use of verbs, adverbs and prepositions. What a condition must not our society be in, when it is considered one of the highest recommendations to characterize a man as *honest* ; and in what condition must not our art be, when we find it sufficient to commend an artist for his ability as a draughtsman and technician ! If we can say a bank president is honest, that ought not alone signify his fitness for his position ; we should be able to remark something of his ability as a business man. So,

if to the statement that an artist can draw and realize quality, we can add the further statements that he has a fine sense for color harmonies, and feeling for well-balanced composition, we begin to admit that he has qualities not produced by the mere education of inherent faculties. And if we can further say that he is a man of great ideas which he is able to communicate coherently and forcibly through his art, then we may say that he is a great artist.

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Too many artists, apparently, have never considered the mission of art in its highest sense. Like some picture buyers, they consider it as a means of making a livelihood in the first place, and as a certain luxurious element of decoration for rich men's houses in the second. The art that comes from the minds and hands of artists who think like that, is a pretty miserable kind of art.

The *true* artist invariably undertakes the expression of some *idea* through his picture. Suppose he is a landscape painter ; in that case if he renders his impressions faithfully, he will not give you a mere photographic representation of all the leaves on all the trees, nor will he give you a series of wild daubs which he will tell you you must accept as the poetic impressions of trees and clouds ; instead, you will feel at once what the artist has striven for. Maybe you will agree with him, and maybe not ; if you are interested by the picture, however, you will remember it and look at such a scene in Nature, as you have opportunity, with the intention of verifying the truth or proving the falsity of the rendition. And in this way, you come to learn natural facts that you have seen before without perceiving them ; a love of Nature is encouraged, and a better appreciation of good art is evoked.

Any man who learns to love Nature, becomes a better man, and any artist who, through his landscape painting, teaches a better appreciation of Nature, does good in this world. The man who *aims to teach*, through his works, a better appreciation of Nature in any of her varied forms, and especially he who strives to teach men to look for and love the beautiful things in the world and the noble things in life, is the *true* artist. Painters who proceed on other bases are mistaking their vocation.

\* \* \*

The painter of dung-hills would tell us that there is beauty in all things if men had eyes, just as we have been told that “ there is music in all things if men had ears.” Yet, what a stupid thing it would be to spend one's life in searching for music among the disagreeable noises of the world, when we may avail ourselves of the harmonies of the greatest masters or of the grand things in Nature ? A Frenchman will write us a novel vile in its moral sentiments, yet worded with such consummate knowledge and exquisite grace that we will read and admire it without thinking how we are compromising even our admiration, and unconsciously allowing our moral sentiments to receive a blow without feeling repelled. Yet, we might hesitate to recommend such a book to a refined friend, or even to place it upon a shelf in our library. And what a mistake such a writer makes ! Why might he not have applied his admirable *technique* to some

noble subject? It would have given him greater reputation and popularity and have afforded him a much better degree of satisfaction, in the end.

In French art it is much the same as in French books. What we often admire greatly in composition, color or *technique*, or in all these, we would shrink from possessing and hanging in our houses.

"Yet," some objector will interpose, "if you only knew it, these immoral books and pictures attract thousands of persons, where moral books or pictures, of the same degree of merit, would attract hundreds."

That statement, however, I characterize as a misstatement. It is a deplorable fact that immorality is sought after as much as it is, but the statement that it is more popular than morality—in the matters under discussion—simply is not true! and the painter who rushes into sensationalism and nakedness will discover, to his cost, that such things are not popular in America, among the people who possess the education and means which enable them to select and purchase pictures. Such performances may attract attention and cause remark, but they will not gain the artist respect, or make sales for him.

\* \* \*

Some of the most commonplace things in the world are among the most beautiful when they are interpreted with due appreciation of the poetry that is in them. This idea might be advanced by those who would combat some things I have hitherto set down. I do not at all urge that commonplace subjects should not be painted by those who desire to do something for the advantage of art and themselves; the most commonplace matters in the world, eloquently interpreted, are often the best appreciated and the most popular, owing to their familiarity to most people. But there is a stupidity in the selection of subjects for pictures, that seems oftentimes inexcusable; a stupidity which is typified by the man who would seek out the most uninteresting or objectional subjects, to make them attractive, in their representation alone, by his artistic treatment of them.

\* \* \*

It is a mistaken idea of many reputable artists that the knowledge and consideration of business principles, in the disposal of their pictures, involves some moral or artistic degradation. That is a very sad mistake, and more artists suffer from it, probably, than from any other cause. After a picture is painted, it becomes a merchantable production, like a fine French clock or a handsome vase. The artist should consider it as such, and should feel justified in employing the same means to sell it that any other producer would employ. He ought to consider the value of a union with other artists to protect himself in his business; to insure himself reasonable profits instead of allowing them to accrue only to those who buy and sell his productions. And, above all, he should consider the dignity of his position. He should not fix prices from which he expects to make concessions; nothing—except the painting of poor pictures—can be more disastrous to his reputation or his in-

come from his profession, than this practice of discounting his prices.

\* \* \*

Whenever a purchaser offers a sum less than the selling price of an article, if his offer is accepted, he invariably wishes he had offered something less, as he does not know but that an even less offer would have been accepted. If he is a "close" business man, this thought annoys him, and he feels provoked at himself, and, in some mysterious reflex manner, at the seller of his purchase. He is far less likely to have another transaction with the same seller than would have been the case had he paid the full price asked.

When a buyer offers less than what he knows to be a reasonable price for an article, and his offer is accepted, he immediately begins to feel some doubt concerning the integrity of the article. If, peradventure, he can discover anything which he conceives to be a defect, he magnifies it a thousand times. He will feel "cheated" nine times out of ten, and if he cannot explain why he feels so, that very fact will annoy him more than though he could. And that frame of mind will not conduce to further purchases from the same seller.

Again; suppose a man, taking advantage of dull times or any particular personal distress in which an artist is plunged, offers a sum for a picture which he knows is very much below its value. And suppose the artist sells the picture—under protest—at this reduced figure. The buyer, if his conscience accuses him, will probably never go back to the man whom he feels he has wronged; or if his conscience is inactive, or is entirely lacking, he will simply consider that this artist is a poor miserable failure as a business man, or he would not have fallen into such a position; and then, he will either blame the man's art for deficiency in merit, or—if he knows better than that—he will regard it simply as a legitimate field upon which to base some picture-speculating, and as a result he will never be willing to pay the artist a respectable price.

\* \* \*

And the evil does not end here. Let an artist only once begin to "break his prices" and he will find very soon that his reputation for that manner of business is fast becoming as wide as his reputation as an artist. And once acquiring such a reputation, an artist must either resort to the pernicious fashion of cataloguing his pictures at prices from which he calculates that a drop of fifty per-cent will leave him a profit, or else he must almost give up all hope of receiving adequate remuneration for his expense of thought, labor and time, and reasonable interest upon his investment of years of expensive art study.

\* \* \*

An artist should place a reasonable price upon his work and then adhere strictly to that price. If he has a reputation for accepting only his full, fixed prices, he will not be asked to accept less, and will thus save himself and his patrons possible humiliation, and will make better sales and more of them. He will give the business part of his profes-



sion a dignity too, in so far as it is reflected in himself. Who ever undertakes to obtain concessions upon the prices asked by Tiffany & Co., or firms of their standing? And what firms that submit to the depreciation of prices have attained any such position? The application of well-known business principles to any artist's individual transactions will soon prove to him that such matters are not to be ignored as being un-sentimental and inconsistent with "the high art life." The more successful an artist may become financially, the better opportunity is afforded him of carrying out his highest art ambitions. Many artists, with reason, deplore their poverty as an excuse for continuing to paint *not* what they most desire to paint, but what they feel most sure of finding sale for.

\* \* \*

One of the great mistakes of many artists consists in the fact that when pictures are solicited from them for exhibition outside the city in which they live, they are too much inclined to send works that they have been *unable* to sell at home. An artist will sometimes refuse to send out his best work, for the alleged reason that he 'may be able to sell it from his studio'; instead, he will offer pictures that have been on hand for years, and maybe have traveled through State after State, and exhibition after exhibition, without ever making friends willing to adopt them. The artist will often admit that such works scarcely represent him with fairness, but he will urge that the people in the smaller cities do not know much about art, any way; that they are not usually willing to pay very high prices, and that if this picture possibly sells, he will simply consider it as so much 'clear gain,' while if it does not sell, he will at least by it secure representation in the catalogue.

Such an artist makes a grave mistake. No artist can afford to send a poor picture to a place where he is not well known. His reputation in that place may hinge upon that first picture. A first impression of his attainments may be deduced from it, and he may never be able to change the original opinion thus formed. Artists too often make mistakes in assuming that pictures which will not sell in New York, may sell in the smaller cities. As a rule, a picture must be better to find sale in any other city in the country than it actually need be to find sale in New York! Not only do provincial buyers wish to be better assured that they are making wise purchases, but usually they actually know much more about pictures than does the average New York picture buyer. The wise artist will not send out of his studio any picture of less merit than he believes his reputation demands for his work.

—C. M. K.

Messrs. L. Prang & Co., this year offered prizes of \$1,000, \$500, \$300 and \$200, respectively, for the four best designs offered for Christmas cards. In competition for these prizes, drawings were sent in by F. W. Freer, C. D. Weldon, Alfred Fredericks, Frederick Dillman, Will Low, Leon Moran, Thomas Moran, J. C. Beckwith, E. H. Blasfield, Alden Weir, Percy Moran, Rosina Emmet, Dora Wheeler, I. M. Gaugengig, I. H. Caliga and others, and all these designs formed a very interesting collection which was on exhibition at Reichard & Co's galleries a few days ago.

#### TO A LADY STUDENT OF ART.

All hail to Art!—*man's best interpretation*  
Of language GOD through Nature doth express;  
Success attend, and sweetly sound the voices  
Which come to Art's beloved priestesses.

May thy interpretations all be pure  
And truthful as thy nature, and the mind  
That guides thy hand, to give thy thought expression;  
Then Art, through thee, new nobleness shall find.

And when thy life hath reached its culmination,  
And mists of death sweep thick before thine eyes,  
May sunshine from life's pictures pierce the darkness,  
And light thy home eternal, in the skies.

For every life is but a changing series  
Of pictures, which we color as we go,  
Brightly or darkly as we use the talents  
Given to beautify this world below.

And in the end, e'en GOD shall view the pictures  
Our lives have formed each individual day,  
And by the justice of His solemn judgment,  
They'll point each artist's sure, eternal way.

—K.

#### OVER ILLUSTRATION.

IN the November number of the *North American Review*, there is an interesting contribution from CHARLES T. CONGDON on "Over Illustration," in which the writer takes the view that in the over-indulgence of the popular taste for illustrations, we are weakening not only the effect of illustration, but oftentimes the literary force of the matter illustrated. The article is thoughtfully written and very worthy of consideration.

"The ordinary purpose of an illustration," says Mr. Congdon, "is to explain, to elucidate, to render clear what is obscure and abstruse; and this is doubtless the secondary object of the pictorial embellishment of works of literary character. Used in this way it differs from pictures designed to enhance the sumptuousness of a volume and to increase its typographical elegance and bibliographical value, which now appears to be the primary intention. The writer of a book of travels may not have the faculty, by verbal description, of bringing to the mind of his reader the beauties of a landscape, even if he were sure of the reader's capacity and attention, and so the pictorial is the natural expedient. But the glowing pages of Mr. Ruskin attest that a man of genius is not at the mercy of such resources. The more perfect the letter-press, the less it needs graphic aid, whatever may be thought of a purely suggested and ideal treatment of the text. A picture might be made from Shakespeare's description of the Cliff of Dover, but no picture could add to the sense that he awakens of its loftiness. The fishermen walking on the beach like mice, the tall bark diminished to a cock, and

especially the surge murmuring so far down as to be inaudible, could not be put into a picture at all, nor would the choughs and crows of the samphire gatherers tell much upon canvas; nothing of these but mere imitation, the lowest form of art, being available. Not Turner himself could have added anything from his palette to the exquisite opening of the Fifth Book of "Paradise Lost"—to the rosy steps of morn advancing, and sowing the earth with orient pearl; nor could there be any painting of the fuming rills and the shrill matin song of birds on every bough. And how far can a wood-engraving, or an etching, or steel or copper reproduce a scene where all depends upon sound and color? These considerations teach us the limits of art, and especially of art as employed in the manufacture of books, the proportions of which also negative any adequate suggestion of the wide, the spacious or the sublime. \* \*

\* \* How thoroughly mechanical illustration may become, may be understood by looking over that gigantic failure, Boydell's "Illustrations of Shakespeare," not a single print of which, it is safe to say, ever added one iota either to our enjoyment or comprehension of the poet. We put down the ponderous volume with a feeling of relief, quite tired of the wooden Northcotes and Opies, of Fuseli's epileptic extravagancies, and of Benjamin West's commonplaces in paint. It is a remarkable fact that no painter has ever won enduring fame by working from writers, if we except the Bible, which is so much more than any other book. The illustrator has a place by himself, and it is not a high one. Even Hogarth could do little or nothing with such a book as "Hudibras," or a great illustrator like Doré with the Scriptures, or even with Rabelais, whose wonderful genius seems to have been quite past the comprehension of that clever Frenchman. Of what use was the prettiness of Westall to all the poets whose works he spent his life in adorning with nice frontispieces and vignettes? And how independent are the best of Bewick's works of the books in which they appeared! His beggars, asses, cattle, peasants, gypsies, and the rest, might all be cut out and put in a portfolio by themselves, without in the least diminishing their interest."

From all this we deduce it as the writer's opinion that the ordinarily proper use of illustration is for the purpose of explaining what it may be difficult adequately to describe by the text alone; that much of the illustration given us is unwisely given, because of its impossibility of equalling the descriptive impressions conveyed by the text itself; and that the greatest illustrator requires no explanatory text any more than the most eloquent writer requires illustrations to accompany his text.

Owing to the popular demand for much-illustrated publications, publishers often consider manuscripts as much with reference to the illustrations furnished with them—or their capability of illustration—as to their own intrinsic merit, and this encourages a dependence of illustrations to "help out" weak text; and text, to make up for the deficiencies of poor illustrations—a result deplorable both to the production of good literature and good illustrative art.

Referring to the present craze for "illustration at the expense of the text," Mr. Congdon writes:

"It may as well be said plainly that this system of illustration is a fashion, and cannot last. In one sense it is aboriginal and savage, if not childish. It bears a close resemblance to the æsthetic craze, which is only a revival of a similar madness in the eighteenth century. Nothing that encourages affectation, or that leads us to be satisfied with the pretty and to forget the great, can promote a real love of art. It is of small use that we admire, though even that is better than to say we admire while knowing nothing about the matter; the main point is, whether an object is worthy of admiration. A man who likes a meretricious picture, and admits his gratification, is so far worthy of praise; but that does nothing for the picture, nor is the man himself less an object of commiseration."

In another place, the writer also says:

"Half of illustration is impertinent. It is a suggestion from somebody who is perhaps less fitted than the reader to judge what he should admire the most. It is like irritating comments that stupid folks scribble on the margin of novels. Reading, to be much more than an amusement, must be an intellectual process, and this is true, to a large extent, even of reading that is considered to be light. A large majority of readers seek to be amused. If the pictures amuse them more than the text, they will accord the largest proportion of attention to the pictures, reading just closely enough to make them comprehensible. A scene, an action, an event vividly described by the writer, ought of itself to make a picture in the mind of the reader, and each ought to make his own. They might differ in details, but these are of no importance, if only the general spirit of the text be observed. But here the illustrator steps in, and makes originality of impression impossible. He takes the work out of the hands of the writer, and dictates to the reader what he shall see. No wonder that writers are often ill-content with the illustration that has been vouchsafed to them. The picture is and can be only one man's notion of what has been described. It is not a translation; it is not even a paraphrase; it is simply a commentary, wise or unwise, which, even if one had been needed, has not supplied the need; and any literature stamped with such characteristics can only enfeeble the mind and pervert the judgment, and diminish the ability to read to any purpose.

"The instances in which the pencil of the illustrator and the pen of the author can work in perfect accord must necessarily be fortuitous and few. Apart from intellectual difference of kind, and the separate demands made upon the mind, it would be wonderful if there were not usually marked inequality of power. This is so evident in special instances as hardly to require demonstration. If we reconsider Shakespeare, for instance, we find him a perpetual source of illustration. Many pictures have been painted, statues have been suggested, engravings without number produced, pictorial editions of the plays multiplied, yet there has been no distinctly great production. Nobody cuts a marvelous figure in the arena who goes upon crutches at all, and still less he who goes upon borrowed ones."



In referring to portraiture in illustration, Mr. Congdon gives it separate consideration. "We love naturally to look upon the faces of distinguished men, no more to be seen in the flesh; but, to be at all satisfactory, engravings of them must be after originals of decided merit. It is questionable if we have gained anything in this department of the fine arts by the discovery of photography. The best photographs are only by accident good portraits—hardly one perhaps in a hundred. They give passing moods and not the whole character. They have a certain uniformity of expression, which, when many of them are gathered together, becomes monotonous and tiresome. All these figures and faces are upon dress-parade, and have an appearance of being looked at. Usually, they exhibit a deplorable lack of *insouciance*, and they might, for anything you see in the faces, be all deaf and dumb. \* \* How different is the production of the human hand from that of the camera, in dramatic portraiture may be seen by comparing the figures in Bell's 'British Theatre,' with those of actors and actresses as produced by the photograph. The former are full of the life and spirit of the stage; the latter have usually no characteristic at all save that of self-conscious peacock pride of costume, and the possession of physical beauty. \* \* Photography is a cheap and convenient resource, but the utmost care and skill cannot make it much better than a manufacture. Its want of originality is a necessity. Its merits are its economy and the rapidity of execution of which it is capable, together with that superficial fac-simile resemblance which finds favor in uneducated eyes."

We have only given detached bits from Mr. Congdon's very interesting article and have not given them all in the sequence of their arrangement. A perusal of the whole paper will be found not only entertaining but instructive. It includes, at the outset, a sketch of the origin and growth of illustrative art.

#### THOMAS BEWICK AND HIS PUPILS.

(By AUSTIN DOBSON.—James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.)

MR. DOBSON'S work, whether of verse or prose, is always well done. It is not enough to say that it is conscientious and careful; it is noticeable also for its clearness, and for a certain finish, and a refinement that marks the able and tasteful writer. The present work from his hand does not disappoint our expectations of him. Though, as he is prompt to inform us in his modest preface, it is for the most part a reprint of two articles on "Bewick and his Pupils," prepared in 1881-'82 for the *New York Century Magazine*, it would have been worth reprinting in its present more handy form, even without the considerable additions he has made. The article on Bewick, as first written for the magazine, was, he says, found to be too long, with its many illustrations, for a single publication. "An entire section devoted to John Bewick was consequently omitted, and other retrenchments were effected. In this reissue, the portions withdrawn are restored, and such corrections and additions as a writer usually makes

in the case of a paper republished some time after it was written, have been inserted."

To those who cannot afford the larger and costlier "Life of Bewick," by Mr. Crael Thomson, this issue will be a boon; and real admirers of the Bewick school will wish to possess this, even if they have the other. The fuller account here given of John Bewick and of Clennell and others of the Bewick pupils, will surely interest them;—it was wanted. These pupils, indeed, deserve to be always named with the master. It becomes more and more apparent, so far as we learn to identify their works, that Clennell, Nesbit and Harvey, considering them as engravers, were far in advance of Bewick. Our admiration of his work,—of the birds and quadrupeds for their drawing; of the tail-pieces for their humor, as well as for the truthful glimpses of country scenes and country life afforded by them—and above all, the halo around Bewick's name, which made admirers blind to what stood nearest to him,—these things have hindered appreciation of his pupils' merits. John Bewick is far from reaching to his brother's height, but the three other men we have named were more than equal to him in the special art associated with his name and of which he is still supposed to have been the restorer, on the ground of an unchronicled gap in the history of engraving. *Palmarum qui meruit ferat!* That we recognize other worth, in no wise lessens the fame of Bewick. He needs no borrowed feathers.

Regarding some of Mr. Dobson's remarks on particular cuts, as also on the choice of some of the cuts given, we might find occasion for difference, but critical opinions will vary, and the book is altogether too satisfactory for us to care to make special objections.

If we must keep up the character of a modern reviewer—nothing unless critical—we should find fault with what we take to be not Mr. Dobson's fault, but that of his publishers. They, it appears, are possessed of the cuts selected and engraved by Jackson (engraved, we must say, by his assistants) for the "Treatise on Wood Engraving" which Chatto wrote, and the temptation was strong to throw in some of these to increase the number of illustrations. "To illustrate," says Dr. Johnson, is "to add light and splendor." These Jackson illustrations do not illustrate, nor help our appreciation of Bewick, simply because they are not Bewick's work. We cannot shirk the duty of pointing them out. They are: At page 53, the Hound and Huntsman (that famous cut for which the prize was given by the Society of Arts—a very poor cut the original, yet poorer in Jackson's copy); p. 107, Grace Before Meat; 114, Tail-piece to Reindeer; 115, do. to Wood-Chat; 116, do. to Common Cart-Horse; 122, do. to Shetland Sheep; 126, do. to Red-legged Cow; 137, the Fox and the Goat. In not one of these cuts is there a touch of Bewick's graver; nor, for all their careful linear repetition, an atom of likeness to his work. Though they were introduced solely for the designs, this want of *vrai-semblance* in the engraving should not have passed without special notice in every instance. And they were not required even to make up number; Mr. Dobson's own selection being well chosen and sufficient.

The cut at page 136 (also from Jackson), presumably a specimen of the cuts in Croxall's "Fables," is equally misleading, and does great injustice to Bewick's forerunner, the unknown engraver of 1722; as also does the more honest but very vile process reproduction, at page 62, of the Viper and the File. That after Bewick, at page 63, is no less unsatisfactory. By the way, the tail-piece to the Arctic Gull, p. 123, is not Bewick's, but most surely by Clennell,

But let us not look too critically, nor make a stalking-horse of a gift. We are indebted to Mr. Dobson for a very charming book. His artistic comments show much sound judgment, well expressed; the writing throughout is both attractive to the reader and acceptable to the critic; and the illustrations, saving our exceptions, liberal, to the purpose, and generally good. The portraits of Bewick, from the full length engraved by Ramsay and the bust by Bayly, are excellent.

—L.

#### THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS

THE Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts is one of the two oldest art institutions in the country, probably antedating even the National Academy itself. It is now holding its fifty-fifth annual exhibition of paintings and sculpture.

Its building is the largest and best equipped in America, its galleries are excellently arranged, its school facilities are unrivaled; it has an extensive permanent collection of pictures, old and new, a large number of casts from the antique, a splendid and well arranged collection of engravings, and a good library.

It this year offers no less than six prizes for the best works contributed to its exhibition, and yet, with all these advantages, it excites so feeble an interest in the art world that the display is smaller and poorer than for several years past, and the number of visitors is correspondingly scanty.

The reason of this strange state of affairs lies in the exclusion of the professional artists from any voice in the management of the institution.

It is a fact that no annual display of the fresh living art of any city has ever been carried on successfully without the active coöperation of the producers of that art. If we look over the chief cities of the world, we find that everywhere the painters and sculptors personally manage the display of what they have done in the year; in one way or another they elect a "jury," or a hanging committee is appointed from among their own number which selects and arranges the works which are sent to the galleries, which the artists entirely control. These juries or committees are soundly abused for what they do, it is true. They are accused of every crime—of egotism and favoritism and judicial blindness; and yet it is felt, when the first shock is over, that on the whole the committee has acted more fairly than any outsiders could have done.

In the case of collections of pictures which are no longer fresh—which are not now instinct with the very life of the artist; which are part of the world's possessions, and not the possession of its immediate author, we artists are more

patient of the interference of others. No artist cares to be bothered with the arrangement of a gallery of even two-year-old work.

To return to the Academy of Fine Arts. It is a corporation, the members of which elect the directors; originally the directors appointed a body of academicians, who were to assist the committee of directors in hanging the pictures and conducting the schools. This, of course, would not work, for when a disagreement came, as come it must, the academicians, not standing on their own ground, had to give way. So they were after a while abolished.

As no man likes to have his head chopped off, however little he may be enjoying life, so these abolished academicians were not pleased with this summary step. Then the directors tried the plan of inviting a select few of the artists to assist them, but a committee of this sort was like oil and water which could not mingle, and when the vessel could no longer hold both, the water had the ground floor and the oil men had to flow out.

The oil flowed out, and collecting strength outside, formed a new association, purely professional, which is now engaged in preparing for a sixth annual exhibition.

As it stands, the Academy, with all its advantages, does very little good. "In union there is strength," and its strength prevents a union of all the elements which alone can produce good results.

If the Academy directors would abandon the holding of an annual exhibition, and would devote their beautiful building entirely as a museum, at all times open to the public, they would meet with universal approval and assistance. As it is, the professional artists are, and, if we may judge by results elsewhere, always will be, opposed to them.

Or, if they would rent a portion of their galleries to the artists, resigning all control of them for the time, a successful annual display could without doubt be obtained.—L.

THE GREAT ARTIST is not he who enters our house to put on our clothes, to conform to our habits, to speak to us an every-day idiom, and to give us a representation of ourselves; the greatest artist is he who guides us into the region of his own thought, into the palaces or fields of his own imagination, and who there, while speaking to us the language of the gods, while showing us ideal forms and colors, makes us for a moment believe, by force of the truth in his falsehoods, that these regions are those in which we have always lived, these palaces belong to us, these mountains looked down upon our birth; that this language is ours and these forms, these colors, created by his genius, are the forms and colors of Nature herself.—CHARLES BLANC'S *Grammar of Painting and Engraving*.

Mrs. W. S. Hoyt, daughter of the late Chief-Justice Chase, has successfully established an industrial school at Pelham Manor, where Furniture Carving, Clay and Plaster modeling, Tapestry work, etc., are taught to girls and boys.

The will of Mrs. Lucius J. Knowles of Worcester, Mass., widow of the inventor of the Knowles' loom and the Knowles' steam pump, contains the bequest of her estate in Worcester, valued at \$25,000 or \$30,000, to her executors, to be used in the promotion of art education in that city.



## OLD ART AND NEW.

IN a recent number of the *Contemporary Review*, is published a very interesting paper by the late Karl Hillebrand upon the differences between old novels and new. He says that all writers agree that there is a difference, but that nearly all assume that the new are far better. He acknowledges that they show more erudition, more refinement and a far greater variety of words and phrases, but he objects to the new as being conceived in a scientific more than in an artistic spirit, and then proceeds to explain the difference, and all that he says will apply equally to old and new pictures. The laws governing imaginative literature nearly coincide with those which govern all the imitative arts.

Science aims at the knowledge of the world by finding its laws. All the phenomena of the world are, therefore, of equal importance to it. Art, on the contrary, seeks to know the world by reproducing the unity of individual life; it eliminates the general in order to seize the particular, and in the particular it eliminates the accidental the better to show the essential. The instrument which science uses to attain its aim is the understanding; that of Art is intuition. Science knows only a conscious knowledge of things, Art only an unconscious one.

An author of the modern school undertakes to paint the inner man and the outer world; he fulfills the former aim by an accurate psychological analysis; the latter by a careful description.

But this enumeration of qualities can produce no living image, even if our imagination were able to construct a unity out of such plurality; whereas one characteristic feature would suffice to provoke the total impression of a personality. For it is not the parts which make a man but the cohesion of the whole; as soon as this ceases, life ceases. Conscious intellect never seizes this cohesion; unconscious intuition alone seizes it, and to render this so as to convince is Art—i. e., reproduction of life. As much may be said of the description of the outer world; a whole page of M. Daudet, in which he describes all the articles sold in a provision dealer's shop, not omitting each individual smell, and all the furniture with all the lights falling on it, is not worth the two verses in which Herne calls up to us the cavern of Uraka, as if we saw it with our bodily eyes. The former is a faithful inventory, which we never make in life, and which consequently touches our imagination as little as the list of an upholsterer; these two verses awake to us a sensation, and so dispose our mood as to set our imagination to work, because there is action in them, and the action shown acts in turn on the reader.

What the old narrator gives are the dramatic movements of an action, the characteristic features of a person. He is like the painter who renders only the picturesque elements of the scene, making an abstraction of all the rest.

The above is a very brief sketch of a very interesting disquisition, the whole of which is well worth quoting.

It is at once apparent that the modern art which is now most prized corresponds exactly with the modern novel as described. Gerome and Meissonier are just as accurate, as

learned and as able as their contemporary novelists, nothing is too small for their careful attention. Their trained intellects survey the whole field, but if we compare them—as our author compares Messieurs Daudet and Zola with Fielding and Smollet—with old painters like Hogarth and Reynolds, we feel the absence of life, of movement, of reality. Into the old work Art only entered; into the new, Science as well as Art.

—L.

## FREEDOM OF THOUGHT IN ART.

“I ASK, too, of the public never to judge of men's work when they do not understand it. Be sure you are capable of understanding it before you attempt to pass judgment.

This is, unfortunately, what very few do. If they know nothing themselves, they seek somebody else's opinion—some art critic's, who probably knows even less than they, but only fancies that he knows. Remember, too, that because you do not understand a work now, you may understand it hereafter. For, in the case of our fellow creatures, we may live in the society of a man or woman for years, failing to see the meaning of their lives, until some chance occurrence reveals it to us; and so in regard to scenes familiar, which strike us as commonplace until we are suddenly aroused to the full force of their beauty by some new light thrown upon them by sun, rain or mist, ever after which they are sorrowfully endeared to us by the reflected light of what has been. These analogies apply to pictures. It behooves one, then, to be very careful how one judges, even if one has honestly any judgment at all in the matter. For how grossly are men's lives misjudged. Take the case of the great poet, Shelley, one of England's best, purest and most lovable men—poor, fragile Shelley, almost too beautiful for the world into which he was born, where cant and hypocrisy are called religion. Shelley, like a captive bird in a close atmosphere, poured forth his song to the unlistening crowd beneath, in praise of virtue, truth and love; then, with a bursting heart, beat his breast against the bars of systems and of creeds, and died. And this great man is but the symbol of many another in song and in art who does all unseen, all unheard.”—From *What is Art*, by JAMES STANLEY LITTLE.

MEDALS were awarded by the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association of Boston, for works of art shown at its late exhibition as follows: Painters in Oil—Gold medals, Chas. Sprague Pearce, Wm. R. Picknell, Robt. W. Vannoh; silver medals, J. J. Enneking, W. F. Lansil, Miss Ellen D. Hale, Arthur Quartley, Mrs. Rhoda Holmes Nicholls, I. H. Caliga, Frank M. Boggs, Geo. W. Edwards, J. Wells Champney, Edgar Parker, Mrs. L. L. Williams, J. C. Nicoll, Henry Mosler, W. F. Halsall, Thomas Robinson, Jules L. Stewart, E. M. Bannister, J. Foxcroft Cole, J. W. Alexander; honorable mention was made of J. Harvey Young, who has before received the highest award of the association for portraiture. Painters in Water Color: Silver medals, S. P. R. Triscott, Miss Agnes D. Abbott, G. H. McCord. Sculpture: Silver medals, Truman H. Bartlett, Paul W. Bartlett, G. Frank Stephens. Reproductive Art: Gold medals, W. B. Closson (wood engravings), L. Prang & Co. (Chromo-lithographs); Silver medal, Chelsea Art Casting Co. A gold medal was awarded, also, to the Massachusetts State Normal Art School, and silver and bronze medals to several of its students. Only one or two etchings were sold from the exhibition over and above the sales to the amount of \$5,000. made to the association itself.—*N. Y. Mail and Express*.

## PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE EXHIBITIONS.

PAST.—THE VARIOUS EXHIBITIONS held in different portions of the country during the past summer have had a very poor degree of success, as far as picture sales have been concerned. Definite reports of the sales effected at all these exhibitions have not yet reached us, but at San Francisco only one picture was sold, and at Louisville only a dozen were disposed of, seven of which were contributed by members of the Art Union. It is reported that a fair amount was realized from sales at Chicago, and some few pictures were sold at St. Louis. The Milwaukee exhibition did not nearly reach its usual figures in sales, and the Cincinnati exposition was so poorly patronized that it is said it has been resolved to discontinue it altogether.

There has been no period in many years past, when the picture market has been so depressed as it has been this year. The year opened favorably enough, and the Annual Academy Exhibition was well patronized at the start, but the succession of Wall street failures, which occurred a week or two before the close of the exhibition, and which occasioned the setting aside of sales to the amount of nearly ten thousand dollars, seemed to formally put a stop to the picture buying of the year. Many men, who could have afforded and might have desired to buy pictures, sustained such losses as to be unable to gratify their tastes; and others, feeling the general stagnation of business—resulting not only from the colossal failures that had occurred and were occurring, as well as from the absorbing political contest—and being doubtful of its speedy improvement, owing to the possibility of an untoward election, hesitated to spend for luxuries, what after awhile might be needed for necessities.

At present the political question seems to be decided, but one cannot presage whether or not for the best interests of the business of the country. The success of the artists, from a financial standpoint, depends very much upon the successful condition of the general business of the country. When men feel that money is plenty and that there is confidence in commercial circles, they will buy pictures; otherwise, they will not. At present no one can prophecy for this year; we can all only hope for the best.

THE FALL EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN closed Nov. 29. The number of pictures sold was larger than might have been expected considering the condition of the times. See notice on page 190.

PRESENT.—A COLLECTION of about sixty paintings by George Frederick Watts, of London, is now on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Central Park, Fifth avenue and Eighty-second street. An article concerning these pictures will be found on another page.

THE LENOX LIBRARY, with its collection of paintings and sculptures, is open to the public on Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, from 11 A. M. until 4 P. M. Tickets, admitting a specified number of visitors, may be obtained *free*, on previous application by postal card, addressed to the "Superintendent of the Lenox Library," Fifth Avenue and Seventieth Street.

THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Second Avenue and Eleventh street, contains an excellent collection of early American paintings and a number of examples by the Old Masters. There are in all, 791 pictures in well-lighted galleries. Visitors may obtain access to the galleries *free*, by procuring a ticket from a member of the society.

THE PHILADELPHIA SOCIETY OF ARTISTS opened its Sixth Annual Exhibition at the rooms of the Association, No. 1,725 Chestnut street, Nov. 17. The exhibition will close Dec. 13.

THE 55TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Broad and Cherry streets, Philadelphia, will remain open until Dec. 11. In addition to the works of art exhibited, there will be the attraction of promenade rehearsals by the Germania Orchestra every Thursday afternoon.

FUTURE.—THE ART ASSOCIATION OF INDIANAPOLIS is now negotiating with the Art Union for a collection of pictures for an exhibition to be held in January next.

THE BROOKLYN ART ASSOCIATION will hold its Forty-ninth Exhibition in the galleries of the Association, from December 9 to December 20. There will be private view of the paintings to the Press and to picture buyers, Saturday, December 6. The reception will be held Monday evening, December 8. Mr. Edward Brown will have charge of the sales.

THE SALMAGUNDI SKETCH CLUB will hold its exhibition of works in black and white, in the National Academy building, this city, from December 10 to December 23. F. M. Gregory, Secretary, 80 East Washington Square, New York.

THE ARTISTS' FUND SOCIETY will hold its annual exhibition at the National Academy of Design from January 6th to January 12. The sale will take place at Association Hall, Y. M. C. A. building, on January 13-14, 1884.

THE AMERICAN WATER COLOR SOCIETY will hold its annual exhibition at the National Academy of Design, from Feb. 2nd to Feb. 28th, 1885. Secretary, Henry Farrar, 51 W. 10th street.

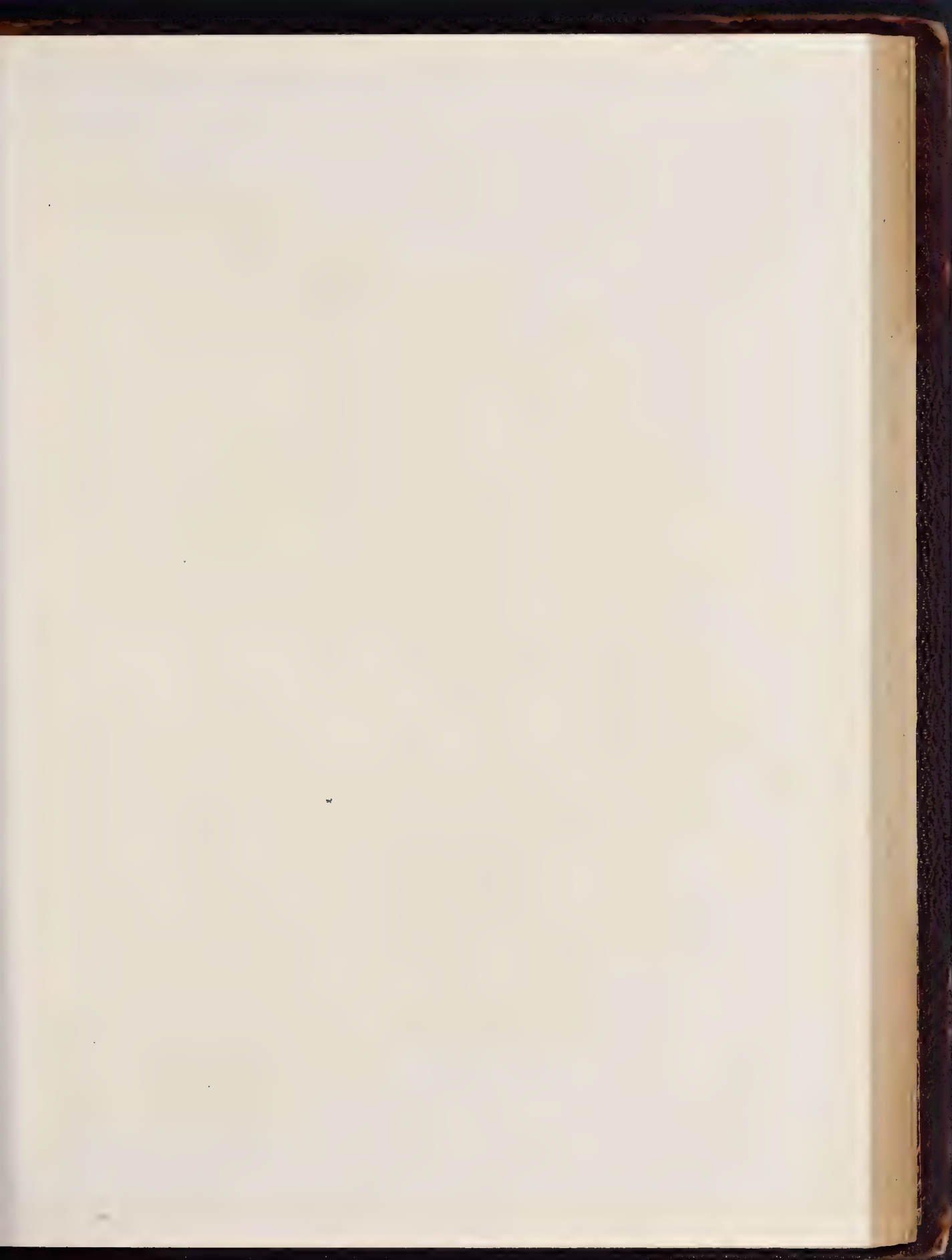
THE NEW YORK ETCHING CLUB will exhibit in connection with the Water Color Society, at the National Academy of Design, from Feb. 2nd to Feb. 28th, 1885. Secretary, J. C. Nicoll, 51 W. 10th street.

THE WORLD'S FAIR AND COTTON CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION was to have opened at New Orleans, La., December 1, to continue for six months, but owing to delays of various kinds not taken into consideration by the management, the opening had to be postponed for January 1, 1885, and it is said there may be a still further postponement. The exposition will not remain open longer than five months from January 1st. A building has been erected for an Art Department.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN will open its Sixtieth Annual Exhibition on Monday, April 8th, and close the same on Saturday, May 18th. The press view will be given Friday, April 5, after 2 P. M., and the Academy Reception will be held on Saturday evening, April 6th. The Hallgarten and the Clarke Prizes will be awarded to successful exhibitors, again, this year. Particulars regarding these prizes were given in the January number of THE ART UNION. The Hanging Committee for this Exhibition consists of William Hart, Thomas Hicks, Winslow Homer, Thomas Hovenden and E. L. Henry, of the Academicians, and J. C. Nicoll and G. H. McCord, of the Associates. Circulars for this Exhibition may be obtained from T. Addison Richards, N. A., Secretary of the National Academy, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third street.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART, for December (*Cassell & Co., New York*), is the first number of the eighth volume of that valuable publication, and in interest is fully equal to any one of the excellent issues which have preceded it. The contents include a richly illustrated paper on "The New Forest," in which the reader is treated to a consideration of the picturesque and historical features of the subject; a biographical sketch of Benjamin Vautier, with an excellent portrait and illustrations of some of his principal paintings; an appreciative article on "Some Japanese Bogies," with quaint pictures reproduced from Japanese drawings; the beginning of a profuse series of articles on "The Romance of Art,"—this initial paper containing a chapter from the life of Bernard Palissy; an interesting description of Hatfield House, with fine illustrations; the continuation of the series of papers on "Greek Myths in Greek Art," and an illustrated article on "Some Portraits by Hogarth," written by Austin Dobson. The American portion of the magazine contains an account of the Cincinnati Art Museum, now being built, and the usual monthly record of American Art, which is full and interesting as usual. The frontispiece of the number is an etching by Robert W. Macbeth, entitled "Here It Is," showing a young woman seated at a breakfast table looking over a newspaper in search of a particular press notice in which she is interested. All the illustrations of the number are good, as usual.





A Stolen Glance.



P. W. Wood  
1884  
Copyright



# THE ART UNION

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN ART UNION

Vol. 2.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

It is which we expect to present from time to time. The demand for etchings, which has been so wonderful, else the growth of the public taste for art.

Mr. T. W. Wood's sturdy beggar, refreshing himself from his professional blindness by a sly peep around. Mr. J. C. Nicoll's bridge scene on the St. Lawrence River, and Mr. K. Van der Meer's "The Fisherman's Tale" (temporarily

## THE HERMES.

THERE has been a statue of Hermes in the Art Union since the fine copy of the statue of Hermes.

Hirschfeld and his corps of German soldiers in the 7th. shetals in the cellar of a Doric temple in the Oxyrhynchus.

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seen by him at Heraion (Temple of Juno), at the

The Hermes is somewhat more than life size. It presents the god as a gracious youth in the prime of

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I trust that works to committees of laymen, either relative merits as works of Art. Why is this? It is because ested in the thing represented or in the story told, while in the truthfulness of the representation, its artistic unity and power, or the beauty and skill of the manipulation. Who has not heard such remarks as these before a picture? "What is that picture about? I can see no idea at all in it," or "What a man!" On the contrary, I think it a capital work of the artist. "But what is the girl doing?"

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And so the discussion goes on, the artist always inter-

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nothing but a man would think of the truthfulness to the topography of some place he knows with just such and rocks, but he may be oblivious to the fact that there is a certain atmosphere or tone in the picture, etc. Of course the layman is much influenced by the composition of the picture, or its size, or the reputation of the artist.

The same thing obtains in literature. With every piece of perfection, undimmed by the passage of time, or of those who have not wearily chafed at the

may regulate the standards by which we estimate





# THE ART UNION

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN ART UNION

VOL. 2.

NEW YORK, JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH, 1885.

NO. 1.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

WITH this number we commence our series of etchings, in which we expect to present from time to time examples from all of the best painter etchers in the country. The demand for etchings, which has been so wonderfully developed in the last few years, shows more than anything else the growth of the public taste for art.

Mr. T. W. Wood's sturdy beggar, refreshing himself from his professional blindness by a sly peep around, Mr. J. C. Nicoll's breezy scene on the St. Lawrence River, and Mr. K. Van Elten's quiet pastoral, "The End of the Lake," happily tell their own stories.

## NEW CASTS AT THE ACADEMY.

### THE HERMES OF PRAXITELES.

THERE has recently been added to the large collection of casts in the Antique School of the National Academy a fine copy of the statue of Hermes, by Praxiteles. The unique and marvelous example of the golden age of Attic art, by one of its most illustrious interpreters, was discovered by Dr. Hirschfeld and his corps of German excavators on the 7th of May, 1879. It was found imbedded in a mass of potsherds in the cellar of a Doric temple in the Olympian Altis, at the foot of Mount Cronian, and was identified immediately as the statue of Hermes, from the chisel of the great master, Praxiteles, the only statue mentioned by Pausanias (in the 17th chapter of his 5th book) of the many thousands seen by him at Heraion (Temple of Juno), at Olympia, the site of the German excavator's happy discovery.

The Hermes is somewhat more than life size, and represents the god as a gracious youth in the prime of physical strength and beauty. His left arm rests upon a stump of a tree, and encircles the infant form of the little Dionysus, whom he is guarding with gentlest care. What was the action of the right arm is a puzzling question for the archaeologists and the artists, since the fore part is unfortunately wanting, which loss, together with that of the legs below the knees, makes it difficult to determine with any degree of precision the exact intent and meaning of the sculptor. With these greatly to be regretted exceptions, the marble was found in a wonderful state of preservation after more than twenty-three centuries, the era of Praxiteles, the sculptor, having been near the close of the fifth century before Christ.

## ARTISTS AND LAYMEN.

IT is well known that artists have always objected to intrusting their works to committees of laymen, either for arrangement in an exhibition or for judgment of their relative merits as works of Art. Why is this? It is because they know that the layman is almost always chiefly interested in the thing represented or in the story told, while the artist cares but little for the subject, but is most interested in the truthfulness of the representation, its artistic unity and power, or the beauty and skill of the manipulation. Who has not heard such remarks as these before a picture? "What is that picture about? I can see no idea at all in it," says the layman. "On the contrary, I think it a capital motive," answers the artist. "But what is the girl doing?" "Never mind what she is doing; whatever it is, it is done with graceful movement; don't you like the tone of the flesh and sky and water?" "Yes, but with such a sky the girl should be dressed in warmer clothes." "Oh, hang the clothes! see the lovely color of the neck and arms; they fairly shine in their warm brilliancy." "May be so; but what an ugly face," etc., etc.

And so the discussion goes on, the artist always interested in some artistic feature which is a little beyond the apprehension of the layman, whose objections are sound enough from his unartistic point of view.

Of course the canvas would be more valuable if no literary or common sense objections could be made; but its grade as a work of Art does not depend upon these.

Standing before a landscape, the layman would think of the beauty of the scene in nature or of its truthfulness to the topography of some place he knows with just such trees and rocks; whilst he may be oblivious to the fatal defects the artist sees—that the sky is made of tin, and that there is absolutely no atmosphere or tone in the picture, etc., etc. Besides, the layman is much influenced by the commercial value of the picture, or its size, or the reputation of the author.

The same thing obtains in literature. With every increase of knowledge in any art, we arrive at altitudes where we perceive possibilities of perfection undreamed of before, and of which no one who has not wearily climbed with us has any conception. We may not be able to master these subtleties ourselves, but at least we know that they exist, and they regulate the standards by which all professional work should be judged.

—PAINTER.

adjoining stone fence, climbed a small tree and paused for further proceedings. The bull came to the rock, took a smell of my unfinished sketch, as if displeased with its tone or drawing, uttered a grunt, peered at me with his great eyes, and marched away, quite as disgusted as I was myself. But country dogs have been fully as annoying to me as bears, rattlesnakes and bulls. From the fact that the most picturesque cabins seem always to harbor ugly dogs, my sketches in that direction have not been as numerous as I could have desired. As a means of protection, when once spending the summer among the Dutch yeomanry near the Catskill Mountains, I purchased a young Newfoundland dog, and took him with me in my wanderings. But the experiment was fruitless; for while the wayside dogs did not so frequently attack me as before, they invariably pounced upon my companion, and as these assaults made me very angry, I abused the owners of the inhospitable dogs, and my sketching life became one of continuous quarrels. Nor can I exonerate some of the insect tribes for their efforts to thwart my æsthetic proclivities. By the mosquitoes and black flies I have been treated with such outrageous rudeness, that I can only remember them with scorn. Had it not been for them, perchance, the forest regions of Canada and New Brunswick, of New England and New York, would have been far better known to the world than they are to-day—in spite of the many charming photographs which have recently been made. Among my sketches is one of the valley of the Thames, in Connecticut, taken from the door way of a deserted house. The day, the scene and the atmosphere were all perfect, and my *seat* most comfortable, but the owners of that building made a savage demonstration against me. The head of the family, and ever so many of his children, treated me so roughly that my eyes were blackened and my hands and face all blistered with poison, until, for fear of losing my life, I was forced to make my escape, followed by the howling of a colony of bumble bees whose home I had disturbed.

But think not, O ye of little faith! who have never enjoyed the pleasures of sketching, that they are in any way counterbalanced by such annoyances as I have mentioned. The supposed or real unkindness of the beasts and reptiles and insects may be forgotten, but not so with those blessed influences of nature which accompany or surround the artist as he wanders alone from one scene of beauty to another. Once, for example, while sketching a sunset scene on the top of the Alleghanies, the surrounding silence was only broken by the whistling of a quail in the distance, and the chirping of a pee-weet only a few paces off; and, because of their association with my childhood, their voices inspired in me an indescribable pleasure. On another occasion, and in the same region, while sketching a beautiful valley surrounded with forest-covered hills, I heard the song of the Whippoorwill and the mellow tones of a cow bell stealing through the glowing atmosphere, and I thought, at the time, that sweeter music had never been heard in any land. From a cliff of South Peak Mountain, among the Catskills, I once attempted to sketch the movements of two thunder storms that were chasing each other along the valley of the Hudson, and while doing so, the apprehensions usually inspired by

the powers of electricity were all dispelled, and I almost felt that it would only be a pleasure even to play with the forked lightning, for the surrounding influences of nature seemed to make me oblivious of everything not connected with the glorious prospect. When my spirits have been almost paralyzed by the everlasting roar of a great city for long weary months, and I have gone forth with my sketching materials, in the summer or autumnal months, to some quiet nook in the country, it has seemed to me that a dozen trips to foreign lands could not be compared with the blessed rest and peace to be found in "our own proud clime."

But the delights of sketching from nature are by no means limited to the inland regions of our country. Along the shores of the Atlantic, from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to that of Mexico, I have journeyed extensively, and the unnumbered charms of our coast scenery seem to have become a part of my very being. The grandeur of the ocean has always seemed to me more impressive near its shores than out sight of land. When I see the dark blue and wild waters dashing against the brown cliffs, and then watch the foam mingling with the sky; or look upon the liquid plain sleeping in the sunlight of noon; or gaze upon the sea, with flocks of ships coming from distant lands before a gentle breeze; or hear its billows, solemn and majestic, rolling upon the sloping shores—I never fail to be impressed with the power of that Being who holds the ocean world in the hollow of His hand. Far be it from me to lisp a syllable against the glory of a giant oak as it commands the circle of an inland valley, but in the movements, the colors and the moaning of a great billow, when about to perish on the shore, there is something bordering the sublime. And in sketching the scenery of the ocean, I am always impressed with the wonderful variety of its phases and moods. By way of experiment, I have sometimes taken several sketches from one particular spot in a single day, and have been amazed to see how very different they were in character, the colors never remaining the same for a single hour. Nor is the element of solitude on the sea shore less impressive than it is in the forest or on the great prairies of the west. To visit the ocean in the company of ten thousand fellow sinners—whether at Coney Island or Long Branch, or at *Philadelphia by the sea*, commonly called Atlantic City—is simply an abomination. To enjoy it in perfection, one should be alone (but not as a dead waif upon a foreign strand), although one particular companion may not be out of place—for have we not all been fascinated by the two figures which Berket Foster has a habit of putting into his lovely little pictures of the sea shore?

THE *SIÈCLE* relates under the title of *A Sequestration*, the following little history:

A well-known artist, (whose name we do not divulge) lost some time ago in a *cerle* the sum of 150,000 francs; not being able to discharge this "debt of honor" he placed himself at the disposition of the director of the club. Since then our artist, confined at the residence of the director, has produced a multitude of sketches, which not meeting with sales, his liberation is difficult, as he has given his parole not to leave his quarters before the complete liquidation of his debt.



## STYLE.

WHEN, in ordinary conversation, we hear an artist spoken of as working in the Munich style, we understand it to mean that he adopts the manner of the Munich school. When we say "he has a style of his own," we mean that he sees things from a new point of view, or that he has an original way of using his materials. When we say that a coat or a dress is "stylish," we mean either that it follows the prevailing fashion, or that its maker impressed on it some grace or elegance of his own. We also speak of the work of a painter or sculptor, poet or singer, as being in the "Grand Style," and the simple word style is sometimes used as if it meant the same thing as the Grand Style.

Let us try to find out what the word "Style" really means. Every one has heard the phrase, "*Le style c'est l'homme*," which must be translated without changing its significance. It means that a man's style is that by which he will be remembered. "Facts and inventions," says Buffon, "can be appropriated and made use of by others, but style is the man himself." But we must keep in mind the distinction between the manner of a school and the work of an individual artist. Thus, at all times there have been groups of artists who have co-operated in a common circle of ideas, around a leading head, each one supplying some individuality of his own, but all working toward a common perfection. Thus, we have the Venetian, the Florentine, or the Antwerp school, each of which names immediately suggest a certain manner of striving after the expression of certain thoughts; but behind that we find in each, several great artists, each with a distinct style of his own; that is, a distinct individuality. In this sense style is the part of the man by which he is known to the world, as is his physiognomy; it is not his thought, which is his own and incommunicable without a language, nor is it his manner, which he may share with many of his school; but it is the mode of the expression of his thought. Now a man's style may be very bad, but if it really is a style it must be interesting, because expressive of the man's individuality. "The presence of this quality sometimes makes ruggedness pleasing, and the absence of it always leaves symmetry insipid." \*

If genius be, as Schopenhauer declares, pure preception unencumbered by any sense of individuality, so that all things are seen alike without prejudice, then his style is the mode by which this genius makes known his thoughts about what he sees to us. If he be a writer, he needs to use a written language, and the way in which he expresses what he sees is his style. If he be a painter, he needs shapes, colors, lights and shadows. These may be employed in the manner of one school or of another, but if he have anything to say he will have a style of his own.

And now what do we mean by the Grand Style? This is what Reynolds says of it: "All objects exhibited to our view by nature, will be found upon close examination to have blemishes and defects. The most beautiful forms

have about them something like weakness, minuteness or imperfection. But it is not every eye that perceives these blemishes. It must be an eye long used to the contemplation and comparison of these forms; and which, by a long habit of observing what any set of objects of the same kind have in common, has acquired the power of discerning what each wants in particular. This long laborious comparison should be the first study of the painter who aims at the grand style. By this means he acquires a just idea of beautiful forms; he corrects Nature by herself, her imperfect state by her more perfect. His eye being enabled to distinguish the accidental deficiencies, excrescences and deformities, he makes out an abstract idea of their forms more perfect than any one original. This idea of the perfect state of nature, which the artist calls the ideal, is the great leading principle by which works of genius, are conducted. By this Phidias acquired his fame, etc." In like manner Flaxman, under the head of Style, and the Ideal Style, after describing the Olympic games, "which engaged all the noble youth of Greece in honorable contest, while the genial sunshine and mild breezes rendered little clothing or none at all necessary, naturally led to the contemplation of the human form, and comparison of beauty in the parts, between one subject and another. \* \* \* The choice of the most perfect forms—countenances expressive of the most elevated disposition of mind and innocence of character—the limbs and bodies, examples of manly grace and strength, or female delicacy, youth and beauty, in all their variety and combinations in perfection. Indeed, we must believe, when we look on those forms, so purified from grossness and imperfection, that could we see angels and divine natures they would resemble them." Grimm, in his life of Goethe, which we quote from memory, says that the "Greeks invented Style, which is the rendering of the essential facts—those which are of universal application—and discarding the accidental."

If our former definition of Style be correct, it would seem to be more proper to speak of the ideal manner or grand manner. The word Style is undoubtedly derived from a writing instrument; it certainly means that by which the individual may be recognized. Phidias may be recognized in his work, and so may Praxiteles, but both work in the grand manner, in the grandest of all manners, which probably will never again be approached. We close this rambling paper with one more quotation, this time from Lord Lytton: "Lady Blessington, who passed her life in appreciative intercourse with eminent writers, observes that, to set an author's style above his thoughts is like praising a woman's dress more than her beauty; style being, like dress, a secondary matter, which should not divert attention from what it is only meant to adorn." But to this observation of Lady Blessington, another more gifted authoress objects. "For attention," writes Delphine Gay, in a letter from Paris, "is not diverted from the beauty of a work by that which enhances its beauty." And in support of her word she describes a conversation with Victor Hugo on the subject of Style. The poet had taken from her table an ornamented pin surmounted by a jewel, which he con-

\* Lord Lytton, who is elsewhere quoted.

tinued to examine while they were talking. The jewel represented a fly, set in gold, and, "here," he said, "you see what Style is. In itself this fly is but an insect, in its setting it is a jewel." Fascinated by the sparkle of this simile she exclaims: "How true! and surely it cannot be wrong to replace an insect by a diamond." "Facts and inventions," says Buffon, "can be appropriated and used by others, but Style is the man himself."

—GEO. C. LAMB DIN.

#### THE ART TARIFF.

FOR a short time there was a slight excitement in the artistic world, consequent upon the appearance of the circular letter and petition from the Art Committee of the Union League Club, advocating the removal of all duties on importations of foreign Works of Art. (It is a noteworthy fact, that these documents emanated from a club of protectionists, and from an Art Committee upon which there was not a single artist.) These were met by a counter circular and petition from a committee of artists, favoring the substitution of a moderate specific duty that would be only a nominal tax upon valuable Works of Art imported, in lieu of the present *ad valorem* duty of 30 per cent.

The circular from the Artists' Committee, which we give below with their petition, contains the petition of the Union League Club Committee, who have since met the Artists' Committee in the most friendly manner, and are quite willing to co-operate with them in obtaining a change from the present duty to a moderate specific one, as that is the nearest approach to their ideas that seems to promise any success. The artists generally favor a duty of fifty dollars on every Oil Painting, although some of them place it at one hundred dollars. It is not probable that anything can be effected in Congress during the present year.

#### CIRCULAR.

DEAR SIR: New York, Dec. 19th, 1884.

A petition to Congress, purporting to emanate from the artists of the country, has been circulated for their signatures by the Art Committee of the Union League Club; but the document has so little of the ring of the prevailing thought of the artists, and its preamble contains so many misrepresentations, that it is not probable that any of them were consulted in its preparation.

Section I. of this preamble states, that "high duties on the importation of Works of Art can be justified only on the ground that such objects are manufactures and need protection."

High duties being only a relative expression, the present duty of 30 per cent. on imported Works of Art cannot be considered as *high*, when the duties on all other importations average at least 50 per cent. And the duties can be justified on the ground that such objects are manufactures in the broadest sense, and are entitled to the same protection, and no more, that is given to other products of home industry.

Section II. states that: "Painting, Sculpture, and the kindred arts, are means of Education and Civilization; they are neither luxuries nor manufactures in any commercial sense."

Then Literature and Science, being more obvious means of education and civilization than Painting, Sculpture and the kindred arts, it follows that books and scientific apparatus should precede art on the free list. Painting and sculpture are in every country considered as luxuries, to be indulged in only after the necessities of life have been provided; they have no place in the curricula of the majority of our educational institutions, and in the others, only a cursory knowledge of art is attempted. Special art schools for the training of those who intend to become professional artists being, of course, excepted.

A Work of Art is treated by the artist, by the art dealer and by its purchaser, exactly as they treat any other article of manufacture, and the Government should not be blamed for adopting the same views in the adjustment of the Tariff.

Section III. states: "That with an overflowing Treasury, protection is needless and harmful, when it is not demanded by the class which the Government assumes to protect."

An overflowing treasury may be an argument for a general reduction of duties; but not for a removal of them from any special class of articles to the special injury of its home producers, who are entitled to the same rights as are any other citizens.

Many years ago the artists petitioned Congress for a specific duty that would protect the country from the meretricious art work with which it was being deluged; but their petition was not granted, and the artists were so misrepresented and abused by the Press that they were discouraged from making any further attempts.

Section IV. states: "That Works of Art are not the product of day's-labor, but of brain; legislation may encourage artists, but tariffs cannot create them."

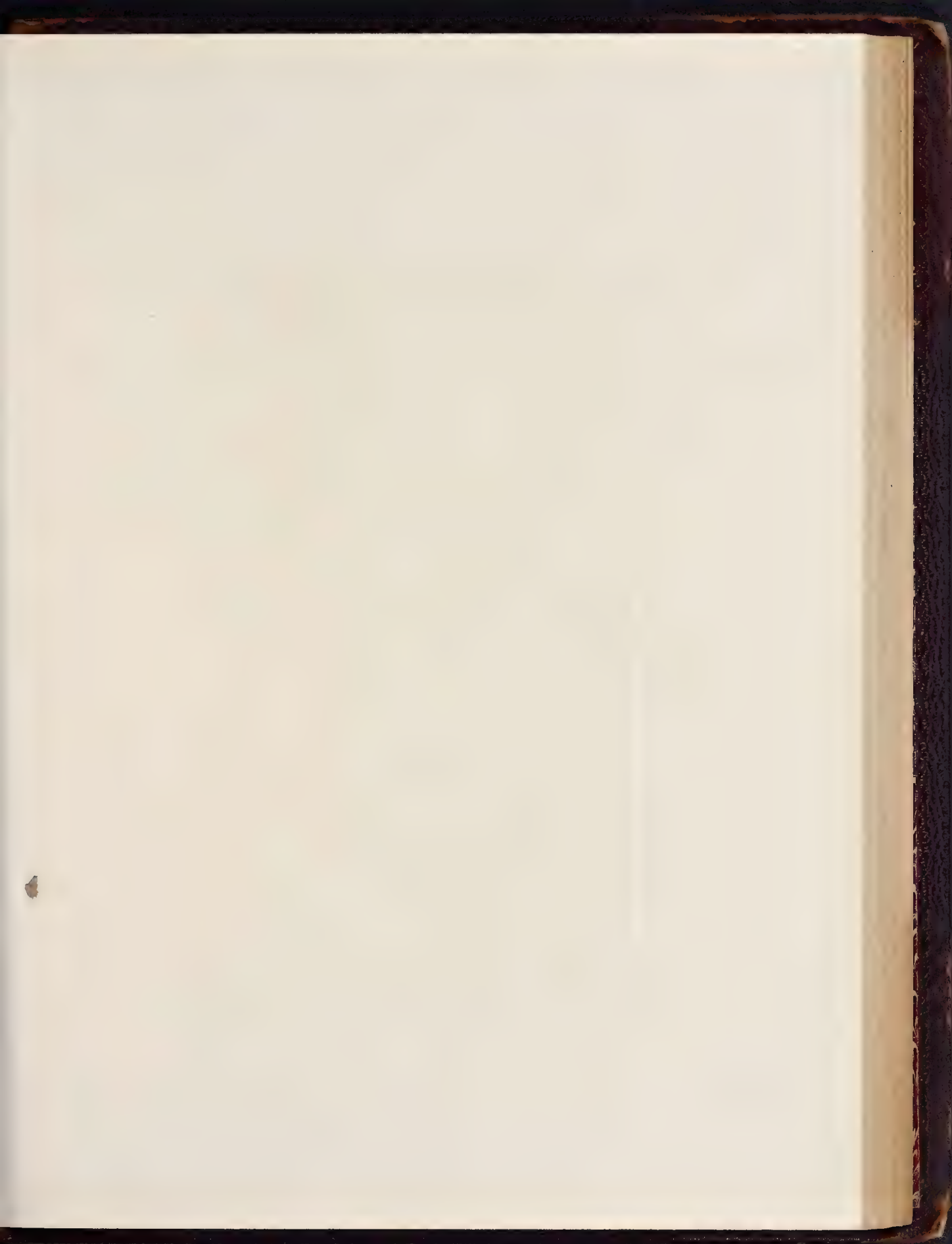
It may flatter the vanities of a few callow artists to be told that they are all brain, and are a race of beings apart from other men. If the mere thought of a Work of Art were the completed work, then such might be regarded as the product of the brain alone; but, as a matter of fact, it is only in the realization of the thought that it becomes a Work of Art; and this is consummated only by day's-labor of brain-directed hand and body, which must be fed, housed, clothed and furnished with materials for work; to do which the artist must pay high protective duties on every item of his expenses. The second clause should rather read,—Tariffs may encourage artists, but legislation cannot create them.

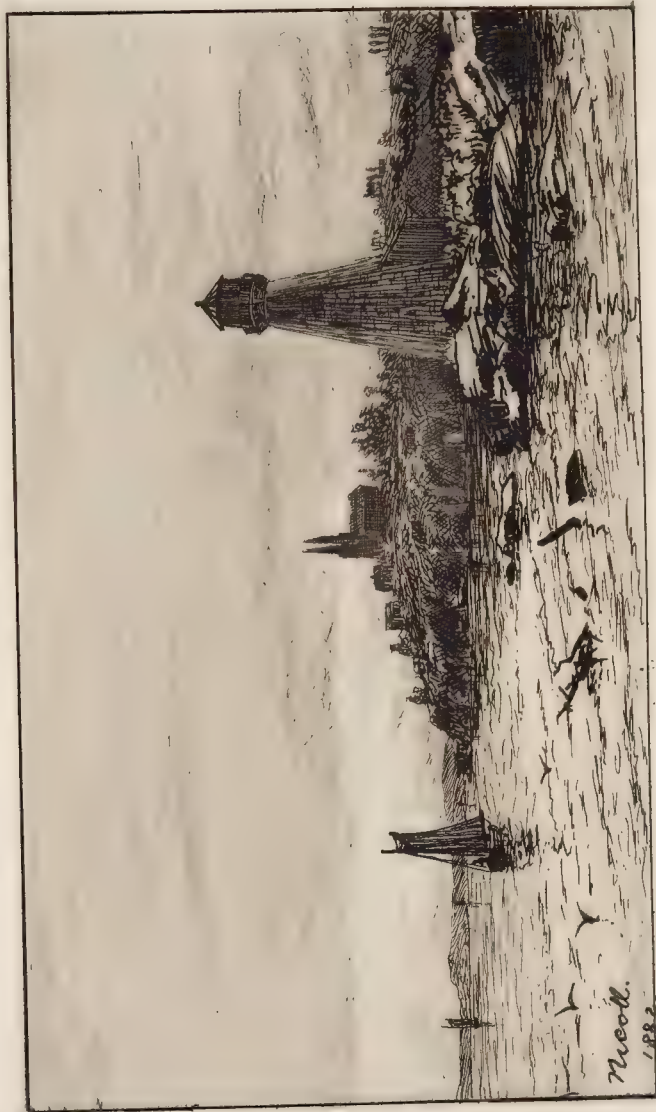
Section V. states: "That the demand for Works of Art, unlike that for manufactured goods, has no natural limit; the greater the sale the greater will be the demand."

A few years ago there was a large demand for both American and Foreign art works, and the great falling off in this demand shows that a limit of some kind has been reached, whether natural or unnatural it matters not, and that the sale of Works of Art follows the same laws that govern the sale of all other products.

Sections VI. and VII. state truly enough: "That improvement in artistic taste promotes industry by increasing the skill and elevating the aims of our workmen, and by creating a demand for such improvements as add to the beauty and convenience of our homes, our dress, and everything









## THE ART UNION.

familiarity with the "models of all nations and all epochs," encourage Art as a source of pleasure and wealth, by establishing heavy export duties to prevent these articles from being sent to foreign markets, and instead of becoming a source of revenue, and instead of being taken into the country, this is the

We also believe in the use of Art in the decoration of houses and wealth; but we deny that any other nation so fully encourage the importation of Paintings, &c., they simply place them upon the same footing of all other imports.

about one-half of the average duties paid on other articles.

Paintings, &c., are not only a source of pleasure and wealth, but they are also a source of revenue. One of our friends, who is a member of the House of Representatives, recently stated to a *House Committee* that the duties on paintings would have been a heavy burden on the people.

Section IX states: "That while the existing duties on paintings, &c., are not called for by a law, the duties on paintings, &c., are not called for by a law."

As a statement of facts, this is true enough. Section X states: "That as a measure of the law, the law has proved a failure, since it has retarded the progress of the art, and has diminished the public revenue. At the same time, it has increased the cost of the art, and has increased the cost of the art."

It is a fact that the sales of Art are not so high as they were before the present law. The result of the art duty on foreign works, the sales of Art are not so high as they were before the present law. In fact, in even a greater proportion than

that they can be purchased at lower prices than before the imposition of the duty, all of which result

Section XI states: "That while the existing duties on paintings, &c., are not called for by a law, the duties on paintings, &c., are not called for by a law." but little effect in the importation of trashy works, which we do not want, is the case. The law is as prohibitory as the works of the highest class, which we do

only be a nominal tax on the works of the highest class.

premium for fraud on the part of the artist, and the conditions that relate to the business of art in this

market. European artists, therefore, want a free market

on, and a premium for fraud on the removal of all duties upon Works of Art, while they continue to pay duties upon every item of their own cases.

Artists, sculptors, architects, engravers and artists, who are the only owners, have no direct

please sign and return it to E. Woodbury, Jr., No. 42 East

League Club, but have modified your opinions upon further subject, and prefer the course of consideration asked for in this present memorial, it will be proper to sign this also, it being a document of

E. Woodbury, Jr., Secretary.

The art union is a source of pleasure and wealth, and the conditions that relate to the business of art in this

market. European artists, therefore, want a free market

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modification of the existing law, and a premium for fraud on the removal of all duties upon Works of Art, while they continue to pay duties upon every item of their own cases.





that gives pleasure to the mind or comfort to the body. That such improvement can be realized only by constant familiarity with the best models of all nations and all epochs."

Section VIII. states: "That other nations protect and encourage Art as a source of pleasure and wealth, by establishing Museums and Schools of Design. They encourage the importation of Paintings, etc., and sometimes even impose heavy export duties to prevent these articles from leaving the country. Our Government, on the other hand, is content to regard such objects solely as a source of revenue, and instead of inviting them into the country, this is the only nation in the civilized world that levies heavy duties to keep them out."

We also believe that Museums of Art and Schools of Design, by whomsoever established, would be sources of pleasure and wealth; but we deny that any other nations specially encourage the importation of Paintings, etc.; they simply place them upon the same footing of all other imports.

But our own Government does specially encourage the importation of art works, as the duties on such are only about one-half of the average duties paid on other articles.

That some countries impose heavy export duties to prevent Paintings, etc., from leaving them, is an item of news not generally known and needs verification.

One of our largest importers of Foreign art works recently stated to a *Herald* reporter, that, if the general business of the country were in a prosperous condition his importations would have been as heavy under the present Tariff as they were before the change was made.

Section IX. states: "That the law enacted in 1883, by which the duties were raised from ten to thirty per cent., was not called for by artists, was not advocated by the press, or demanded by the people; nor was the measure justified on the plea of public necessity."

As a statement of facts, this is true enough.

Section X. states: "That as a measure of financial policy the law has proved a failure, since it has restricted trade and diminished the public revenue. At the same time it has failed to benefit our artists, who unite in declaring that their sales have been less than before the present law was passed."

It is a fact that the sales of American pictures have been less than they were before the present law was passed; but, it is not ingenuous to insinuate that this falling off is the result of the art duty on foreign works, the sales of which have diminished in even a greater proportion than those of American works. Although the duty of thirty per cent. is supposed to advance by just so much the value of the foreign pictures that are already in the country, the fact remains that they can be purchased at lower prices than were obtained before the imposition of the duty, all of which results not specially from the art tariff, but from the general depression of the business of the country.

Section XI. states: "That while the existing duty can have but little effect in checking the importation of trashy pictures which we do not want, it is almost prohibitory as to works of the highest class, which we do want."

If this is true, then a moderate *specific* duty, that would only be a nominal tax upon "works of the highest class,

which we do want," and that would check only "the importation of trashy pictures, which we do not want," would be the solution of this vexed question, that would satisfy every one except the importers of the "trashy pictures" aforesaid. An *ad valorem* duty on Works of Art, is only a premium for fraud by dishonest importers.

The conditions that relate to the business of art in this country are different from those that obtain in Europe, where the production of art works is greater than the home demand. European artists, therefore, want a free market. If it is desirable to build up an American school of art, our resident artists should not be forced into an unequal competition, which would result from the removal of all duties upon Works of Art, while they continue to pay duties upon every item of their own expenses.

The accompanying petition is intended for the signatures of professional artists who produce Works of Art. Architects, engravers and artists who are only teachers, have no direct interest in the matter, and it is not desired merely to obtain a large number of names. If the petition meet your views, please sign and return it to E. Wood Perry, Jr., No. 42 East 14th Street, New York. In case you have already signed the petition circulated by the Art Committee of the Union League Club, but have modified your opinions upon further consideration of the subject, and prefer the course of Congressional action asked for in this present memorial, it will be perfectly proper to sign this also, it being a document of a later date.

By order of the Artists' Committee.

E. WOOD PERRY, JR., *Secretary*.

PETITION FROM ARTISTS' COMMITTEE TO THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES.

The undersigned, professional artists, engaged in the production of original Works of Art, and residents of the country, respectfully represent to your Honorable Bodies:

That as the resident American Artist is heavily taxed on every item of his living and working expenses in common with his fellow citizens, he should be accorded the same consideration as these, in the adjustment of duties on the importation of products that compete with his own professional productions.

That as the presence of Works of Art of a high order of excellence is a benefit to the country, it would be desirable to encourage their importation by the imposition of a duty that would be only a nominal tax upon them, and which would become lighter in the degree of their merit, while it would not encourage the importation of the inferior art work that has no claims to be treated in a different manner from other manufactures.

That any *ad valorem* duty would defeat these ends, and is, besides, a premium for fraud on the part of dishonest importers by means of undervaluation, which can be practiced with impunity, as no third person, but only the buyer and seller of a picture, can determine its cost at any particular date.

They therefore respectfully ask for the enactment of a modification of the existing law, that will substitute a moderate specific duty for the present thirty per cent. *ad*

*valorem* duty on all modern paintings and sculptures that are imported for private use or sale.

PETITION FROM UNION LEAGUE CLUB.

We therefore respectfully ask for the enactment of a law that will admit Works of Art, such as Paintings, Sculpture, Engravings, Casts, Models, Antiques and Photographs of such objects, free of duty.

BASTIEN LEPAGE.

BASTIEN LEPAGE, whose early death at the age of thirty-six occurred in December, was one of the strongest individualities among the younger French Artists. He was a Government clerk at Dansvilliers, but at nineteen threw up office work to follow the bent of his talent, and entered Cabanel's *atelier* in Paris, and in 1875 began to exhibit in the Salon. His line was portraiture and scenes of rustic life, which were portraiture also, not only of people, but of places. A searching literalism, held in check by and subordinated to definite artistic aims, extraordinarily vivid actuality, forced sometimes to an imitative point that suggested the use of the camera, and deliberate exclusion of not only cheap allurements, but of that prerogative of selection and elimination which the disciples of the ideal hold dear; these were some characteristic qualities of his art. We have seen nearly all his chief pictures in England: "The Wood Cutter," "Rustic Courtship," "The Beggar," "Pas Méche," "The Haymakers," "My Parents," "Portrait of my Grandfather," "Sarah Bernhardt," while the curious little portraits of the "Prince of Wales," and of "A Gentleman," hung in the Royal Academy, indicated more expressly the close technique and clinging epitome of characteristics which, perhaps, are found at strongest pitch in the portrait of "Albert Wolf," editor of the Paris *Figaro*.

It is said that his sitters' patience was severely taxed by the numberless poses demanded by the Artist, and that the portrait of Victor Hugo never reached completion owing to the poet's inadequate endurance on this head. Lepage has been accused of using his undeniable power to depict, by choice, only the sordid and repulsive side of the rustic life which he studied on his hard-won holidays from Paris. His village lover is a lout who picks his nails, and is not too clean; his haymakers look stupid from overmuch cider, as well as from labor in the hot sun; his old woodsman is pinched in soul by poverty and toil. Yet it must be allowed that there was pathos beneath the pain of these things, and beauty and freshness in the painting of out-door nature which enframed and enforced them.

M. Lepage may have mistaken the mission of art and missed his way in company with some of the realistic writers of the day, but, at all events, his teaching was pure in its honesty, and his work was the genuine and laborious outcome of a strong artistic individuality. At the recently opened galleries, called the Salon Parisien, in Bond Street, the last work of the Artist, left unfinished upon the easel, has been in view. It is a vigorous study of an chimney-sweep, grimy from work, eating his dinner in a wretched room, with cat and kitten for company.—*The Portfolio*.

A FRENCH ART PROTECTIVE SOCIETY.

THE *Chronique des Arts* gives the following extracts from the prospectus of a *Société Protectrice de l'Art Française* which it is proposed to organize in Paris. "A terrible crisis exists at this moment among all industries, and is felt most severely by the painters and the picture business. Independently of the general reasons for this great depression, the evil is also due to some particular causes that are well known."

"The exaggeration of the value of the works of certain masters.

"The erroneous belief that these works are alone worthy of a place in collections."

"The alarming increase of the sale of fraudulent pictures."

"The works of Corot, Diaz, Rousseau, Daubigny, Troyon and Millet, formerly so despised, have suddenly been sought to the exclusion of the works of all others, and have in a short time increased tenfold in value. Strange enough, the more the prices increase, the more the pictures advance in the favor of the public. There will soon be none of them for sale. Unscrupulous fabricators have profited by the rarity of these pictures and the blindness of the majority of amateurs, and have reaped easy and lucrative harvests. They have manufactured by wholesale these imitations and copies, with which they have inundated the whole world, confining themselves mainly to the counterfeiting of the works of the lamented masters who are no longer here to defend themselves."

"In order to meet this situation, to restore confidence and to give to the art business its former importance, it is necessary to destroy the business of these forgers; to prove to amateurs that it is easy to authenticate the originality of modern pictures; to persuade them not to attach themselves alone to the works of masters who are no more; to convince them, in fine, that we have other great painters whose reputation will equal that of their predecessors and whose genius they will regret later not having appreciated."

"Its first act will be to establish a bureau of experts which amateurs can consult in perfect confidence, and obtain the most reliable information. All modern pictures submitted to examination and recognized as original, will be stamped with a seal, which will be evidence of their authenticity."

"These pictures will at the same time be catalogued upon special registers which can be consulted afterwards."

"A great number of artists have already expressed the desire to have all of their recent pictures recorded in these books, and many of our collectors intend to have similar inventories made of their art treasures. If this example is followed, we will have in a few years the most valuable documents of modern French art."

In view of this "terrible crisis," it would appear that something should be done, but in the matter of making the Society's seal positive evidence of authenticity, we fear that the counterfeiters would at once rise to the occasion, and that it would then be necessary to have another seal to prove the genuineness of the seal of the Society, and later a third seal to authenticate the second, and so on *ad infinitum*.

—Ed.



## A LESSON IN ART.

I HAVE gone three or four times to see the Watts collection at the Metropolitan Museum, and each time have rebelled at the obviousness of its faults; for the faults are manifold and readily to be seen by an eye in any way trained to see form or feel the quality of things. The drawing is defective, the color is dry, muddy, and of an unpleasant mealiness, and in all the examples, with the notable exception of the portrait of Burne Jones, and several other of the portraits in a lesser degree—there is a most singular hardness which asserts itself alike through hair, flesh and draperies—all having the effect of being harshly cut out of wood. The large horses in the "Mid-Day Rest" are stuffed horses. Indeed, almost every one of the pictures has certain infelicities of expression that make it hard for one to get along into what the man meant by it all, and that almost compel one to think at first that, however much he may have meant, he certainly never arrived at anything. I am sure that after the first visit I was almost fortified in the conclusion that Mr. Watts was an intellectual man of rather a high order, who had mistaken his means of expression—an imaginative writer of prose, trying to paint, in fact; and in some sense I still incline to think that that is true. So strong is the human inclination to stop in intermediates, to regard the means rather than the end, that had this collection been shown by itself, I would scarcely have been able to prevail upon myself to look at it more than once; but as I had moved along, upon the occasion of my first visit into the north room, and fixed my attention upon the somewhat confusing portrait of "Katie," a young lady remarked, "Well, this helps Watts out," and, turning to a trifling but superficially clever picture by a popular painter near by, I was immediately, by contrast, impressed with a sense of deference for the before-seemingly somewhat absurd portrait of "Katie." Turning then, and looking into the west room at the portrait of Mr. John Taylor Johnston, by Bonnet, I was at once impressed by the superficial but vulgar perfectness of that work, and the real gravity and interior repleteness of the group of Watts' portraits hanging nearest me, which, by force of this contrast, were made manifest. Each successive visit served merely, through like, but more accentuated processes of feeling, to impress me, in the end, with the fact that Mr. Watts is a man who has something to say for himself of a large kind, which he does manage to say in spite of his halting method; and that almost all the other people whose works are hanging about, having nothing of any particular weight to utter, manage to unburden themselves with an easy flippancy, which, by contrast, is quite depressing.

In all this is a lesson for us all—a lesson we need continually to have impressed upon us in every way possible—for we are continually elevating manner over matter, regarding the way of saying a thing rather than the thing said, stopping, as I have said, in the means, and forgetting what we set out to do. The art for art heresy, rather than art for truth, has certainly never had more disciples than now. The prevailing tone of almost any exhibit of pictures

is of utter self-consciousness, of shallow show of technique, which, leading nowhere or to nothing, is vapid, enervating and infectious.

Faults of expression are faults all the same, when ever so great a thing is expressed in spite of them, and should be overcome at any expense of labor, because they are offensive, and as stumbling blocks in the way of those who sincerely want to see things as they are seen by the artist; but we must remember that great things, profound things; the interior truths which it is the highest function of art to make manifest, cannot be told in current language made for the conveyance of current thought. Platitudinous commonplace with enough show of cleverness to make it popular is easy enough to get at, and to do in any art, in any mode of expression; but to fit words, or form and color to the expression of these interior truths; to bring out of secret places images of secret things for the life of the world, is to fit a language to a new thing; is to convey with worn methods to the world what the eye of no man has seen before. So, as in the case of Mr. Watts, having once got where he is, through his work, and seeing things in some way, as he sees them from his place, we ought to be thankful enough, and forget that it was with a trembling hand and uncertain step he led us there.

—W. R. O'DONOVAN.

## SEVERAL BIRDS WITH ONE STONE.

AMONG all the persons who have talked or written about the forthcoming exhibition of the American Art Association, and the difficulty in the way of making awards that will give satisfaction to all parties concerned, it is singular that no one has suggested the following plan, which I am sure will give perfect content to a larger number of people than can be given in any other way.

It is well known that as artists object to lay judgments on their works, a jury chosen from the donors of the fund would not be an acceptable one.

The aforesaid donors naturally wish to have a hand in the distribution of their own money, and, besides, entertain the opinion that an artist is not only the poorest judge of his own work, but also the poorest judge of the works of other artists. Now, as each of the parties most interested have but little respect for the judgment of the other, a third party or umpire is needed, whom we will find in the person of the art critic. The art critics are endorsed by our great newspapers and magazines as thoroughly competent judges of art, as otherwise they would not employ them and accord them the whole influence of the publications.

Let these art critics constitute the committee on awards; shut them all up in a room, double lock the doors, bar the windows, and allow the survivor to deliver his own unanimous opinion. In this manner quite a number of birds may be killed with one stone, and we will all be happy.

—INDIAN RED.

It is claimed that Mr. G. I. Seney's collection cost \$800,000. As the pictures were purchased before the duty was imposed, they did not cost him this sum, and are now worth 30 per cent. more than what he paid.

## SUCCESS.

SUCCESS!—I just now find in a common, poor sort of dictionary, the dictionary every one uses without fear of too much information, that Success may be defined as "prosperity," or "a fortunate result"—prosperity and good fortune—a *fortune* probably the full meaning. I had not searched the dictionary intent on knowledge, but opened it by chance while thinking of the following lines by some unknown writer:—

"Success :

Prometheus writhing on his rock of pain,  
With his eternal chain,  
And with Jove's Vulture gnawing at his heart.

"Success :

In cultured Athens, in yon cell where lies  
Old Socrates the Wise ;—  
Drink up the hemlock dregs, and so depart !"

It would seem, then, that there are two kinds of success ; since the Promethean practice and the theory of Socrates do not agree with the every-day dictionary definition. Yet I may have been hasty and my construction insufficient when I narrowed "prosperity and good fortune" to so poor a meaning as only so many dollars a year, the fortune of a Rothschild or a Gould. A "fortunate result"—that must depend something on the aim. What was the aim of the Fire-Bringer ? He had the fortune to obtain the result he sought. For all his rock of expiation, his purpose had prospered, and fire remained his gift to man. Nor were the hemlock dregs so distasteful to the Wise Athenian. Would he have given up his wisdom for some more palatable savor ? Pleasant even the poison-taste of hemlock in comparison with a draught of the "good fortune" of folly !

Words, like swords, are two-edged ; like sticks, they can have two ends. The aged miser, who is nothing but a lifeless lump of bullion, may be called successful, truly fortunate in the result that satisfies him. That may be considered as the dirty end of the stick ; it has dabbled in the mire. The Promethean and Socratic end points "the other way."

This word *Success* is interesting to us all. From earliest youth to the grave's edge we cannot be indifferent to it. To lack success is to have an imperfect, an incomplete, a partially ruined life. How many fail ! How few of those who fail can say calmly and honestly, as the gray shadows of age begin to fold them in : "My failure does not too much grieve me. I have done my best ; I am not blame-worthy."

"'Tis not in mortals to command success ; I have at least deserved it. Fate only grudges me my wages—Fate, stronger than most earnest and ever-faithful Endeavor."

Surely to the artist the completeness and perfection of life ought to be more important than to ordinary men. For what sort of an artist is he who leaves Art out of his life ? The moral and further bearing of which observation I may leave to the preacher, confining myself here to the question which first set me on this track of thought, the question of *What is Success ?* Let me say in Art, for sculptor,

painter, poet, musician, or other servitor in Art's great temple.

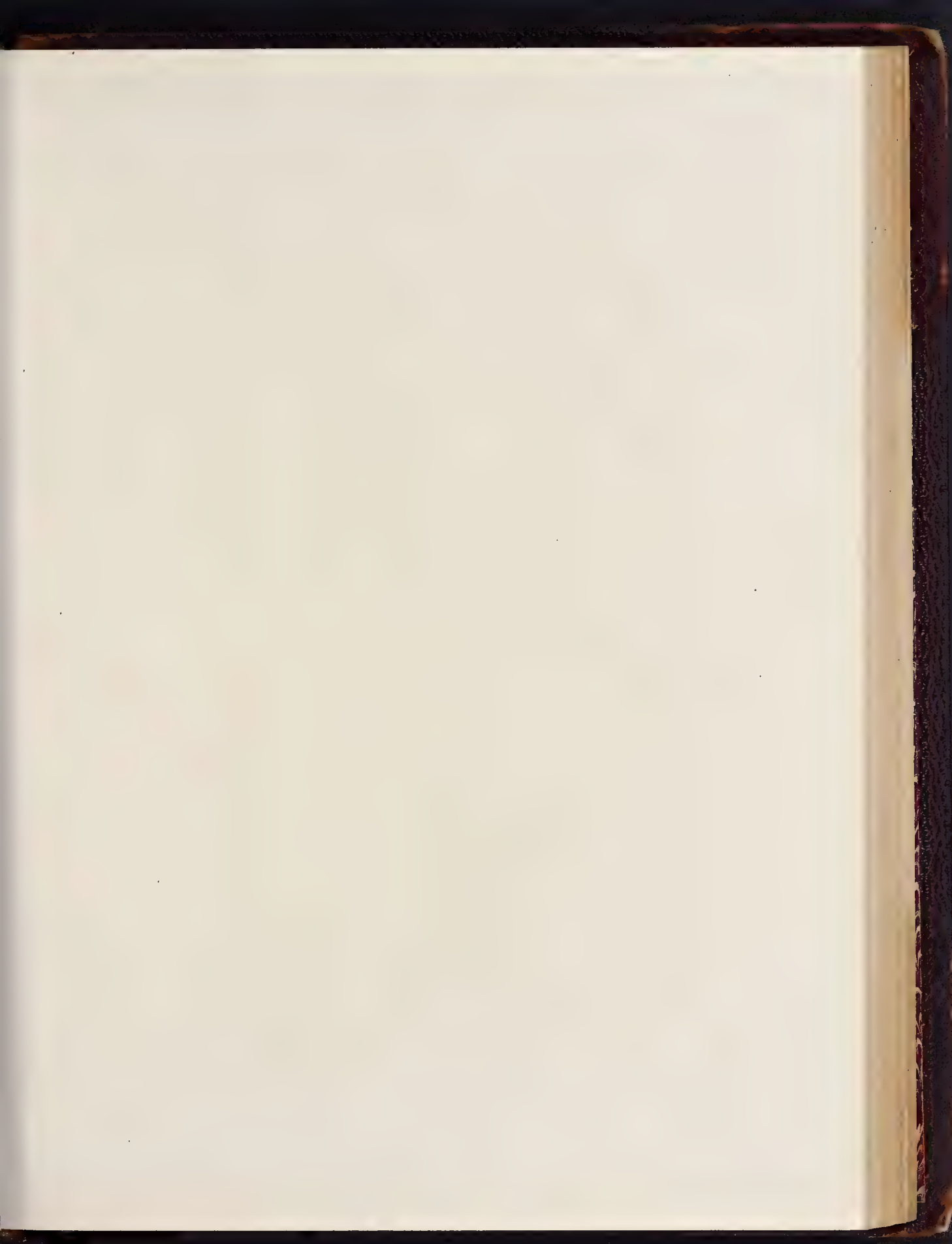
I will take the painter. His necessity of choice—standing as Hercules between Pleasure and Virtue—may not be quite so distinctly marked. By *pleasure* let us mean an easy life, with a delightful occupation, leading to good repute and wealth. By *virtue* we intend that purpose above pleasing, that close adherence to and devout study of his art, which will be surely slow in recognition, perhaps not recognized by his contemporaries ; which may keep him poor through life, and give him when most fortunate only the promise of a posthumous fame. Young Hopeful thinks he can go both ways. He studies, he knows something, it may be, of the laborious days and wakeful nights of the enthusiast. But greedy for a swift applause (and the desire of appreciation is natural and good) he forgets the diviner impulse ; plumes himself on partial praise ; is content with popularity, finds it pay, begins forthwith, however imperceptibly to himself, to paint for patron and purchaser, stoops to the level of a slave, repeats the ordered task, with increasing facility, perhaps, and even more admirable technique ; so slides along the slippery floor of fortune, having given up the care to climb, and settles down for life in that hollow place, the enchanted garden of rich and happy mediocrity, the quagmire in which is built the palace of—"Success." So the world, so his fellow artists even, so he himself may call it. The gods for all time know it by the name of *Failure*.

May not the painter be rich ? Wherefore not ? His calling is honorable, and should be of service to the world. A stock-jobber is not more worthy of a quite sufficient income. But the stock-jobber's "fortunate result" and fitting reward is in the stocks, an appreciable value. Is there no other fortunate result to be desired and sought for by the artist ?

I cannot measure an artist's success by the same rule as that of a shopman or a speculator. I cannot always call the "fortunate" artist successful. He has a stone-fronted mansion, gives excellent dinners, spends his money like a prince, has fair enjoyment of his surroundings, is a great man—yet does not appear to me to stand Saul-like above the herd. As he is an artist, I dare not call him successful.

Two men of the other class come before my thoughts—two men of the higher class of artists ; their names are known, their works not known well. The one, I am sure, was never spoken of as a "successful artist." The other could tell of years "hopeless and yet hopeful," "much disappointment," "again in regard to my works defeat, no reward, great loss." Yet, to my mind, these two men were pre-eminently successful. Though they acquired neither riches nor the pleasant applause of the multitude (even the critic, the appointed vindicator of unappreciated merit, passing by on the other side, unnoticed)—though both died comparatively young, their lives broken, their memory as once-living men left to the few, the very few who stood near them in affection and admiration—yet were they successful, in the highest meaning of the word. For they had achieved a fortunate result ; their purpose (within natural









## THE ART UNION.

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N. A.

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- X -

The Committee of the *Chamber*, relative to a

tates a work of art, even by a different art, or for industrial uses. M. Bardon has been instructed to prepare a new

opinions expressed by some of the members of the Commission.

Exposition. A souvenir album of 100 photographs of the

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considered in those days a sum of money considerably beyond the market value of the artist's work. A certain Scotch gentleman named Moore, a famous collector of pictures,

a year, greatly admired Turner's genius, and finding him

purchaser. Moore suddenly determined to make the artist an offer of a certain sum for the whole collection.

Turner did not at first feel displeased at this offer, but told his friend to go and wait about the streets for half

of the half hour, greatly to his disappointment. Turner

pictures even for a sum which, at that time, would be considered a very large one. Eight or nine of Turner's finest

WE print the following "original" anecdote, omitting the names, although we have a faint suspicion of having frequently met the same "old Joe" in a different

such an ignorant as to write about art!" "What!

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at \$15,000 or the "Glen Thomas" at 100,000 each. Con-





limitations, for there is in all art the unattainable) had prospered; they did work which will live.

The men I speak of are Alfred Stevens, the sculptor of the Wellington Monument in St. Paul's, than whom England has had no more thoroughly accomplished artist, and David Scott, the great Scottish painter. Unsuccessful shall we call these men? Their work lives and will live. How much will live, how much is worth living of the work of some "successful" contemporaries? —N. A.

#### PICTURE PRICES.

NOBODY can gainsay the reflections in the December ART UNION upon the custom that obtains with many artists, of naming one price for a picture, and accepting a lower one when offered; the arguments used were good ones, but, like most questions, there is also something to be said upon the other side—not in defense of the theory, which is sound, but in extenuation of the practice, which is not an unmixed evil. If the artists were backed by comfortable balances in the banks, the settlement of the matter would be in their own hands; but when the landlord, the butcher and the baker are clamoring for unpaid accounts, or when the summer's country studies are at stake, what is an artist to do except to make the sacrifice? He accepts the offered relief and hopes for better luck the next time.

A single man knows just how much it is worth while to endure for a principle of mere business expediency; but an artist with a needy family has no choice.

It is not alone in this country and with artists that this practice obtains, but all over the world, and with all classes of men, when they must have money or go to the wall.

Very few of our artists place exorbitant first prices on their works, prices which, if obtained, would give them the average incomes of other professional men; but no prices could be named that would be low enough to secure them from still lower offers from some buyers, although the majority of these, as shown by the sales book of the Academy, pay the published prices or let the pictures alone.

The question is not a new one, but one that has been discussed for years by the artists, and there seems to be no help for it except in a demand for pictures at least equal to the supply. —X.

#### COPYRIGHT IN FRANCE.

The Committee of the *Chambre*, relative to artistic property, has completed the consideration of the proposition of M. Bardoux, and has adopted its main features, which provide that, upon the complaint of the interested parties, any person will be punished who knowingly reproduces or imitates a work of art, even by a different art, or for industrial uses. M. Bardoux has been instructed to prepare a new draught of his proposition, which shall embody also the opinions expressed by some of the members of the Committee.

THERE will be no illustrated catalogue at the New Orleans Exposition. A souvenir album of 100 photogrammes of the "most popular" works is promised instead.

#### TURNER.

IT is a well-known fact that during the later years of his life Turner was unable to sell a large number of his pictures, although he seldom asked for them a higher price than the modest two hundred guineas, which was considered in those days a sum of money considerably beyond the market value of the artist's work. A certain Scotch gentleman named Monroe, a famous collector of pictures, enjoying an income of from twenty-five to thirty thousand a year, greatly admired Turner's genius, and finding him one day sitting solitary in his gallery, surrounded by some of his finest works, for which he had tried in vain to find purchasers, Monroe suddenly determined to make the artist an offer of a certain sum for the whole collection. "Let me have all these," he said, "and I will write you at once a draft for £25,000. Will you agree to that?"

Turner appeared not altogether displeased at this offer, but told his friend to go and walk about the streets for half an hour or so, and at the end of that time, to come back for his decision. This Monroe accordingly did, but at the end of the half hour, greatly to his disappointment, Turner answered him in the negative, refusing to part with his pictures even for a sum which, at that time, would be considered a very large one. Eight or nine of Turner's finest works were among those which Mr. Monroe would gladly have purchased with his £25,000, but as these identical pictures have since become the property of the National Gallery, the admirers of Turner will no doubt rejoice that the Scotch collector was so unsuccessful in his generous bid. —*Pall Mall Budget*.

#### AN ANECDOTE.

WE print the following "original" anecdote, omitting the names, although we have a faint suspicion of having frequently met the same "old Joe" in a different dress:—

Said an indignant artist one day to the editor of one of our prominent journals, "Mr. ———, why do you allow such an ignoramus as ——— to write about art!" "What! doesn't he write well about it?" was the reply. "Write well about it! he knows no more about art than a Hottentot." "Well that is extraordinary, for I've tried him on religion, literature, prize-fights, murders, and indeed everything else, and have found him a complete failure; but, believing that every man must be good for something, and as he had never been tried on art, I thought he must surely know something about that." —B.

It is announced that the Royal Museum of Berlin has just purchased, at the fabulous price of twelve hundred and fifty thousand francs (\$250,000), the famous portrait of Holzscherer, by Albert Durer, until recently exhibited in the Musée Germanique, of Nuremberg; but this picture is an infinitely cheaper bargain than "The Electoral Commission" at \$15,000, or the "Gen. Thomas" at \$10,000, which Congress is being extensively lobbied to purchase for our own national "Chamber of Horrors."



# The Art Union

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

## The Official Journal of the American Art Union.

Correspondence on Art matters is respectfully solicited.

Notices of all forthcoming Exhibitions and Art Sales throughout the country are desired, as well as copies of the Catalogues of Public and Private galleries and transient Exhibitions, and reports of Art Sales.

All communications relating to the Literary Department of this journal should be addressed to "Editorial Department American Art Union," No. 51 West Tenth Street, New York.

All communications relating to the Business Management of the Journal, or having reference to advertising in the Journal or Catalogues of The Art Union, should be addressed to "Business Department, American Art Union," No. 51 West Tenth Street, New York.

For terms of subscription to THE ART UNION, and rates for advertising in the same, see the "Business Department" of this Journal.

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## TO OUR FRIENDS.

We wish to thank our friends, and especially our journalistic friends, for the very cordial reception accorded to the several numbers of our first volume. We shall endeavor to merit the many pleasant words which have come to us, by striving to make each issue better than its predecessor.

The change from a monthly to a quarterly enables us to give several more pages of reading matter, and also to meet the great demand for original etchings by giving three of them with each number, which is not done by any other publication in the country.

NOTWITHSTANDING the well-known fact that nearly all of the artists who are not for free trade are in favor of a low specific duty, which will be only a nominal tax on works of any merit, yet many of the newspapers continue to misrepresent them, by stating that they wish a "prohibitive duty;" moreover, although the specific duty men claim the *right* to the same amount of "protection" that other citizens enjoy, yet they have from the outset declared that they were willing to waive this right in favor of *good* Art works—this will be the virtual effect of a moderate specific duty. As for the so-called Works of Art, that would be kept out of the country by a fifty dollar duty, let them stay out—we do not need them.

## THE WATER COLOR EXHIBITION.\*

THE American Water Color Society has opened its Eighteenth Annual Exhibition, in connection with the New York Etching Club. The catalogue is larger than any of its predecessors, and the increase is encouraging, since it has not been at the cost of quality. We have seldom, if ever, examined a water color collection so interesting. We shall not attempt to depreciate it by the stereotype that "it contains no great nor striking work." Masterpieces do not come every day. Who condemns the whole literature of the year because no new Shakespeare has appeared to give us another "Hamlet"? Casting our eyes—as Titian used to say, "the eyes of an enemy"—over our own last volume, we cannot find fault with these water color painters for want of thought, earnestness or high endeavor. We remember that our house may be of glass, and that there may be stones to receive as well as stones to throw.

We do not write, or even try to write, epic poems or philosophical treatises every day, or, indeed, any day, partly from constitutional inability, but principally because nobody would pay for them. In view of the necessity of prolonging life, prudence refers us to every-day topics—society news, the last pew-enrapturing sermon, the ferocious cocking main, the horse races, foreign politics, theatrical novelties, art exhibitions or Herbert Spencer's last book. The essay may be greatly inadequate to the theme; but, provided the articles are amusing, the publisher is complacent and the public satisfied, if not edified. What matters mediocrity? Author or artist may be dissatisfied with our summary estimate of the product of his prolonged labor—prolonged for months or may be years; but what of that, if the reading public is for a moment amused, though the criticism be shallow and the criticised indignant? The individual is sacrificed that the newspaper may be prosperous. Besides, painter or poet is used to it, as the fishwives' eels were to skinning.

Many of the water-colorists being members of the Art Union, we are cut off from the pleasure of pointing out their merits, or the pain of demonstrating their defects. If this were done, the society and its journal would have short lives—a consummation which our enemies might not regret. Moreover, the public—or at any rate picture-buyers—are very little influenced in making up their minds and in determining their purchases by what the journals say, and we do not propose knowingly to throw away our ammunition. We content ourselves with advising our readers to visit the exhibition, and examine the pictures for themselves. They will also remember, we hope, that the works are for sale, since artists must live, like inferior human beings. The pictures are numerous and various enough to gratify any taste, and to be compatible with the state of almost any purse. Some of these productions are of a quality which makes us ask why they were painted. But this may result from our own inability to read them aright. Their producers are not idiots, and must have had something to say. They are not bound to find ideas for themselves and brains for their critics.



## THE SPRING EXHIBITIONS.

THE hard times, although keenly felt by the artists, have in no wise diminished the activity that usually reigns in the studios on the eve of the annual exhibition, and the artists are busy with pictures for one or both of the exhibitions that are to open in April. The younger men will generally exhibit in both the Academy and the American Art Galleries, but the older artists will generally confine their exhibits to the Academy, not only because it is their own institution, but because they refuse to submit their works to the judgment of a jury whom they deem incompetent to decide upon the relative merits of works of Art. The leading foreign artists thoroughly feel the dignity of their profession and what is due to it, and would never consent to such a jury as is here proposed, and it is strange that many of our artists who have studied or are studying abroad should not have learned this all-important lesson from their masters. If such a thing would not be countenanced in Europe why should it be in this country? Are the laymen of America relatively better educated in Art than those of Europe? We think not. It seems to be taken for granted that our artists are as poor in spirit as they are reputed to be in money, and that for a little of the "vile trash" they will humiliate themselves, where bodies of physicians, lawyers, poets, musicians and scientific men would stand firm upon their professional dignity. If we wish our calling respected we must first respect it ourselves.

It is said that the large amount of money will atone for the indignity that is offered to the profession; not that any such indignity is intended, for we believe that the prizes are given from a sincere desire to encourage our artists to their best efforts; but the way in which it is done is a great mistake. As we advised in our last issue, if this *prize fund* could be changed into simply a *purchase fund*, there would not be the slightest objection to its being managed and awarded by a lay committee.

Because we object thus strongly to lay judgments of professional work, we have no quarrel with laymen; but on the contrary have every feeling of respect and friendship for them—our nearest relatives and friends are amongst them; it is by their support that we live, and we are pleased and encouraged when they like our works, even when the approval is not backed by a purchase. Many of them have more taste and more knowledge of Art than many professional artists; but all this does not qualify them to give judgment in this proposed competition. In such a case, where there will be such a variety in the subjects of the pictures, as well as in the stand-points taken by the painters in their treatment, the most gifted and learned artists might easily be at fault in deciding which one was absolutely the best.

The Academy showed its wisdom in having the awards of the Clark and Hallgarten prizes made by the votes of all of the exhibitors, in which the vote of the artist whose little flower piece is hung high in the corridor, is equal to that of the painter of the picture that has the place of honor in the main gallery. The decision of such a jury does not really

decide anything, and is not intended to, except the disposition of the money that is offered.

But there is another plan of the American Art Galleries which we heartily commend; it is that of maintaining a permanent exhibition of American pictures. There has been a great need of this for years, which the Art Union endeavored to supply; but the location selected was an unfortunate one that found no favor with either the members or the public, and was abandoned after the expiration of the lease. But the American Art Galleries are well located, are easy of access, and most tastefully fitted up. Pictures will there be seen at their best, and we hope that the permanent exhibition will secure the support of the artists and the public, and abundantly reward the enterprise of the proprietors.

## THE REASON WHY.

WE frequently see pictures with the Salon numbers on their frames, and are sometimes told that they were accorded places of honor in that exhibition. These two facts have been thrust onto our consciousness as positive proofs of the superior merits of pictures which to our unprejudiced judgments have seemed to be of very inferior quality. The following experience, related by Couture in his "Conversations on Art," will give an insight into the way such matters are managed in France.

It inflicts a sad blow to the traditional reverence we have entertained for French management of art exhibitions. However, it must be borne in mind that the officials who have the immediate charge of the arrangement of the pictures are not artists (for we do not believe that these, even in France, could be bribed). Although the most prominent of them, who are in power, are of course around occasionally, we see that their own pictures and those of their friends are well placed.

Couture relates that, meeting a former pupil, who was a very wealthy man, and telling him of his discouragements in finding all of the good places in the Salon given to others, was told by him that he did "not know how to get good places."

They went together to the ante-room of the Exhibition, and his friend said to him: "Go to that man and say to him, 'I have brought a picture here marked 334; if by chance you are able to have it well placed, I shall be much obliged to you,' and leave in his hand ten francs."

"I obeyed him, doing the same by each one of the assistants. Pointing out another, he said: 'To that one you must give twenty francs, he is the chief.' Eight days after the Exhibition opened; I had a superb place, and obtained my first public success."

THE Trustees of the Smithsonian Institution showed their appreciation of professional judgment on Art work, by submitting the works of the students to Messrs. J. Q. A. Ward, N. A., L. E. Wilmarth, N. A., and J. G. Brown, N. A. The same course has been followed for many years by the Cooper Union.

LOUIS H. STEPHENS.

WE do not propose to speak here at length of mere animal portraiture, nor of the fortuitous introduction of animals in pictures of human incident or of natural scene. Often they are used for the sake of variety, or of verisimilitude. Sometimes they help the story, as in "The Bishop" print in "The Dance of Death" series, in which the sheep, as the shepherd is struck down, are scattering in all directions. In sacred art they have a legendary significance. Such is the connection of the lion with St. Mark, and of the bull with St. Luke. The use of animals in Egyptian mythology influenced their employment in Christian art. They figure without any purpose except that of ornament in the margins of illuminated manuscripts. The great landscape painters know where to put their herds and flocks. Symbolic heraldry is full of mysterious creatures, fabulous and compound, mostly as much manufactures as the showman's mermaid.

The use of animals in fable has been partly determined by actual or imaginary qualities of character, and partly by supposed resemblances to the human physiognomy. The ass has probably been more commonly used by the fabulists, on account of his assumed stupidity, his humility, and his heavy and doltish appearance. The dog, the cat, the rat, the cock, have the preference of domesticity. The lion has had the benefit of his royal appearance, and although, as zoologists have determined, he is without any kingly traits of disposition, he has persistently figured as the monarch of beasts. For some reason, not easily determined, the goose has become the representative of natural silliness. The monkey is entitled to his reputation for mischief. The ant is, with equal justice, made the representative of assiduity and prudence. With the conventional notions of the physiognomies of animals the imagination has probably much to do. In the same way we think that we discover resemblance to animal faces in those of men and women. Thus it was said of the poet Wordsworth that he had a face like a horse, while President Van Buren's countenance was not inaptly compared to that of a fox.

As in the earliest religions animals received something like divine honors, they soon made their appearance upon monuments, tombs, and in mural painting and sculpture. They seem to have been thus reproduced less for artistic than mythological reasons. Their use in apologue is very ancient, and appertains to the earliest literature of India and Greece. It received illustration as art advanced, as a natural appurtenance, and, by the great variety of subjects which it offered, and their popular character, made a distinct province for itself.

The effort, however, to give a distinct moral character to animal figures did not come until long afterwards. Even in Bewick, admirable as his figures are, there is but little of this. His birds and beasts are well and naturally drawn, but they do not act. The same is true of Granville, and measurably of Kaulbach. In Landseer there is more of dramatic character, but the expression of his animals depends upon their surroundings.

The drawings of Mr. Louis H. Stephens, an American artist who died in 1882, seem to us to have a decidedly original character. The books which he illustrated have become scarce, but he was well deserving of a fresher remembrance than he is likely to secure. A great deal of his industry was wasted upon caricature of merely temporary and local interest, and in drawing for weekly newspapers. For what he could do best, and with the greatest pleasure to himself, there was little or no demand. While *The Riverside Magazine* lasted he was a constant contributor, and he did for it some of his best work, and some of his designs were printed in *The Young Folks*, a similar publication. He illustrated two fine imperial quarto volumes, "The Death and Burial of Cock Robin" and "A Frog He Would a Wooing Go," for which his designs were admirably lithographed by Bien; and he painted three or four important pictures in water-color, including "The Black Art," which when it was exhibited attracted much attention. He projected, with his brother, the comic weekly, *Vanity Fair*, which lasted only two or three years and failed for want of public support, notwithstanding it was by far the best publication of the class which we have had or are likely to have. It was printed during the Rebellion, and afforded ample motives for satirical drawing, but we do not think that was Mr. Stephens' strongest point. He could draw dudes, vagrants and Members of Congress very well, but not very much better than some others. We doubt if his heart was much in this kind of work. He loved the meadows, the woods, the barnyards and their denizens. He preferred to make pictures for nursery ditties. He had a passion for the grotesque and the bizarre. In this and in his fondness for crowding his drawing with small figures he bore no slight resemblance to Cruikshank when that master was in an imaginative mood, as he was when producing the remarkable frontispiece to the "Table Book," which contains a portrait of himself. Such pictures presuppose painstaking and patient handling and a talent for getting large effects from minute detail. A good specimen of Mr. Stephens' cleverness in this way will be found in his illustration of "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son," in *The Riverside Magazine*. The hubbub of the piece is amazing. No theft of a single pig ever made such a sensation before. Scores upon scores are looking down from housetops and out of lofty windows. It is a veritable tempest in a teapot—a rustic riot.

If Mr. Stephens' lines had fallen in present places, there would have been a plenty of employment for his pencil. But when he was in his prime, and capable of his strongest, the present public taste was yet to be formed, and the American school of wood engraving was yet in its infancy, nobody having done anything remarkable except Anderson, who was substantially an imitator of Bewick. *Harper's Magazine*, for which Mr. Stephens made a good many of his early designs, had not then attained, in its woodwork, the present finish and elegance to which competition has forced it. Yet while Mr. Stephens was thus engaged he continued to advance in his art. He loved it for its own sake, apart from public recognition, and went on in careful and



persistent study, and with an eye always open to natural models.

It seems a pity that an artist of such distinct and peculiar genius should be forgotten. It is greatly to be wished that a selection of his best drawings should be published in a form calculated to preserve his memory, especially as it is no longer easy to secure them. Whenever they appear at book sales there is usually a brisk competition for them, but they pass into private collections and are out of the reach of the general. A moderate reproduction of the finest, at a reasonable price, would give pleasure to a great many people and would serve to secure the remembrance of a gifted and excellent man.

#### AN ILL WIND.

IT is an ill wind that blows no one any good, and the present financial depression and consequent stagnation in the picture market ought not to be considered an unmitigated evil by the artists, since it has burst a bubble whose iridescent hues have for a long time deceived many people into becoming patrons of foreign art work, when otherwise they would have been interested in the art of their own country. The first steps in the growth of art are always in the line of portraiture, and there is no thought of any future realization of the money invested; but later on, when a taste for other kinds of art work is being developed, there is a natural desire that the pictures purchased shall have a market value that can be realized at any time; and this feeling has been adroitly worked upon by our foreign dealers, whose assertions have been implicitly believed, that their pictures were even better investments than gold or diamonds, as at any time they could be sold either here or in Europe for a large advance on their cost, and for a number of years their words have been borne out by facts. Like some fancy stocks, when many want to buy and few to sell, the prices advanced with every sale, and it appeared as if there were to be no end to the boom. But the end came the moment that the buyers were few and the sellers many, a condition due partly to the hard times, and partly to the fact that the high prices were of an unnatural, hot-house growth, and also that confidence in the genuineness of foreign pictures has been much shaken by the exposures of the past year; and it is now manifest, by the low prices obtained at recent sales, that foreign pictures, purchased at high prices from New York dealers, are by no means the safe and productive investments they have long been supposed to be. A reaction is now setting in, and many of our hitherto exclusively foreign art collectors declare, that they will buy no more foreign pictures, but will examine into the claims of American art work, and give encouragement to those of our artists who in their opinions deserve it, and who have been hitherto thoughtlessly ignored. That is all that any of us ought to desire, and it is the only course that will result in the building up of a school of art that will be an honor to the country and a credit to those who have thus assisted in its development.

—A.

#### ONE OF OUR JUDGES.

A MOST remarkable book is Mr. Conway's\*, with its three-fold contents—"History of the Woodcutters, Catalogue of Woodcuts, List of Books Containing Woodcuts." With the second and third divisions I do not meddle. They will be very interesting to bibliographers; and, I have no doubt, are not only carefully (that is evident), but accurately done. So far the book is probably a valuable addition to our stock of catalogue knowledge. But of the first part, professing to be history and criticism, something has to be said by a woodcutter.

Strangely inappropriate is the title of the book—"The Woodcutters of the Netherlands"—and also that of the first part—"History of Woodcutters"—since there are no woodcutters visible in the history. Notwithstanding, the table of contents to Part I. contains the following:

*Chapter II.*—The First Louvain Woodcutter, The Utrecht Woodcutter, The Bruges Woodcutter.

*Chapter III.*—The First Gouda Woodcutter, The Second Gouda Woodcutter, The First Antwerp Woodcutter.

*Chapter IV.*—The Haarlem Woodcutter, The Same Workman, or His School, at Antwerp; The Third Delft Woodcutter of This School.

*Chapter V.*—The First Zwolle Woodcutter, The Second Zwolle Woodcutter.

*Chapter VII.*—The Second Delft Woodcutter and His School.

*Chapter VIII.*—The Brussels Woodcutter, The Second Louvain Woodcutter, The Third Louvain Woodcutter.

*Chapter IX.*—The Third Gouda Woodcutter, The Fourth Gouda Woodcutter, The First Leyden Woodcutter, The Second Leyden Woodcutter, The First Schoonhoven Woodcutter, The Second Schoonhoven Woodcutter.

*Chapter X.*—The Second Antwerp Woodcutter, The Third Antwerp Woodcutter.

And in an *Appendix*—Arend de Keyser's Woodcutter.

After such an array, all between 1475 and 1500, has not the reader a right to look for something about these twenty-three men? Something personal, even; that at least we may know the name of one, or the monogram of another. Our author has not a single word to say of one of them. They are all men of buckram. What he means by this list is simply that he will speak of *the cuts* printed at Louvain, Bruges, Antwerp, etc., etc., and he chooses, without any ground for doing so, to attribute the work printed in each place to a separate woodcutter.

It is curious that a book (or only the most prominent and important part of a book) should contain nothing of its own "contents"; but, beyond noting the curiosity, I may let that go. My business is with what the book really does contain, which is, instead of any history of woodcutters, very much rambling criticism of woodcuts, judged of in a most remarkable and not altogether unusual manner.

To begin: Mr. Conway (plainly a poor follower of Mr. Ruskin—his speech bewrayeth him) informs us that "the

\*The Woodcutter of the Netherlands in the Fifteenth Century; by William Martin Conway. England: the Cambridge University Press.

system of working in pure outline, which the fathers of woodcutting had adopted, was a false one, because it could only be brought to perfection by great labor and care entirely disproportionate to the result" (p. 26).

Shade of the first father of woodcutting! What could you have found easier or less laborious than outline? By the fathers of woodcutting Mr. Conway means the early engravers; and, false or not the system of outline, he should have fathered it on the early draftsmen, since it is difficult to see how, when an outline drawing on a board was given to the cutter, he could possibly adopt any other system.

Then our critic proceeds to point out how in a certain cut "the lines do not bulge or bend, but where the *cutter* intended them to lie there they are set" (p. 30). But it was the draftsman who intended where they should lie, and the *cutter* only left them standing where they were set.

Another as innocent *cutter* is noted as "an unpractised hand," what so "marks" him being that "all the figures in his cut are the wrong way round, left-handed, their swords girt on the wrong side, and so forth" (p. 29). Indeed, sir, 'twas the *draftsman* was left-handed, and not the *cutter*.

A certain Gouda workman (that is to say, his cut was printed at Gouda, but no one knows where or by whom engraved) is "by no means without power," but is "held in by the materials with which he had to deal, and which he cannot reduce to subjection to his will. He is like a stammerer carried away by enthusiasm. . . . Now and then he bursts through his bonds and attains a real success." He had to cut some lines ready drawn for him "to show the effect of wind; a wind must blow something; here comes the difficulty. . . . You cannot get a wind-rent cloud to stand still. . . . In fact it has taken generations of hard-working men to learn how to draw clouds at all. So that our poor *woodcutter* [who had not to draw at all] was here fairly at his wits' end" (pp. 37, 38). All this enthusiastic stammering about the cutting of a few lines, with no materials but the drawing of the lines laid upon the wood and a small knife wherewith to cut them! Mr. Conway must have been mistaking this old knife-user for the wonderful engraver of the present Century, who goes out into the open air to work directly from Nature.

Be good enough to notice that nothing I have quoted can in any sense be applicable to the *cutter*!

I cannot refrain from yet another passage. It concerns the Haarlem woodcutter who had a school. If we could but learn who he was! Mr. Conway supposes him to have done a cut in which the water is "really water; it splashes about the feet of the horses," and is otherwise active. But our Haarlem *cutter's* work, in spite of this, is "most noticeable" for "the weakness of his lines. . . . He very seldom succeeds in cutting his edges clearly and firmly," etc.

"On the other hand, when spaces of white have to be dealt with, he is quite at home. . . . He is always able to outline a white mass correctly. The principal side of any of his black spaces is, in general, correctly drawn; but he cannot cut the other side clean—he cannot finish it as a line. He seems to have had a great facility in working, and

to have been eager besides, but he was fettered by the traditions of the school. He was forced always to cut in lines, and yet lines were the very things in which he was weakest. Thus from time to time he made a very bad block, and he never produced work of the first order. He was certainly the best woodcutter in his country at the time, but he fails from what he might have been, as many another has failed, by the throttling bonds of custom forcing him to do what even in doing he shows, consciously or unconsciously, to be wrong. When he has to cut clouds, or hair, or flames, or flowers, he lets his hand fly, and shows you how pleased he is to get a chance of digging into his block and thinking only of the piece he is cutting out—not of what he leaves standing" (pp. 63, 64).

To enable my readers the better to judge of the worth of this criticism, let me very briefly explain what was the process of woodcutting in those days—1475 to 1500. Evidence we have none of the work of that time being drawn and cut by the same man. It is quite an assumption on Mr. Conway's part, and yet that only could partially excuse his comments. The subject of a wood-cut was drawn in clear, black lines on a plank of soft wood. The only tools used were a knife, to outline every drawn line or to cut away small interstices, and a gouge and mallet, to clear away the large unoccupied spaces. Now, what is the meaning of being "quite at home when spaces of white have to be dealt with?" How shall one "outline a white mass?" And what can our critic understand by his "black spaces in general correctly drawn, but he cannot cut the other side clean—he cannot finish it as a line?" How shall a white mass be outlined with a knife? And what is the "other side" of a black space, and how shall a black space be finished as a line? Lastly, what are we expected to learn from our imaginary cutter's pleasure when he gets "a chance of digging into his block and thinking only of the piece he is cutting out?" Mr. Conway has read Ruskin, who wrote something of the sort—not as absurdly—of work to be done with a graver (quite another process), and this is how he applies his learning. Imagine a man before a plank, with a penknife (no other tool) in his hand, "bursting through his bonds," the "throttling bonds of custom," and letting "his hand fly" to the diggins! There is Mr. Conway's Haarlem woodcutter! Immediately beyond my quotation the pseudo-Ruskin stands confessed. "His shade hatchings usually present considerable variety. . . . short hatchings of all forms—one is never like its neighbor; the same is the case with jagged-edged lines." And "the attitudes of the figures are always unstrained." Is it not evident that the cut must have been by the Haarlem woodcutter, or the same workman, or his school?

So much for the critic! The historian's qualification may be shown in a single sample.

"We know that this printer employed one man, and possibly more than one, as founder of types; and it is not at all unlikely that he would retain for the work of his press one or more woodcutters. On the lookout for a good workman, he immediately engaged the Haarlem artist as soon as his occupation came to an end" (p. 74).



Known that he employed a type founder, he may have looked out for a wood-cutter; argal, the imaginary Haarlem woodcutter is the man. Q. E. D.

This book has the *imprimatur* of England's University of Cambridge. So histories and art criticisms are written. Of such writers are the judges of engraving.

—W. J. LINTON.

#### A LETTER FROM ITALY.

Bologna is the Porkopolis of Europe, and its sausages, redolant of garlic, are sent to all parts of the world to tickle the palates of the unprejudiced in smells. There are, no doubt, to-day, as there always have been, many good Bolognians who take more pride in their hogs than in their Saint Cecilia, and believe that their city must rest its unique reputation and chances of wealth upon the former rather than upon the latter possession. But the Bolognians who think so are unlettered and untraveled, and have never heard of the city in a new and distant country that arrogates to itself the proud pre-eminence of being *the* Porkopolis of the world, whose various preparations of the succulent pig far exceed in number and quality those of Bologna, even in her palmiest days, and whose citizens are reputed to rate the value of such raw materials and the facility with which they can be converted into wealth, as highly as do the Bolognians. If so, let the example of Bologna be set before their eyes.

More than three centuries ago, the good dame Elena, of the Bentivoglio family, ordered a picture from the painter Raphael, at that time the most famous artist in Rome. The subject is Saint Cecilia, who, listening to the divine music of a choir of angels, casts away her own instruments and turns her enraptured face heavenwards. Every traveler knows the picture, as a pilgrimage to Bologna simply to see this masterpiece is both a rigorous duty and a great pleasure.

Dame Elena, not being rich in gold, was forced to pay the painter partly with food and clothing as well as money. The picture was completed in the year 1516, only four years before the artist's death, and was placed in a church, where every one could freely visit it.

Churches in those days were not merely places of worship, but were also museums in which pious souls emulated each other in displaying whatever was beautiful or curious, and thus dedicating it to the glory of God and the blessed Virgin. The good dame died shortly afterwards, but the money she spent in securing this masterpiece to Bologna soon bore its abundant fruits, as the young artists were incited to follow in the footsteps of the master whose best work was constantly before them.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century the great painters of the Roman and Venetian schools were dead, and Italian Art seemed to have died with them.

In the midst of this general stagnation, the school of Bologna began to attract attention, and the pictures of the Carracci, Domenichino, Guido, Albano and Guercino, and their followers, were in great demand, and brought both wealth and renown to the artists and their native city. Although these Bolognians were, in the commencement of their careers, imitators of Raphael, they soon developed

into a new school of their own, whilst retaining in their work the ideal beauty that was characteristic of Raphael. Thus the small outlay of dame Elena was a good investment from a financial point of view, as it brought thousands of visitors to the city; for these pilgrims who came from far and near to pay their tribute of admiration to this miracle of art, do not journey like the pilgrims of old with shell and staff, trusting with simple faith to Providence for food and shelter; they have a prosperous, well-fed appearance, and are accompanied by their families, and the contents of their well-lined purses enrich the hotel-keepers, hack-drivers, guides and tradespeople who cater to their wants. These visitors are attracted to the city by its art treasures, and chiefly by the great work of Raphael, and not by the shining semi-circular tin boxes that fill the shop windows and once gave to Bologna its proud title of Porkopolis.

This painting, which is only a combination by cunning hands of raw materials, such as wood and pigments, which cost less than five dollars, has become the crowning glory of the city, while the once esteemed sausage has fallen into disrepute, to the great disgust of honest Signor Giovanni and his fellow raisers of pork.

"Corpo di Bacco and Sangue di San Pietro!" says he, mixing up heathen and Christian divinities in his rage, "to think that this Raphael, coming from the little village of Urbino, with his five dollars worth of wood and paint, trying to supersede us honest, hard-working natives of Bologna, who have raised thousands of pigs, each one of which consumed six times the value of raw material that he used in his picture. It is the production and consumption of raw materials that gave us our wealth and renown, so let us keep out such beggarly strangers as this Raphael, and our old industries will again resume their importance and Pork will once more be king."

My American reader, and readers in all countries which endeavor to prevent the introduction of Works of Art by placing a heavy import duty on them, remember that a Work of Art has a money value which increases with time; the presence of good Works of Art creates a public taste for art, and it behooves a nation caring for the education of its citizens to encourage in every way the production and introduction of the best existing art works.

Raw materials are good things, and all honor to the men who produce them; but an equal if not greater honor should be given to the man who is able to form from them an object of a much larger value. Nations that are old in knowledge and wisdom, appreciate the worth of great Works of Art; and Italy, though teeming with Art Treasures and staggering under heavy taxes, retains as an organic law, that no masterpiece in private hands shall leave the country without the permission of the Government, which reserves the right to purchase it at the price offered. So much from the money point of view; but there is such a thing as reciprocal courtesy, which should mark the intercourse of individuals and nations. The great public and private collections, and the art schools of such art centres as Rome, Paris and Munich, are generously thrown open to the American students, and they are allowed to compete for

prizes in the National Exhibitions; but the American Government reciprocates this generosity by placing a tax of thirty per cent on the works of the men who give gratuitously to the American students all their ideas of art. To this and other oppressive duties, some countries have replied by the invention of trichina in American pork. Americans deny its existence, but the European statesman answers with a smile, "It may or it may not be a scientific fact, but we have made it a diplomatic fact; for if you think you have the right to drive our pictures and statues out of your markets by high protection tariffs, do not object when we drive your pork from the European markets by the invention of trichina for American pork. If you persist in retaining your high tariff, we reserve the right to invent a vegetable trichina for American breadstuffs."

It is an ominous fact, that no American received a prize in the last Exhibition of the French Salon, although it was admitted that some medals were deserved as much as in preceding exhibitions where they were awarded. Are Americans so blind that they are determined to force European governments to invent an artistic trichina which will drive every American artist out of Europe, and thus kill American Art in its infancy?

ROMA.

#### ART EDUCATION.

IT is undisputed that our common schools are the best in the world, and our best colleges second only to a few of the famed universities of Europe. These results are due to the early interest taken in such institutions, dating almost with the landing of the Pilgrims. The American, even then, believed that his hardly earned money was well spent in providing for the higher education of his minister, his doctor and his lawyer; their callings were esteemed to be among the necessities of life, and the better their education, the more useful they became as citizens. Art was not thought of at all, and indeed even now it is generally regarded as a superfluous and expensive plaything that brings no wealth to the country. But how mistaken our people are even in this view of the question, will be seen by the following extract from the *Baltimore Sun*:

"That education in its widest sense should deal with all the faculties of body and mind, and should embrace manual training, has been gradually recognized by all nations—by France among the first, by the United States among the latest. The spoliation of France after the Franco-Prussian War would have destroyed many a nation; but she had a monopoly in the markets of the world for many kinds of commodities which depend upon design and finish, and in which she had scarcely a competitor. Her skilled labor brought in its account against the world, and every civilized nation contributed to her prosperity. The foundations of her success were laid when art schools were first established for the instruction of her children. These schools have been multiplied until they exist in all the cities and manufacturing communities in France, and the French workman has become the most accomplished artisan that the world has ever seen. America alone imports from three to four hundred

millions' worth of the productions of French industrial art. The French Government and the French people are proud of this eminence and recognize its importance, and treat it in a thorough and careful manner. Government aid to art education is never contested in France. The question is regarded as one of public interest, and the current administration might as well abdicate its power as ignore its responsibility for the support of art schools, and every Minister of Public Instruction, from M. Cousin to M. Ferry, has used his influence in their behalf. They are placed under his authority. The instruction is free to all, the law is equal to all, and there is an opportunity for every boy in France, however poor his circumstances, to obtain an art education which shall cost him nothing."

Within a few years there have been many generous bequests for the founding of art schools and museums; but they are all in localities which, not being art centres, are extremely unfavorable to any considerable efficiency. But it is strange that New York City, the home of almost all of the best artists of the country, and the possessor of the finest collections of American and European art works, should have received no such gift,—that the Academy of Design, which has had an active existence of sixty years, and whose sound financial condition proves that artists are capable of successfully managing a large institution, should have received but one bequest for art education. It may be that the idea obtains that the Academy is wealthy and needs no more money. To be sure, its building is free from debt and a fund is being accumulated for its further extension; but a good deal of money is expended every year on its crowded schools, whose larger development is cramped by a want of both room and means.

In art, as in commerce, this city will always be the great metropolis of the country. The annual exhibition of the Academy is now acknowledged by all of the artists to be the great art arena of the year, and, in spite of generous provincial efforts, in this city will be the dominant art school. Sooner or later, our rich men will perceive in this fact an unequaled field for the employment of a portion of their wealth. There are so many religious, educational and charitable institutions, that no one stands out in acknowledged supremacy; but there can be but one great art institution in a country, and that must be in its commercial metropolis. In New York, some great art school—the National Academy of Design, or some other—will be to the United States what the *École des Beaux Arts* is to France, and the Royal Academies of London, Berlin, Munich, Vienna and Rome are to England, Germany, Bavaria, Austria and Italy.

Who will be the honored promoter of such an institution?

THE SALMAGUNDI SKETCH CLUB.—Measures will soon be taken to incorporate the Salmagundi Sketch Club under the title of "The Salmagundi Club and Black and White Society of America." The Society originated in a movement towards sociability and good fellowship among a small number of artists, but has developed into the professional organization that has become so widely known.



## THE GREAT DUTCH SCHOOL.

IT has been truly said, that "there can be no great school of art in a country that is not in accord with its civilization," and Taine, in "The Philosophy of Art in the Netherlands," says that, "at the time when the War of Independence begins, the painters of the North are laboring to convert themselves into Italians like the painters of the South," very much as some of our own artists are doing when they try to be Frenchmen or Germans.

But after the year 1600 a complete change took place, and the great Dutch school had its rise, of which Mr. Taine further writes:

"It exacts and provokes the representation of man as he is and life as it is, both, as the eye encounters them—citizens, peasants, cattle, shops, taverns, rooms, streets and landscapes. There is no need to transform them in order to ennoble them; they are satisfied if they are worthy of interest. Nature, in herself, whatever she may be, whether human, animal, vegetable or inanimate, with all her irregularities, minutiae and omissions, is inherently right, and, when comprehended, people love and delight to contemplate her. The object of art is not to change her, but to interpret her; through sympathy it renders her beautiful. Thus understood, painting may represent the housekeeper spinning in her rural cot, the carpenter planing on his work bench, the surgeon dressing a rustic's arm, the cook spitting a chicken, the rich dame washing herself; all sorts of types, from the rubicund visage of the deep drinker to the placid smile of the well bred damsel; every scene of refined or rustic life—a card party in a gilded saloon, a peasant's carouse in a base tavern, skaters on a frozen canal, cows drinking from a trough, vessels at sea; the entire and infinite diversities of sky, earth, water, darkness and daylight. Terburg, Metz, Gerard Dow, Van der Meer of Delft, Adrian Brouwer, Schalcken, Franz Mieris, Jan Steen, Wouwerman, the two Ostades, Wynants, Cuyp, Van der Neer, Ruysdael, Hobbema, Paul Potter, Backhuysen, the two Vanderveldes, Phillip of Koenig, Van der Heyden, and how many more! There is no school in which artists of original talent are so numerous.

"When the domain of art consists, not of a small summit, but of the wide expanse of life, it offers to each mind a distinct field; the ideal is narrow, and inhabited only by two or three geniuses; the real is immense, and provides plans for fifty men of talent. A tranquil and pleasing harmony emanates from all these performances; we are conscious of repose in looking at them. The spirit of the artist, like that of his figures, is in equilibrium; he should be quite content and comfortable in his picture. We realize that his imagination does not go beyond. It seems as if he, like his personages, were satisfied with mere living. Nature appears to him excellent; all he cares for is to add some arrangement, some tone, side by side with another, some effect of light, some choice of attitude. In her presence he is like a happy wedded Hollander in the presence of his spouse, he would not wish her otherwise; he loves her through affectionate routine and innate concordance; at the utmost his chief requirement of her will be to wear, at some festival, her red

frock instead of the blue one. He bears no resemblance to our painters, expert observers taught by æsthetic and philosophic books and journals, who depict the peasant and the laborer the same as the Turk and the Arab—that is to say, as curious animals and interesting specimens; who charge their landscapes with the subtleties, refinements and emotions of poets and civilians in order to rid themselves of the mute and dreamy revery of life. He is of a more naïve order; he is not dislocated or over-excited by excessive cerebral activity; as compared with us he is an artisan; when he takes up painting he has none other than picturesque intentions; he is less affected by unforeseen and striking detail than by simple and leading general traits. His work, on this account, healthier and less poignant, appeals to less cultivated natures, and pleases the greater number."

## THE MABUSE AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

SOME faint idea may be formed of England's wealth in the works of the masters, from the fact that although for sixteen years there has been an annual drain on the private art collections for the exhibition at Burlington House, "the present exhibition not only shows no falling off from most of those which have gone before, but its general standard is even higher than that of most of its predecessors, and among the two hundred and fifty-six pictures of which it is composed, a very small number indeed are unworthy of a place in any permanent collection in the world."

"The most astonishing picture in the galleries is the great Mabuse, from Lord Carlisle's gallery at Castle Howard. This painting is said to have cost the artist seven years of unremitting labor. The subject is, "The Adoration of the Magi." It measures three feet seven inches by five feet six inches, and is signed in two places; exhibits the fullest attainments of the artist in his first period, before his visit to Italy."

"It sets forth the incidents of the Gospel story within the ruins of a palace,—the lowly mother and the Holy Babe, the offerings of the three kings from a far land, and the worship of the shepherds, with a multiplicity of figures, human and angelic, elaboration of sumptuous garments and objects, the beasts of the stall below and celestial visions in mid-air,—all with that strange admixture of homeliness and dignity that belong to the early Flemish school, together with a rich, sonorous color, and a solid, well fused impasto, that make pictures beside it look thin and pale."

The article headed "The Water Color Exhibition" was written with the expectation of its being published before the close of the exhibition, but as it contains some thoughts that are of general application, we retain it, although it may appear to be "a day after the fair."—Ed.

ONE of our artists recently refuted some adverse criticisms by a sledge-hammer like answer. His illustration in one of our weekly papers was criticised as being entirely out of proportion, and he now simply publishes the photograph from nature from which his drawing was accurately made.

## THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF ART.

AN exhibition of American paintings is shortly to be held in New York under distinguished patronage, at which various prizes are to be awarded for the works which meet the highest approval of the designated judges, and the promoters of the exhibition expect that it will exert a most important influence for the encouragement of American art. It is strange that the unvaried experience of the past has not sufficed to show that the offer of prizes is not the way to get good pictures painted. There has been some experience of this sort in Philadelphia within a very few years, and it has been found that the offer of prizes failed utterly to stimulate competition among painters of rank and ability. The reason of this is plain. Even granting that the judges are such as to command confidence, so that a prize would be a recognized distinction, there are not many painters whose fortunes are sufficient to enable them to practice their art for glory alone. The beginners, who do not make a living by their art, may paint pictures for the chance of a prize, but the result will not be of great value. The capable men cannot afford to waste their time upon uncertainties.

People who complain of the smallness and unimportance of most of the work that is done in this country forget that no important work ever was done in any of the arts unless somebody wanted it done and was ready to pay for it. Michael Angelo and Raphael and the Venetians did all their great work under direct commission from the ecclesiastical and civic dignitaries of their time, and they never could have done it otherwise. All the most important of the modern work in Europe, in painting and sculpture, has been produced in a similar way, either by orders from intelligent patrons or by the certainty of finding a purchaser when the work was done. But an American painter seldom can afford to devote his time to a serious composition, for the simple reason that there is no sale for it, and he must paint what he can sell.

Mr. Hovenden never could have produced the very remarkable picture of John Brown, which has lately been attracting so much deserved attention, unless he had been commissioned to do so. The risk would have been too great, since the work necessarily interrupted the painting of the excellent but comparatively insignificant studies of every-day life, for which he finds a ready market. And Mr. Hovenden is only one of many capable artists whose achievement is limited by the discouraging conditions with which they are surrounded. They cannot even aspire to a Government purchase; for Congress, instead of giving commissions to painters or sculptors of repute, degrades the whole business to flagrant jobbery in which a self-respecting artist can have no part, while the extravagant purchases of foreign pictures by private collectors and even by public institutions are a direct discouragement.

If, instead of getting up exhibitions and offering prizes, some of our rich men would once in awhile give a liberal commission to a painter of approved ability, American art would not be lacking in serious and notable achievement.

The way to get good pictures painted is to want them, and to make it worth while for painters to produce them. This is the true meaning of art patronage. Riches cannot produce art, but they can foster it, and they can equally obstruct and oppress it. If there were more rich men in America with the good sense of the Hartford enthusiast for John Brown, there would be more American painters producing work of permanent value and importance.—*Phila. Times*.

## DUTCH LOVE OF ART.

SAYS Pareval, referring to the love for art shown by the Dutch of the seventeenth century:

"There is no bourgeois so poor who does not liberally indulge his taste this way. A baker pays six hundred florins for a single figure by Van der Meer, of Delft. This, along with the neat and agreeable interior, constitutes their luxury. They do not grudge money in this direction, which they rather save on their stomachs."—*Taine's Art in the Netherlands*.

## FRENCH INTEREST IN ART.

DURING the last fourteen years the French Government has expended more than two and a half millions of dollars in purchases from and commissions to artists. In addition to this, a large amount has been spent upon art education, for the results of which the United States pays many millions of dollars every year. How much has our government paid out for art works or art education in the same time?

## RED TAPE IN FRANCE.

AN under-secretary of the Department of Fine Arts one day visited the manufactory at Sèvres. Entering a room, whose windows only gave a dull and niggardly light, he remarked to the director: "These windows are disgracefully dirty." He replied, "That is true on the outside, but observe how they shine on the inside."

"Very well," said the secretary, "let them be cleaned on the outside."

"Impossible," answered the director, "that is beyond our authority; the outside of the building belongs to the Department of Public Works; the Department of the Fine Arts has charge only of the interior of the building."

THE near approach of the spring exhibitions naturally brings the more or less dreaded critic to the front in the minds of the artists, which probably accounts for the receipt of several communications in which allusion is made to these gentlemen. There are a few of the art writers who really love art, and feel kindly towards the artists; but when a class is attacked of course the few exceptional individuals are never considered out. However, in our case no great harm is done to the critic, and the artist is pleased to score a small point in return for many received.

We learn on going to press that the sales at the Water Color Society's Exhibition were about \$4,000 in excess of those of last year, making some \$22,000, exclusive of more than \$2,000 worth of etchings sold.





## The Art Union.

### BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

#### THE AMERICAN ART UNION.

The American Art Union, a society of American artists, including representatives of all the different schools of art, has been organized "for the general advancement of the Fine Arts, and for promoting and facilitating a greater knowledge and love thereof on the part of the public."

Nearly all of the leading artists of the country, representing the various schools, are enrolled among the active members of the Art Union, and its President and Vice-President hold similar offices in the National Academy of Design. The Honorary Membership includes some of the most distinguished amateurs and friends of art in the country.

#### BOARD OF CONTROL, 1884-1885.

D. HUNTINGTON, *President*. T. W. WOOD, *Vice-President*.  
E. WOOD PERRY, JR., *Secretary*. FREDERICK DIELMAN, *Treasurer*.

W. H. BEARD, HENRY FARREK, T. MORAN,  
ALBERT BIERSTADT, EASTMAN JOHNSON, WALTER SHIRLAW,  
HARRY CHASE, JERVIS McENTEE,

#### PROSPECTUS OF THE ART UNION

FOR 1885.

During the coming year, the second of its existence, THE ART UNION will be published quarterly; and in addition to other illustrations, from time to time, each number will contain three separately printed proofs of original etchings by some of the best known artist etchers in the country; these will be printed upon thick paper with margins suitable for framing, and alone will be worth several times the price of the subscription.

THE ART UNION is the official journal of the American Art Union, an association of nearly two hundred professional artists, whose contributions give it a character entirely distinct from that of other publications which present only the journalists' views upon art, while in THE ART UNION art will be considered from the artists' standpoint.

The price of the subscription for THE ART UNION, for 1885, will be Three Dollars, payable in advance.

On the payment of Two Dollars additional, there will be sent to the subscriber, postage paid, a proof on India paper, of the etching, by W. Shirlaw, of "The Reprimand," from the original picture by Eastman Johnson. Size of plate, 13x16 inches, mounted on heavy plate paper, 19x24 inches. This is acknowledged to be the best plate from a figure picture that has ever been made in the country. The dealers' prices for similar prints are from Fifteen to Twenty-five Dollars.

Any person sending four subscriptions, will receive one additional subscription free of charge.

Any one having purchased a single number for 1885, can complete the subscription for the year by the further payment of Two Dollars.

Single copies, One Dollar each.

The first number will be published on March 1st, 1885, and will contain etchings by T. W. Wood, K. Van Elten and J. C. Nicoll.

E. WOOD PERRY, JR., *Secretary*.

51 West Tenth St., New York.

#### TO ADVERTISERS.

The rates for advertisements in the ART UNION are for each quarterly issue:

Whole Page,	-	-	-	\$30.00
Half Page,	-	-	-	18.00
Quarter Page,	-	-	-	10.80

or \$2.10 per inch for less than a quarter column of ordinary space.

#### OUTSIDE COVER.

Whole Page,	-	-	-	\$50.00
Half Page,	-	-	-	30.00
Quarter Page,	-	-	-	18.00

#### DISCOUNTS ON THESE RATES:

On four insertions,	-	10 per cent.
On three " "	-	7½ " "
On two " "	-	5 " "

Copy for advertisements must be received on or before February 1st, May 1st, August 1st and November 1st, in order to appear in the following number.

A copy of the publication will be mailed to each advertiser, during the period that his advertisement runs.

Address "Business Department,"

AMERICAN ART UNION,

51 West Tenth Street, New York.

#### OUT-OF-TOWN EXHIBITIONS.

ONE of the objects of the formation of the American Art Union was that the society should be the medium between the several exhibition associations of the country and the artists, to conduct negotiations that might be mutually advantageous—to furnish such associations with meritorious collections of pictures without giving them the trouble of dealing with individual artists, and on the other hand, to obtain from the artists guarantees of sales to an amount proportionate to the number and value of the pictures exhibited.

CORRESPONDENCE is requested from friends of art who may wish to hold exhibitions in their several cities during the coming year.

TO ART SOCIETIES.—We invite the secretaries of the various Art Societies in the country to send their addresses, that we may send them a specimen number of this journal.

## PRESENT AND FUTURE ART EXHIBITIONS.

**PRESENT**—A COLLECTION of about sixty paintings by George Frederick Watts, of London, is now on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Central Park, Fifth Avenue and Eighty-second Street. An article concerning these pictures will be found on another page.

**THE LENOX LIBRARY**, with its collections of paintings and sculptures, is open to the public on Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, from 11 A. M. until 4 P. M. Tickets, admitting a specified number of visitors, may be obtained *free* on previous application by postal card, addressed to the "Superintendent of the Lenox Library," Fifth Avenue and Seventieth Street.

**THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, Second Avenue and Eleventh Street, contains an excellent collection of early American paintings and a number of examples by the Old Masters. There are in all 791 pictures in well lighted galleries. Visitors may obtain access to the galleries *free*, by procuring a ticket from a member of the society.

**BROOKLYN ART ASSOCIATION**.—There will be an exhibition of water-colors at the Brooklyn Art Association in March, to last two weeks. Artists in all parts of the country are invited to send one or two of their works.

**BRUSH AND PALETTE CLUB**, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y., will hold its Third Annual Exhibition and auction sale in Providence, R. I., in February.

**PAINT AND CLAY CLUB**, Boston, Fourth Annual Exhibition at the gallery of the Art Club, from February 23d to March 14th.

**SPRINGFIELD, MASS.**, Eighth Annual Exhibition of paintings by American artists at James D. Gill's art galleries.

**NEW HAVEN, CONN.**—Exhibition of paintings by American artists at Evarts Cutler's Art Galleries.

**FUTURE**—**THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN** will open its Sixtieth Annual Exhibition on Monday, April 8th, and close the same on Saturday, May 18th. The press view will be given Friday, April 5th, after 2 P. M., and the Academy Reception will be held on Saturday evening, April 6th. The Hallgarten and the Clarke Prizes will be awarded to successful exhibitors, again, this year. Particulars regarding these prizes were given in the January number of *THE ART UNION*. The Hanging Committee for this Exhibition consists of William Hart, Thomas Hicks, Winslow Homer, Thomas Hovenden and E. L. Henry, of the Academicians, and J. C. Nicoll and G. H. McCord, of the Associates. Circulars for this Exhibition may be obtained from T. Addison Richards, N. A., Secretary of the National Academy, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street.

**THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO** will hold its Annual Reception and Loan Exhibition February 17th.

**PROVIDENCE ART CLUB**, Annual Exhibition in April.

**THE AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION EXHIBITION**.—Works for the prize exhibition will be received up to March 15th, 1885. Exhibition to open at the galleries, No. 6 East Twenty-third Street, on Monday, April 7th, 1887.

**THE TENNESSEE ART ASSOCIATION**, First Annual Exhibition at Nashville, Tenn., to open March 30th.

**NEW ORLEANS**.—It is impossible to state whether the Art Exhibition is a present or future affair. The pictures were collected in November, and no tidings have yet come that the Art Department has been opened. It is to be hoped, although doubtful, that the paintings will be returned to their owners free of expense.

## DISPOSAL OF ART UNION PICTURES.

CIRCULARS have been sent to the subscribers to *THE ART UNION* for 1884, notifying them that the Board of Control has delivered for their account, to a committee, twenty-one Works of Art, *viz.*: fifteen oil paintings, three water colors, and three framed etchings, valued at \$2,050. The subscribers' committee, Messrs. Calvert Vaux, Wm. C. Church and Ogden N. Rood, are now in possession of these paintings, and will dispose of them as the majority of the votes of the subscribers may direct. Every subscriber for 1884 will be duly notified of the final disposition of the collection when made by the committee.

## THE ETCHING, "THE REPRIMAND."

THE etching, "The Reprimand," by Walter Shirlaw, after Eastman Johnson's picture, which is given as a premium to each annual subscriber of five dollars to *THE ART UNION* for 1885, has been characterized by competent authority as the finest figure etching thus far produced in this country, and one of the finest that has been published in the whole history of etching.

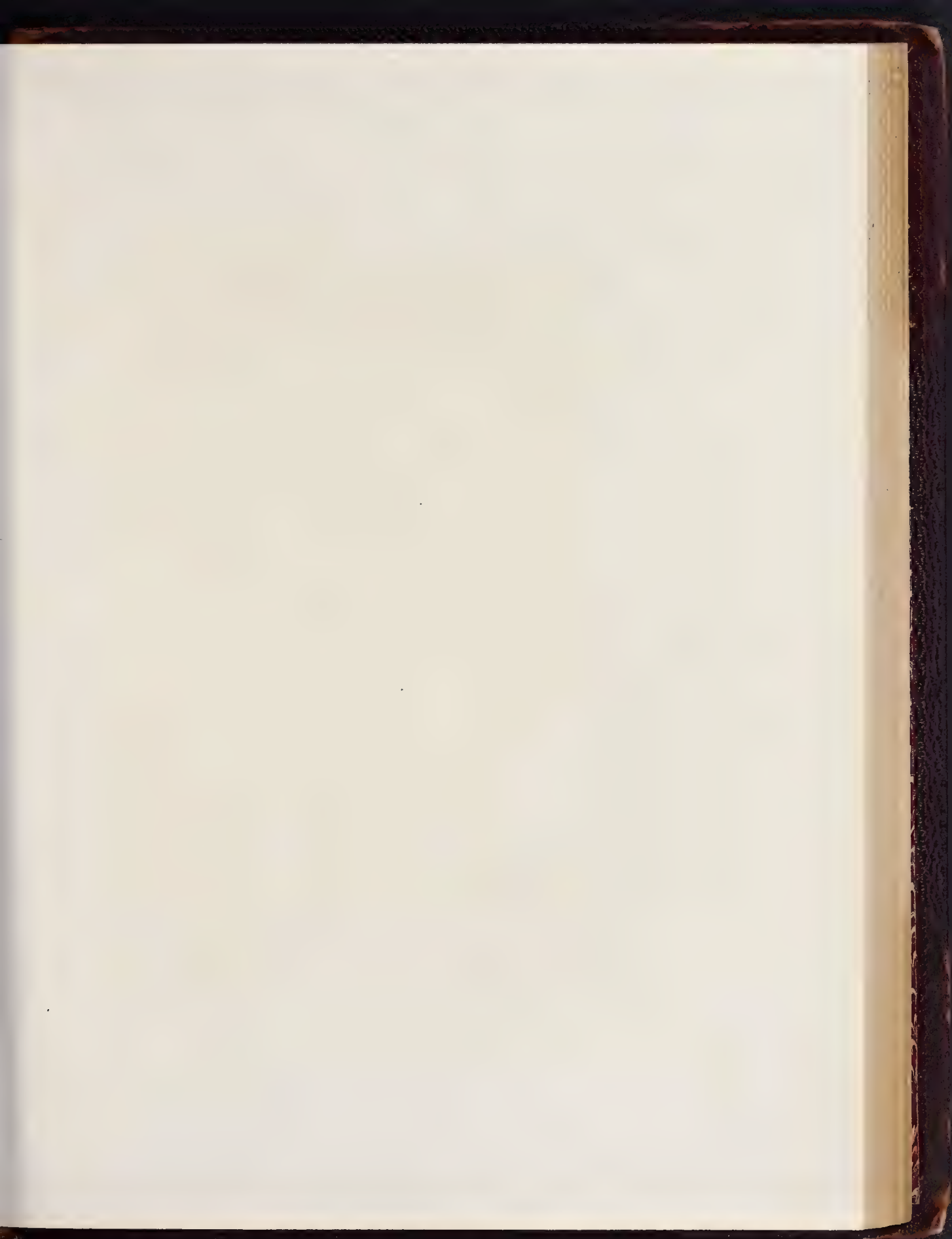
"The Reprimand" shows the interior of an humble cottage with a broad, open fire-place. An old man is sitting near the chimney, and leaning forward, with severe expression, is reproving a young girl, who stands before him, for disobedience. His words, however, are slightly heeded; she has turned aside with a toss of her head and a look that indicates smothered rebellion.

As studies of expression, the faces in the etching are remarkable. The figures are both admirable in drawing, and the quaint interior is well realized. As a composition, both in lines and in chiar-oscuro, the work is exceedingly effective and pleasing.

This etching alone is worth several times the cost of the Annual Subscription to *THE ART UNION*.

A FEW complete sets of *THE ART UNION* for 1884 may be obtained for \$2. Single numbers of the same year, twenty-five cents each.







FROM LIFE.

ENGRAVED AND PRINTED

243 BROADWAY, NEW YORK



# THE ART UNION

THE AMERICAN ART UNION

New York, April, May, June, 1885.

OUR READERS

OF SUMMER LEAK AND WINTER

Mr. Henry Peck is a man of black  
white skin. The reason which has made a  
popular literature possible to the world is

entirely new. It is a new kind of life and a new kind of  
life. It is a new kind of life and a new kind of life.

The "American Art Union" is a sketch club, and a sketch club  
Among its members, we find the names of the best artists  
of the day. Mr. Peck is one of the members of the club.

and a new kind of life and a new kind of life.



dependent existence in the world. The reason of this is that  
it is a new kind of life and a new kind of life. It is a new  
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# THE ART UNION

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN ART UNION

VOL. 2.

NEW YORK, APRIL, MAY, JUNE, 1885.

No. 2.

## OUR ART CLUBS.

### I.—THE SALMAGUNDI BLACK AND WHITE SOCIETY.



HE Printing Press is the parent of black and white art. The mechanism which has made a popular literature possible to the world is also to be thanked for the embellishments which make the literature of to-day doubly attractive. The trade of the printer is, in itself, a purely mechanical one; but without it the inspirations of the poet and the invention of the romance writer would be abortive gifts, and the delightful art which supplements that of the poet and the romancist with such luxurious and captivating results would remain unknown and undeveloped.

Opportunity makes the man. Take from us the lead-begrimed compositor at his case, the grease-smudged printer at his press, and the twin sisters of the pen and pencil would become, as of old, the hiring favorites of the few who could afford such luxuries, instead of the friends, the servants and the teachers of the many to whom they now belong.

It is nearly half a century since black and white art began to have an independent existence in America. Before the genius of Felix O. C. Darley set its seal on the pages of the American press there had been no real art in monochrome among us. His outline illustrations of Irving, made for the Art Union thirty years ago, were the first works of their kind upon the continent. The mechanical and scholastic advance of the times has left the veteran draughtsman far behind in the race. But the nearer the men of to-day approach perfection, the greater and more wonderful the man of yesterday becomes to those who can read his art. The press of our

generation has developed, in its artistic service, talents of great vitality and power. It has not, however, brought forward one more vividly picturesque and original than the artist who gave Judd's Margaret a pictorial existence her creator never dreamed of, and who invested the romances of Cooper and of Simms with a life their own most vivid passages failed of achieving.

It is fitting that the name of the man who did so much for it should figure on the list of honor of the lusty young asso-

ciation which American black and white art has given an existence and a title to. Among the artists of sterling talent and tried ability who compose it, the Salmagundi Black and White Society numbers none who has done more to render such a society possible with us.

The Salmagundi began its existence, as a sketch club, some fifteen years ago. Among its ten founders we find the names of the brothers Jonathan S. and Joseph Hartley, of Frederick S. Church and W. H. Shelton, all of whom but Mr. Church remain active members of the society. The first meetings were held in the studio of Jonathan S. Hartley, where subjects for illustration were given out, sketches examined and criticised, and topics of professional interest discussed; when, the business of the evening being over, and a bout with the gloves or foils indulged in as an appetizer, the



GEO. W. MAYNARD.



W. T. SMEDLEY.

club sat down to a modest supper, washed down with the Salmagundi wasail, an innocuous draught compounded of coffee and chocolate, after a recipe long held as a profound secret by its inventors.

The society adopted its corporate title as indicative of the variety of methods in which its members found expression for their art. Its vocation came to it with its growth. Its existence as a distinctive black and white society dates from some five years after its foundation as a club. The importance of black and white art then being encouraged to sensational exploits by our publishers, and the number of artists engaged in illustrating, who were affiliated with the society, suggested the characteristic quality of its exhibitions, which have now grown to be an annual event with us. The initial public exhibition of the club was given in 1878; since then its yearly displays have been a regular chronicle of the advance of American art in monochrome. The most important artistic contributions to American book and newspaper making have been shown under its auspices, and the art of the etcher, the sculptor and the engraver on wood and metal has been given equal opportunity to speak for itself. The field selected by the club is not a wide one in its scope, but it has been developed into remarkable interest and variety for the public, all of its limitations considered. Thanks to the Salmagundi exhibitions, pictures in black and white have come to have a value with the collector as well as the publisher.

This fact is the more creditable to our own artists, as none of the black and white societies which have from time to time sprung into existence abroad have enjoyed either a protracted or prosperous life. The public, made familiar by the press with the copies of the works exhibited, were apathetic to the originals, and the exhibitions, once their novelty was over, ceased to be profitably attractive. The Salmagundi has recently experienced, though in a minor degree, a measure of the same drawback which proved fatal to its European confreres, and at future exhibitions the monochrome exhibits are to be supplemented with works in color by the members. The displays will lose decidedly in their distinctive character by this arrangement, but they will unquestionably gain in those elements necessary to arouse the popular interest to a profitable degree of generosity and enthusiasm.

The membership roll of the club now holds more than fifty names, many among the best known artists in New York. The society has ceased to assemble as a working club, and has become a strictly social and busi-

ness association. Its meetings are of an eminently genial character, and its business operations characterized by a commercial discretion the artist is not given general credit for the possession of. To quote a well known writer on the subject, "a strong and energetic association, thanks to whose liberality of faith no art within its scope is denied a standing in its exhibitions, the Salmagundi Club occupies a permanent and valuable place in our society." It is to be hoped that the future will enlarge upon its successes of the past.

#### TUPPER'S MODEL.

"Old Love Letters," by Mr. T. Ainsworth Tupper, exhibits his usual poetical fancy and technical skill in its expression. But it is the same old model in a new costume and a fresh pose. If Mr. Tupper must give us his model for breakfast, dinner and supper, he might at least change her face. His fidelity to his original goes rather too far when it gives us a pictorial record of her youth, maturity and decay, as he has done for some twenty years past. The subject may interest him, but it cannot enthrall the public. We can study the ravages of time on the human system by our own grandmothers if we want to, which we don't.—*The Daily Scorch.*

IN the days when Tupper was painting pictures by measure for Skinner & Gripe, the once well known auction dealers, he was madly in love with his cousin Clara. Indeed, love is scarcely a sufficiently fervid term to do his devotion exact justice. He adored her, in the highest pressure meaning of the word. He thought of her by day and dreamed of her by night; he filled sketch-books with her, and wrote the vilest of poems in her honor; he turned out cheap art by the yard—the mile, I might almost say—in order to provide her with the innocuous dissipation of the theatre and the picnic. And she rewarded his worship by marrying a man old enough to be his father, who possessed the sole recommendation of an income from a block of the most wretched tenement houses in the city.

It was not Clara's fault, to be sure. Her mother badgered her into accepting old Plumridge while she was waiting for Tupper to amass enough capital to commence housekeeping with. And it was the making of Tupper. He sold out his studio and went to Europe, and ten years later came home, a trifle raddled by Parisian life at full speed, but a

painter with a name and the ability to sustain it.

The decade had not been as eventful for Clara as for himself, but it held one event which was of interest to both. Old Plumridge had the good taste to die a year before the return of his young rival, and the better taste to leave his widow as rich a woman as his entire possessions



WALTER SHIRLAW.



could make her. She had never experienced a pang of affection for him, and he loved her all the more for it, and proved it in the most acceptable way.

The old love which had lain dormant in them woke with their reunion. But it was no longer the confiding affection of a child on Clara's part. She had learned to set a value on herself through her defunct spouse's extravagant estimation of her, and to demand devotion where formerly she had merely accepted it. The result was, that where Tupper had once been a voluntary adorer, he now became a bondsman of the woman he loved, the vassal of her caprice instead of the anticipator of her wishes. However, he accepted his servitude and performed the duties it imposed on him with all of his old fervor. Indeed, he gave to this splendid and fascinating woman a submission he would not have given her other self, which was buried with old Plumridge under



J. A. S. MONKS.

the shaft of polished granite in Greenwood. The extent to which he danced attendance on her would have been ridiculous, but for the thread of romance which connected the present with the past, and gave a certain pathos to the very extravagance of his adoration.

One evening Tupper made an engagement with his sovereign which involved a call on some friend the next afternoon—a mere commonplace visit, which he would have considered an intolerable bore but for Clara's share in it. On his way home he remembered that he had a model for next day. He was at work on a picture for the exhibition of the year, and had no time to lose. If he missed the day's work he

was tolerably certain to miss the exhibition. For once he mustered courage to rebel against the silken tyranny in which he was enmeshed. Instead of her servitor, Clara at the appointed hour received a note explaining the



CHARLES VOLKMAR.



## A CONVERSATION.

(Continued from the ART UNION of November, 1884.)



ENO at work: To him enter Mr. GOODWILL.

MR. GOODWILL—"It is a long time since we met, my friend of the brush. What have you been doing all winter? I hear you have been exceedingly industrious and have accomplished some fine work. By the way, did you spend these months, at least in part, on that composition I admired so much, and

which you gave hope might after all be carried out on a larger scale?"

The painter CENO wheeled an easel containing a good-sized canvas to the light, and with singularly subdued manner, in which a tone of irony was perceptible, said, "Here it is."

His friend, after a pleased exclamation, sat in silence for several minutes, contemplating the still quite sketchy canvas, and the painter, made nervous by the stillness and his own thoughts, at last broke out—

"Now you see, my resolution has been good enough, owing to the talk we had last fall, and the effect of your important argument. You convinced me for the time. Your reasons and my inclinations coincided, and by a determined rush I broke the barrier of my own warning experience, and—there is the result. But now, whether the picture will ever be finished, is altogether a matter of uncertainty."

MR. G. (surprised)—"Why, my friend, what makes you say so?"

The painter, with a tone of bitterness, replied, "I should think you would know. The case lies open to the most casual vision. As I told you before—I can't afford it." (After a pause), "what is the use of warring against the wind! I have had time during these months to have my enthusiasm cooled off. Necessity compels sober reflection. You are well aware that this is by no means my first effort to break the shackles of cruel circumstance. In my younger days the specious belief that perseverance in a noble cause must at last gain the victory, however many defeats and failures were endured, gave me courage. I made untold trials and sacrifices, and refused to yield. The effort kept me in poverty. Instead of better hope, as years went on, the prospect of success steadily diminished. Even you cannot know what the effort cost me, and what a despairing strife it has been. You persuaded me to make another attempt, and I began it with honest purpose. Here, then, it is—about as far as it will ever go!"

MR. G.—"I sincerely grieve for your despondent condition. No doubt—and I know—it has ample reason in the existing state of things, and the prevailing public feeling about art, the hard times, and other causes. But—

(A knock at the door).

PAINTER—"Excuse me one moment."

He opens the door and admits Mr. KEEN, the art critic, whom he introduces, and the gentleman at once catches sight of the unfinished picture, and regards it with raised eyebrows through his spectacles.

MR. K.—"Ah! I perceive you are on the old horse again. What you call a *religious* picture? Yes, fine composition—quite original—much force; but—(turning his back to the canvas) have you yet finished that interesting market scene, with those characteristic Irish hucksters and thieving darkies in the foreground? I should like to see that again, if you please."

The painter looks at his friend, an expression of half scorn and half impatience on his lip, and says, without, however, complying with the request, "The picture you speak of is still in its former state. My time had to be given to other things."

MR. K.—"This is to be regretted, Mr. CENO, really. It would have been a telling feature in the Academy, a popular subject." Turning to Mr. G.: "You know the picture, I suppose; don't you think it a capital hit? The fact is, the public care nothing for religious subjects, and as a smart

authority once said, 'Artists must not demand that people shall take what artists like, unless artists are first willing to paint what the people like.' This disposes of the whole question."

MR. G.—"As you have asked my opinion, I will give it. I presume you admit that it is the artist's business to educate the community. By this admission he is made a leader. As a leader he is to go before. In that capacity he cannot acknowledge the community as his dictator. It is true, he must, in order to give the greatest amount of benefit to those whom he is to lead, be in sympathy with their best interests. But if the people, from mistaken inclinations, by whatever cause, should withhold from him *their* sympathies, his position and evident duty as an appointed leader would not thereby be set aside. A failure to profit by well-aimed teaching on the part of the public could in no wise absolve the artist, as leader, from the obligation of his position. This position as a public teacher is a sacred trust, it is God-given, and an entrusted principle demands faithful guarding, even to the extent of martyrdom. If, therefore, an artist is persuaded that such a trust is committed to him, he has no moral right of choice. He should carry out his convictions, be the consequences what they may. To say that he must live, and therefore has to do what will secure him a living, is only stating a very commonplace subterfuge. In the abstract one would be justified in asserting that to live, under violation of principle, is by no means an evident necessity. Principle first—life second. Truth has ever demanded self-sacrifice. The condition may be deemed exacting, but it is just. The high-souled artist can no more be exempted than a moral man and a Christian man. The people ask too much when they ask violation of conscious principle. Another sacred trust, namely, the lives of a family, may, as it is in the case of most artists, be placed in seeming conflict with the former, and so one duty be overborne by another, and I have known a desperate fight maintained by moral conviction with physical compulsion in the experience of more than one artist. A sad thing it is to witness such a struggle!" Here the painter knit his brows, and had difficulty in keeping his eyes dry. MR. G. continued: "My argument makes claim simply for the superiority of principle and its binding force on a man who has recognized its claim. For an artist so persuaded to bow the neck to the popular dictum, is a prostitution of his moral self."

PAINTER—"You are hard on a poor fellow, and not flattering to many of us."

MR. G.—"I am exceedingly sorry to wound any one; yet you will admit that, as a starting point, such a question must be argued on purely abstract grounds, and if the proposition can be established on the basis of truth, it will, like all truth, find its application for practical purposes without much difficulty."

MR. K.—"You lay down the law like a clergyman, sir. I confess my inability to see the bearing of your argument on *Art*. It may do well enough in ethics; but art has always adjusted itself to the bias and requirements of any people and age, and must be regarded as substantially emancipated and free to follow the demands of the times. Of course I may grant the artist to be intended for a leader in matters of aesthetics, but he is also a part of his age, a child of it, and so under bond to follow its spirit, and be subject to its peculiar needs. It seems to me that to carry these exaggerated ideas of religion and conscience into the domain of art, is stretching obligation beyond its natural bounds, and relegating this nineteenth century back into the narrowness of the fourteenth. We have expanded wants. Our sympathies are vastly enlarged, and it is the province of art to keep abreast with them, and be their faithful exponent. You cannot make the man wear the jacket of the boy."

MR. G.—"Your remarks contain what is indisputably true, but they contain also an often-used sophism. Leaving the unobjectionable parts, I need only point out the flaw, namely, the assumption that art can be divorced from moral obligation. Art reduces itself in practice to the individual, and to maintain that art is not subject to moral obligation, is in effect to say that the individual artist is not."

MR. K.—"But how does your definition interfere with the prerogative of any artist to accommodate himself to the spirit and taste of his age? When an artist does this he only does what the manufacturer, the merchant, the politician and others feel it justifiable to do. As prudent men they exercise common sense; different ages have corresponding wants."

MR. G.—"But suppose it happens that the general spirit and taste are



in conflict with a man's conviction, this being a moral persuasion concerning what is right in an absolute sense. Suppose the age is materialistic, frivolous and trifling, or at least the picture buying portion of the people is of such a character. Then suppose some individual artist entertains high religious ideas of his duty as an artist; for instance, that art is a sacred calling, a commission to him from God for the instruction of others, for their elevation morally and spiritually; that consequently he is not at liberty, in his individual case, having such gifts and convictions, to use his profession for any lower or common purpose. Suppose, to use an illustration, he regards himself in the position of a minister of the Gospel, forbidden by his consecrated calling to abuse it for money or ambition; that to him, personally, there exists an analogy between the case of the clergyman and his own, for clearly there is such a thing as God's truth that has the authority of law to a devout man. How, then, can he comfort his conscience with the latitudinarian definition of the artist's freedom from restraint in the accommodation a riotous taste may demand?"

Mr. K.—"Well, sir, I can only answer that so Quixotic an artist ought at once be a preacher, if he cannot find patrons to support him in notions so ridiculously eccentric. This kind of philosophy will not obtain the rule in a hurry. What would become of the breadth and scope of modern art, of which we are justly proud? So very strict and conscientious a fellow ought to have been born four hundred years ago, and what a pity it is there are no more cloisters for modern Fra Angelicos! But I have stayed already longer than my time warrants, so I bid you good evening, gentlemen."

After his departure the painter uneasily paced the room several times, and then turned to his friend with the confession, "you have given me some awful stabs by your talk. I am truly in a dilemma. I have to admit most of what you said, and feel almost crushed under the accusations of principle. It is being between the upper and the nether millstone."

Mr. G.—"But why be so severe on yourself, *provided you have honestly maintained a course of striving* to perform a duty whenever that duty was really practicable? You know there is the example of even an Apostle who, for a living, kept busy at his trade of a tent-maker, and by doing so was not the less a zealous Apostle."

PAINTER—"That example did not occur to me. It is a consolation, and I need it. If only I were sure that my inward persuasion of duty to the sacredness of my calling had embraced every opportunity for its exercise, instead of yielding too readily when pressure was upon me. But it's a sore battle!"

Mr. G.—"To be sure. The battle for truth always is, amidst so many fierce and determined enemies. However, to engage in that battle at all, the mind wants to be sure of a solid foundation of highest motive. Inferior motives give inferior strength. Every kind of martyr has been most firmly convinced that the thing or principle for which he suffered was of inviolate importance, and must be held at any cost, and this persuasion alone had power to sustain him, and made the price of life itself appear insignificant in comparison. The shallow world would deceive us into believing that all opinions and practices are equally good or innocent. The easy-going accommodation doctrine of sleek society life, and the cruel torture chamber of temporal wants, like a merciless ally, has dreadful force of persuasion in the same direction. Of course it is a sore battle for the artist between these two. Little is the sympathy he can expect. I believe, earnestly, there is an undercurrent of better things setting in perceptibly, a prophecy of change to a nobler use of art, reclaiming her from the almost purely decorative mania and sensuous gratification, to her legitimate mission as a teacher in the noblest spheres of human interests. But the present transition is one of turmoil and confusion, in which a conscientious Christian artist may only follow his conviction with sacrifice, earn his living by "tent-making," and patiently toil on, if, perchance, during his lifetime the prospect may brighten. The fashion of the glib talk of breadth of views, expanded ideas, and the like nineteenth century self congratulation, hiding under showy phrases a great mass of unthinking, illogical moral license, cannot mislead an earnest man to whom faith in duty is a religious, a divine commandment. Sneers do not annihilate truth." Then Mr. G. turned to the painter with a kindly smile and said, "Be encouraged, my friend! Go on, as you can, with this very picture on the easel before us, and if you should never sell it, you have at least borne your faithful witness to the truth as you know it 'for a testimony against them!'"

J. A. O.

## DESPAIR.



A haggard face, a gaunt and cowering shape,  
With wildly fearsome eyes and hard-clenched hands,  
For whom, each way, abysmal terrors gape,  
And foothold there is none in all the lands.

For every wind that passes wailing by  
Is laden with the sighs of ghosts that weep—  
"Sin past redemption on thy soul doth lie;  
From thee, like us, God still withholds his sleep!"

JOHN MORAN.

## THE DISTRIBUTION OF ART UNION PICTURES.

SINCE our last issue a final disposition of the pictures belonging to the subscribers of the year 1884 has been made by the committee in charge. Every subscriber was notified of the delivery of the works to the committee, and was requested to send in his vote as to the manner of their disposal. About two-thirds of the votes favored a distribution by lot, which was made in the presence of several other subscribers. The twenty-one fortunate parties were at once notified, and all of the pictures except one have been delivered. On the completion of the delivery the committee will send to every subscriber of the year a detailed report of their proceedings.

Owing to the inability of the Art Union to extensively advertise this picture purchasing feature of its business there were not a sufficient number of subscribers obtained to make it such a success as would justify its immediate renewal. The Board of Control, however, hope to make arrangements in the near future that will enable the Art Union to resume its full business programme. Meanwhile the energies of the Society will be devoted to the improvement of this journal—a beginning has been made in the present number.

As its officers and members are at the same time officers and members of the Academy and other organizations of artists in the city, it thus becomes their semi-official organ, and the reports of the proceedings of these societies may be relied upon as being comprehensive and accurate. It will be the effort of this publication to cover the whole field in this line, as well as to chronicle all worthy and significant events in the Art world.

## AN ETCHING BY A. F. BELLWS.

THROUGH the kindness of Mr. C. Klackner, who is the publisher of the Bellows Album of Etchings, and other important representative works of this and many other prominent American artists, living and dead, we are enabled to present our readers with a delightful and characteristic example of the art of one of our foremost painters and etchers. When Mr. Bellows ended his life of labor and of honor, last year, he left many beautiful works which had not been presented to the public. The series of etchings from which "The Old Elm" is taken form a portion of these. They include some of the choicest and most characteristic examples of his thoroughly national art, and admirably exhibit him in that fine feeling for the homely phase of American nature which rendered him in every sense an American artist of the first order.

HAYDON, in his "Table Talk," says: "I paint history, but I do not underrate other branches of the art. I have no wish to see one part of the art encouraged at the expense of the other. Let low life and small paintings, water color, drawing, fruit, fish, houses, dog and portrait, all go on, but let high art be respected as high art, and take that rank to which its elevation entitles it."

## A RELIC OF THACKERAY.

THE diligent collector has gathered together most of the literary odds and ends Thackeray distributed in the course of his busy life. The following, from *Punch*, of May 9th, 1846, seems to have escaped him, and will be found quite as apropos to-day as when it was written. The illustrations, as no one who knows Thackeray's work with pen and pencil need be told, are by himself, and several of them were once published in an article on "Thackeray as an Artist," in *Scribner's Magazine*.—[ED. ART UNION.

## ROYAL ACADEMY.

"Newman Street, Tuesday.

"DEAR PUNCH—Me and another chap who was at the Academy yesterday agreed that there was *nothink in the whole Exhibition* that was worthy of the least notice—as our pictures wasn't admitted.

"So we followed about some of the gents, and thought we'd *Exhibit the Exhibitors*; among whom we remarked as follows. We remarked



"Mr. SNEAKER, R.A., particularly kind to Mr. SMITH, a prize-holder of the Art Union. N. B. SNEAKER always puts on a white Choaker on Opening day; and has his boots *French polisht*.



looks like a flat; but not such a flat as to buy HOKEY's picture at no price. Oh, no!

"Our eyes then turned upon that *seedy gent*., ORLANDO FIGGS, who drew in our Academy for ten years. Fancy FIGGS' delight at finding his picture on the line!



Shall I tell you how it got there? *His aunt washes for an Academician*. The next chap we came to was

"SEBASTIAN WINKLES, whose *profound disgust* at finding his portrait on the floor, you may *imadgin*. I don't think that queer fellow,

"PEOMBO RODGERS, was much happier; for his picture was hung on the ceiling.

"But the most *riled* of all was



"HANNIBAL FITCH, who found his picture wasn't received at all. Show 'em all up, dear Mr. Punch, and oblige your constant reader,

"MODEST MERIT."



## THEY HOLD THEIR OWN.

AT several of the club exhibitions of this season, where high class mixed collections of pictures were shown, we were duly informed by the press that the American pictures had "held their own" among their foreign neighbors. If the matter were sifted to its foundation, it strikes us that the term could be amended to "more than held their own" in every instance.

At these exhibitions native art is sent to take its chances side by side with foreign art of double and treble its cost. Pictures painted and sold here at modest prices are compared with pictures painted under the most favorable auspices and sold abroad as masterpieces. That they "hold their own" in such instances is much more to their credit than the term implies.

When American art is encouraged and fattened as foreign art is by our collectors, American and foreign pictures will be entitled to consideration and criticism by the same standard. Until then, the American picture which does not dishonor its origin in a collection of foreign ones will remain—a good American picture, which no half-hearted praise in the press can better.

LAST month the casting was successfully accomplished, at Judge Power's American Art Foundry in Twenty-fifth Street, this city, of the fourth panel for the Monmouth Battle Monument at Freehold, N. J. The tablet, modeled by J. E. Kelly, represents the Council of War at Hopewell, on June 24th, 1778, and contains portraits from the most authentic sources of Generals Washington, Lee, Greene, Stirling, Lafayette, Steuben, Knox, Poor, Wayne, Woodford, Patterson, Scott and Duportail. The moment chosen for the scene is Lafayette's appeal to the Council to decide upon an active demonstration against the British, and the group is full of quiet animation and expression. The panel, like its three predecessors, is admirably cast, the metal reproducing the model with wonderful beauty and fidelity. The fifth panel, which remains to be completed, will represent Wayne's charge. The artist has the cartoons finished and the clay ready for manipulation when the monument committee have approved of the design. The panels measure five feet in height by six in width, and are among the finest examples of bronze founding ever turned out in this country.

VICTIMS of the Academy jury and of the American Art Association Board of Selection may take comfort from the fact that out of 7,000 pictures sent to the London Royal Academy this year only 1,500 were hung.





# A KILL OF THACKRAY.

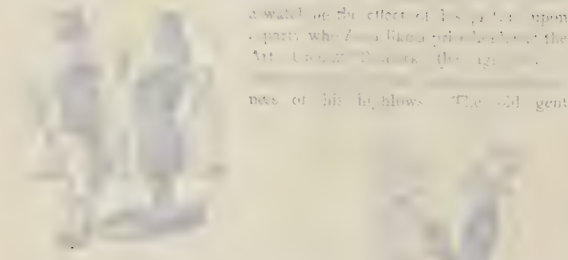
There is a man who knows Thackray's work with pen and pencil well, and I say myself, and several of them were on a point of going on "Thackray as an Artist," in *Saturday Magazine*. [The Art

ist, London, 1887, p. 111.]

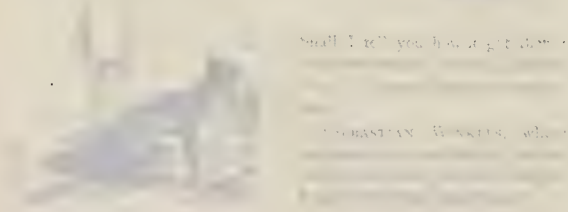
Thackray's work is not only known to the public, but it is also known to the artists. [The Art



my dear and... [The Art



...[The Art



Thackray's work is not only known to the public, but it is also known to the artists.

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Royal Academy this year only 1500





1881. OCT. 1. KIAMATI NY





## ART AT RED HEAT.



IT was visiting day at Judge Power's bronze foundry, and Twenty-fifth Street had turned out to do honor to the event. The popularity of the Judge was attested by the cheers which greeted each carriage that rolled up to the door and disgorged its load of rustling furbelows to vanish through the dingy portal. Even the wayfarers who came on foot were greeted by a special hurrah, and the inevitable urchin, who was this day out in unusual force, made way for the visitor without that irreverent commentary on his revealed personal characteristics which is the prerogative of the gamin the world over. The blue vapor which shimmered up from the foundry chimney seemed to have sent a message into midair, too, and a row of pigeons lined the foundry leads and a battalion of chattering sparrows fluttered above the mob and perched wherever a perch was to be found, and asked one another in querulous excitement what it all meant, anyhow, and who all these people were.

It meant that one of Kelly's panels for the battle monument at Freehold, N. J., was to be cast, and that the event had assembled such a gathering of connoisseurs and art friends as such an event usually does. Within the precincts of the big work-shop, where the chill of winter lingered in spite of the bright spring day outside, the *frou-frou* of silks and the murmur of voices created a life quite original to its surroundings, and certainly not in keeping with them in the conventional sense. But art knows no social limitations, and its admirers and supporters are at home in the grimed factory as in the picture gallery. The visitors had come to see a casting made, and they saw it made in due form.

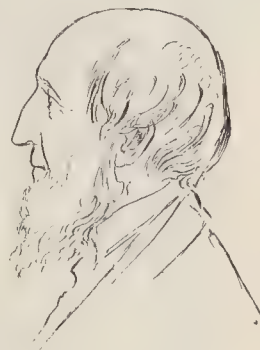


MAKING THE MOULD.

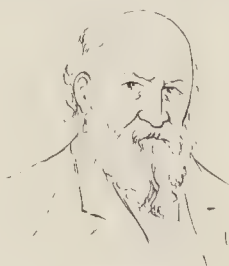
The model had long since been made in the plastic clay and duly approved of. The mould had been packed down upon it in sand beaten to stone by the mould maker's busy mallet, and had been trimmed and prepared for the crucial ordeal it was to undergo by hands skilled at the task. In the great iron framed moulding box, clamped down and screwed together, it stood ready to have the metal which would give it a permanent existence poured into it. In their fiery pits the crucibles bubbled and seethed, one mass of molten fire. The sparrows and the pigeons, now that the crowd was all inside, fought for possession of the window sill, high up

in the lofty wall, and formed a gallery audience to the drama of art which was being played below.

They saw a rude place enough, made picturesque with crossing beams and swinging chains and strange shapes of machinery in midair, with a cobwebbed roof, through whose grimed skylights the sun fought its way in quivering shafts to break in fragments among the chains and ropes and beams and tackles that wove a giant spider's web between it and the gathering below. It flected the floor carpeted with dry red earth with scales of gold. It dropped in flakes of light along the walls plastered with newspaper clippings, hung with casts and fragments of decorative traceries and scored as high as hand could reach with those outlines in charcoal, heads, torsos and the contorted forms born of an artists' idle fancy, and whose spirit his serious labors never reproduce.



A SPECTATOR.

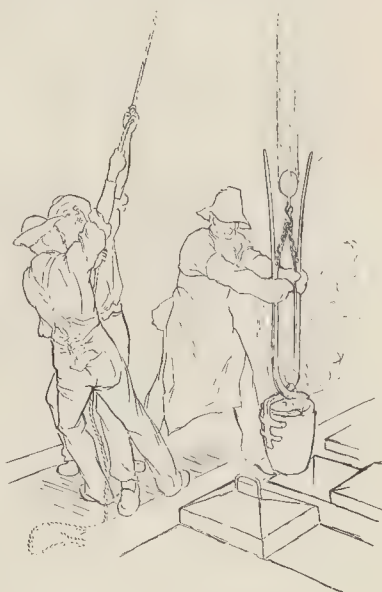


ANOTHER.

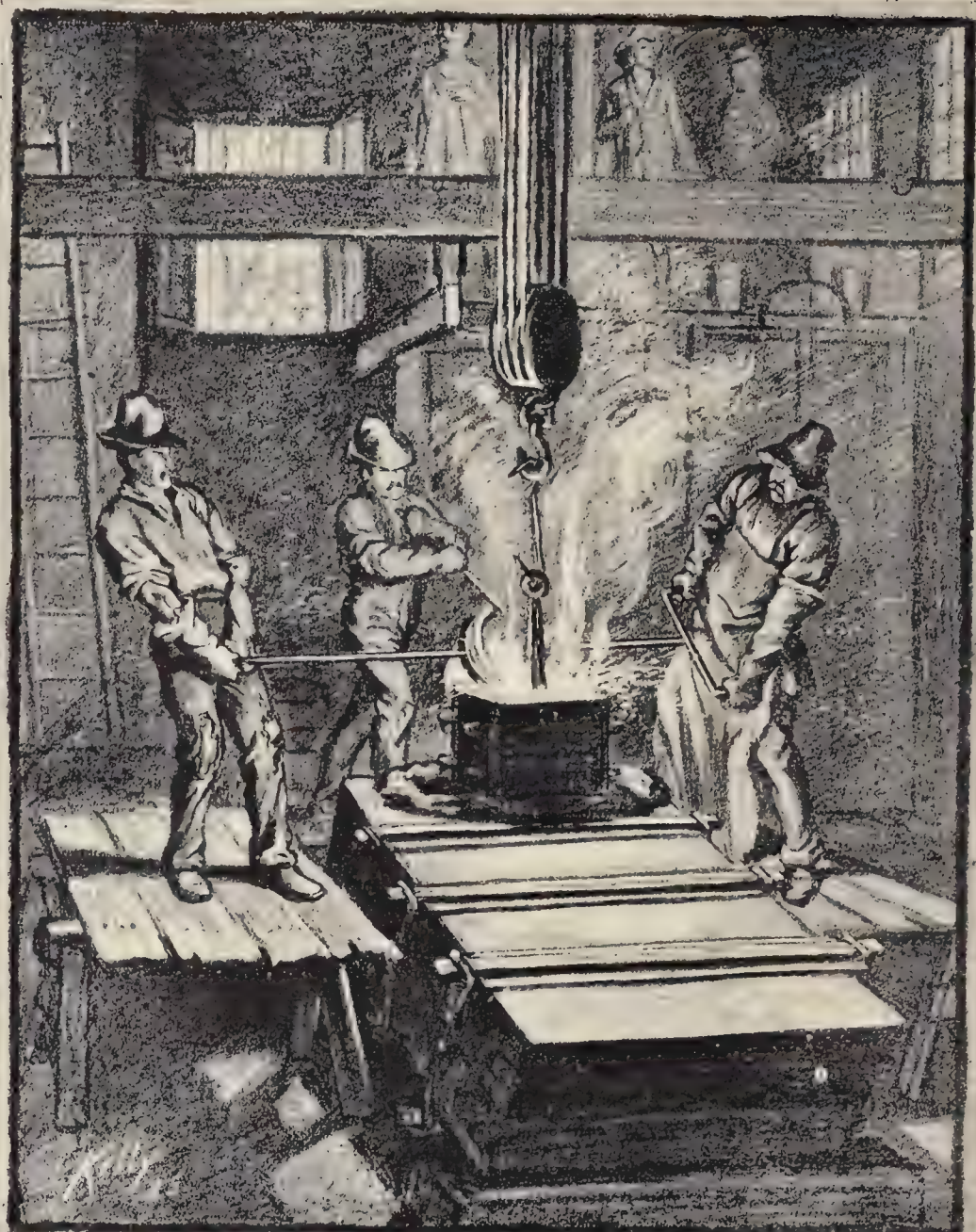
In one du-ky corner it strayed curiously among the shadows and touched, far up under the cobwebbed beams, the angles of a shadowy gathering of heroes in plaster and clay, who huddled together as if conscious of the dust of neglect that burdened them, and only too anxious to get out of sight. In another, it turned a mountain of ruddy loam to gold dust. In another, still, it mingled with the opalescent vapors which rose from the furnace and made a pale blue shimmer across the tall window where the birds fought for a front seat and outside of which a dead tree clutched at the sky with its bare fingers like a skeleton hand.

The mould, set aslant on stout trestles, was faced by a rude platform built

up for the fairer portion of the audience, at a distance discreet enough to make the spattering of molten metal pretty to look at and not perilous. The foundry cat, a monster of the Maltese breed from the Levant, had taken possession of this place of vantage and defended it with bristling back and furred tail against all comers. But the inevitable result of a contest between the races ensued, and when the platform was filled poor puss found a lodgment on the sculptor's shoulder, with



HOISTING THE CRUCIBLE.



EMPTYING THE CRUCIBLE.



whom he seemed to experience a special personal sympathy. "He's a good-natured brute," said the sculptor, sneezing. "If his hair only didn't come out whenever he moved. But I suppose he's moulting now." And puss requited this testimonial to his character by rubbing himself against the artist's massive brow until he fairly sneezed him off, when he made a purring protest and went over to see how the foundrymen were getting on with their work.

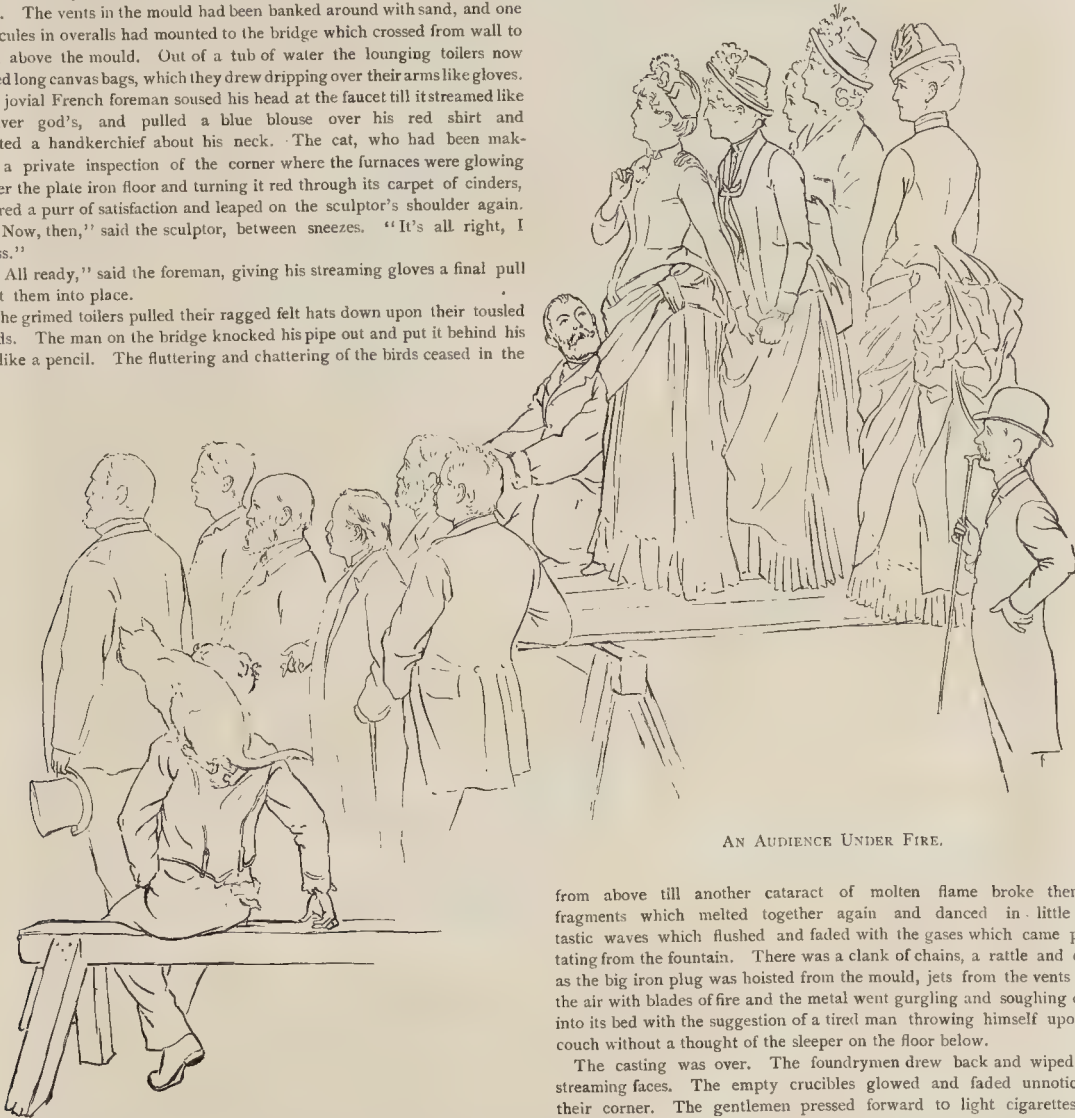
The final preliminaries for the work had been completed by this time. The vents in the mould had been banked around with sand, and one Hercules in overalls had mounted to the bridge which crossed from wall to wall above the mould. Out of a tub of water the lounging toilers now fished long canvas bags, which they drew dripping over their arms like gloves. The jovial French foreman soused his head at the faucet till it streamed like a river god's, and pulled a blue blouse over his red shirt and twisted a handkerchief about his neck. The cat, who had been making a private inspection of the corner where the furnaces were glowing under the plate iron floor and turning it red through its carpet of cinders, uttered a purr of satisfaction and leaped on the sculptor's shoulder again.

"Now, then," said the sculptor, between sneezes. "It's all right, I guess."

"All ready," said the foreman, giving his streaming gloves a final pull to fit them into place.

The grimed toilers pulled their ragged felt hats down upon their tousled heads. The man on the bridge knocked his pipe out and put it behind his ear like a pencil. The fluttering and chattering of the birds ceased in the

have been a huge ingot of glowing gold rose reluctantly from the quivering flames and came creaking toward us, swaying sullenly as if to lunge itself upon the curious group which it was called on to furnish sport for. An enormous pincers grasped it with giant fingers just as it splashed an angry shower around, and it was lifted, turned, and went cascading in a torrent of fire into an iron box upon the mould. The glowing vapors played over the box and mingled with the shafts of light



AN AUDIENCE UNDER FIRE.

window and the cat arched his back and purred something into the sculptor's ear, to which he sneezed an assent. There was a tap of an iron bar on a furnace top, a rattle and clang of metal and a flare of light that turned the sunshine white, and the ladies all said: "Oh, my!" The fire, stirred to fury with rods of iron, leaped up as if to grasp the roof and wreak revenge for its torments upon the place which witnessed them. In a moment more, with a clang of metal and a creaking of tackle, what might

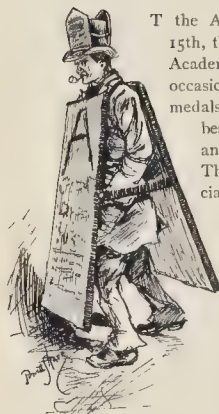
from above till another cataract of molten flame broke them to fragments which melted together again and danced in little fantastic waves which flushed and faded with the gases which came palpitating from the fountain. There was a clank of chains, a rattle and clang as the big iron plug was hoisted from the mould, jets from the vents split the air with blades of fire and the metal went gurgling and soughing down into its bed with the suggestion of a tired man throwing himself upon his couch without a thought of the sleeper on the floor below.

The casting was over. The foundrymen drew back and wiped their streaming faces. The empty crucibles glowed and faded unnoticed in their corner. The gentlemen pressed forward to light cigarettes and cigars by the overflow of bronze which had gushed up through the vents. The birds took flight from the window sill and the bearded representative of the Tile Club, who had been all along explaining to the ladies how it was done now and how they did it in ancient times, and why it was done this way, ended his exordium with a most satisfactory invitation to lunch. The cat, shaken from the sculptor's shoulder by his precipitate rising at this suggestion, commenced to play with something on the floor and went off howling dismally and shaking his paw.

It is lightly written and easily read, this page from the every-day history of an art which is known to the great world only by its works. But the work outlasts the printed page, and tells its own story long after the voice of the *chroniquer* is silenced and his hand has fallen to rest.



### THE ACADEMY SCHOOLS.



T the Academy of Design, on Friday evening, May 15th, there was held the pleasant annual reunion of Academicians, art students and their friends, on the occasion of bestowing the Suydam and Hallgarten medals and prizes to the fortunate authors of the best drawings in the life and antique classes, and of the best paintings in the painting class. The worthy Vice-President, T. W. Wood, officiated in the absence of President Huntington, who was detained at home by illness.

After the giving out of the awards, Professor Wilmarth made a short address to the students, which we give below for the edification of a larger audience than that the limited space of the lecture room could contain. There is abundant food for thought in his words. He said:

This is so fitting and appropriate a time and occasion for discourse upon any subject relating to the study of art, that I venture to say a few words explanatory or the course of study through which we conduct the students of the antique and life classes of our Academy.

A distinct announcement of the principles which we believe to be fundamental, and which consequently guide us in the adoption of a system of training, seems to be the more called for at the present time, from the fact that great confusion exists in the minds of many people, caused by the wide promulgation of numberless conflicting and utterly irreconcilable theories (not to call them notions or vagaries) upon this subject of the elementary study of art.

I believe that it is a well accepted principle in all education that the student should be led from the simple to the complex, from the known to the unknown, from and by the knowledge of facts to the perception of laws and principles. Now we do not see why this general principle should not apply with equal force to the study of art, and have therefore arranged our course of study in accordance with it. We hold that although the ladder which we invite our students to climb does, in its supreme height, aspire to lead into the charmed presence of Beauty herself, yet is it none the less essential that its base should rest on solid ground, and its rounds be placed in orderly succession one above another. We hold that the solid foundation upon which alone the study of art should rest is truth—cold, hard, unyielding truth to nature.

I do not mean that minor plane of truth which is the special field of science, but phenomenal truth, "the painter's truth," truth as it is made visible to us on the face of nature.

We believe that the study of art should begin and for a time be limited to close, exact imitations of the appearances of nature.

Now, for the student of art to acquire this power of imitation, to be able "as it were to hold the mirror up to nature," two conditions are necessary. First, he must be able to see correctly; second, he must be able to represent by means of his materials whatever is presented to his sight. The task before us as instructors is then simply this, namely: first, to train the eye of our pupil to see proportions justly, the true relations of parts to the whole, and the exact degrees of light in its graduation to shadow; and second, to train his hand to execute with skill, directness and rapidity. With these ends in view, we place in front of the novice (of which element our antique class is largely composed at the beginning of each season) the simplest possible phenomenon, and, by changing and adjusting the task to his individual progress, we lead the pupil in his studies up the steps which intervene from the almost shapeless block of monochromatic plaster to the subtle intricacies of the living human figure.

This is all we endeavor to do. And it is a question yet undetermined whether more than this can be attempted to advantage in antique and life classes of institutions like ours.

Inventiveness, imaginative, originality of conception, idealization of form, artistic treatment or impressions of beauty, are qualities which will be sought for in vain in the work of the students done in our training schools. By this we do not wish to be understood as placing a light value on these high qualities.

On the contrary, we regard them as inestimable in works of art. Our task, however, consists in providing a solid foundation upon which all such qualities may in the course of subsequent development be exalted to their proper position.

And now a parting word to the students who have worked with us this past season so industriously, and in the main so successfully.

Let me remind you that this power to imitate nature, which you have here been striving to gain, is but the language of the artist. And as words are only useful to express thoughts and emotions, so also this language which you have to a certain degree acquired, will be of value only as a means of expression. By the consideration of this thought you may realize that you are now only just entering upon your life work.

Depend upon it! Not what you have been able to do in competition with your fellow scholars in these classes, but what you may have hereafter to give to the world, by means of the language you have here studied, will determine your success or failure as an artist. Look forward, then, to the development in yourselves of all the higher qualities. The field before you is boundless. The possibilities are infinite. Aim high! In your inmost heart let there be enthroned a high ideal. Remember that the noble profession which you aspire to enter is one of the very highest which has ever engaged the energies of man! Let it be your ambition to prove yourself worthy of so high a calling.

### A SUGGESTION.

THE completion of the revision of the Old Testament has placed that work in the hands of the public, whose curiosity has been excited for months. The important question is now to be decided whether it is any improvement in the old version or not. As we are only an editor, we do not feel competent to decide the question ourselves, and seek for some authoritative judgment. Many persons who have some, but still an imperfect knowledge of Hebrew and Greek, are disposed to accept the judgment of men who have devoted their lives to the study of these languages; but is this not a very unwise plan? Is there not great danger that these scholars may be biased this or that way by the several colleges in which they have been educated, and would it not be better to leave the question of the accuracy of the translation to men who will not be influenced by any technicalities of grammar or idiom, in fine to a committee composed of gentlemen who hold the most expensive pews in our best churches? The art critics would undoubtedly commend such a course, and it would also receive the unanimous approval of the American Art Association.

The deliriously fascinating announcement is made in one of our art papers that painting on banjos and frying-pans is now taught in one lesson at a Broadway "art school."





## THE AFTERNOON MAIL.

*Drawn from his picture, by H. P. Share.*

O, fresh young heart! O, rare sweet face!  
 What tender thoughts run through your head?  
 You smile with such a tender grace,  
 That we can guess what 'tis you've read.

Ah! we can guess what 'tis you've read—  
 But can we dream of what you dream?  
 The primrose path of life you tread—  
 To you Life's strawberries and cream.

JOHN ERNEST McCANN.

May 23d, 1885.

## THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.



NE finds it pleasant in these materialistic and stringent times to discover one institution dedicated to the fine arts, which not only is possessed of a very valuable property, free of debt or encumbrance, but has a trust fund of \$60,000 for educational purposes, and cash on hand to the amount of \$25,000. This is the excellent showing of the Treasurer of the National Academy of Design, made in his report at the annual meeting on the 13th of May. This annual meeting at the Academy, followed as it is by the dinner of the Academicians, is the most important event of the artistic year. It does not attract such wide attention as the opening of the exhibition,

but its significance is none the less great. At the annual meeting is held the election of Academicians and Associates, and of the officers for the coming year. The names of the future Hanging Committee are then announced. In the President's address are summarized the events of the year; progress made is reported, and the wants of the future are noted. The occasion is, in short, a business event, on which hinges the artistic year to come, and from which that which is past is formally dismissed.

It is a very curious fact that while the Academy embraces among its members the large majority of the most distinguished artists of the country, while it alone, of all the art institutions of the land, is on a substantial and prosperous basis, and while its popularity is increasing every year, as is shown by the number of visitors and the amount of the sales of pictures, it is yet the subject of constant abuse and misrepresentation. If one were to believe most of the newspapers and magazines, one would suppose it to be the merest fossil relic of an olden time, preposterous alike in principles and practice. It is held up as a close corporation of the most selfish order, a mutual admiration society, into which no self-respecting artist would wish to enter. But the fact obtains that there is no honor so eagerly sought by the entire profession in the country as an election to the Academicianship, nor is there any which carries with it the substantial dignity such a degree of merit should.

There are now ninety-seven Academicians and forty-seven Associates, the number of each being limited to one hundred. At the last annual meeting four new Academicians were elected, namely: Messrs. F. D. Millet, G. W. Maynard and F. S. Church, figure painters, and J. C. Nicoll, landscape and marine painter. Five Associates were elected, viz.: Messrs. F. C. Jones, J. Alden Weir, W. H. Lippincott and J. D. Witt, figure painters, and J. F. Murphy, landscapist. The same officers who managed the Academy's affairs last year were re-elected, with the exception of E. L. Henry and E. Wood Perry, the two senior members of the Council, who retired by constitutional provision, their places being now filled by the election of J. G. Brown and Thos. Moran. With these changes, the list remains: Daniel Huntington, President; T. W. Wood, Vice-president; T. Addison Richards, Corresponding Secretary; H. W. Robbins, Recording Secretary; Alfred Jones, Treasurer; C. H. Miller, James M. Hart, J. Q. A. Ward, A. C. Howland, J. G. Brown and Thomas Moran, Members of the Council. The Hanging Committee of next season consists of Winslow Homer, A. C. Howland, R. W. Hubbard, D. Huntington and Geo. Inness, and two associate members appointed by the Council in the persons of Messrs. Harry Chase and Walter Satterlee.

In order to fortify the Academicians for the labors of the business meeting, which is in session from two to six o'clock, P. M., a substantial lunch is served at one o'clock in the Life class room, whose walls are then covered with the competitive drawings made by the students of the Antique, Life and Painting classes for the Suydam and Hallgarten prizes. Although the students of the two latter classes were greatly interfered with in consequence of the changes made in their rooms during the season, they

yet showed a progress that was highly gratifying to the members. At six o'clock the business meeting adjourns, and the Academicians proceed with unanimous alacrity to the Council room, where, surrounded by the pictures sent in by the Academicians-elect during the sixty years of the existence of the institution, the annual symposium is inaugurated. It is to be hoped that when the contemplated enlargement of the building is made there will be a gallery spacious enough to enable the Academy to carry out its long-talked-of idea of a dinner at the opening of the exhibition, to which a limited number of guests from the outside world may be invited—it could be made, like the Royal Academy dinner, the banquet of the year.

That the time has arrived for this increased accommodation both for school and exhibition purposes, is generally conceded by Academicians, and the Council has had the matter under consideration; but such changes cannot be made in a day or for the mere wishing. More than a year ago an offer was made for the present site of the Lyceum Theatre, but the price asked was deemed exorbitant by the Council and friends whom they consulted. The most practicable plan for enlargement at present appears to be the addition of another story to the building, lighting the present galleries by side windows. This will of course greatly alter the appearance of the building, and may detract somewhat from its architectural unity; but the interior necessities must be paramount, and in a city of such eccentric (to use a mild epithet) architecture as New York, anything that may be done to the outside of the Academy building will hardly attract unfavorable notice, while the doubling of the space for exhibition purposes will be appreciated both by the public and exhibiting artists who recognize the spring exhibition as the national art arena. Considering the value and necessity of the change, the sooner it occurs, the better.

## ART IN HARD TIMES.

DESPITE the hard times, which are not only so much talked about, but so severely felt, the Academy Exhibition which closed last month proved successful in the commercial as well as the artistic sense. The display was not alone superior in equality of excellence to its predecessors, but the financial results were far beyond the expectations of those whom the prevailing stagnation inclined to pessimistic views. Carpers and artistic hypochondriacs, who find the Academy falling into hopeless decay, can scarcely call upon the evidences of the spring exhibition of 1885 to support their sombre predictions.

In connection with the sales, it is worth recording that they were largely influenced by a single individual. Mr. George I. Seney, fresh from the auction at which his costly foreign works failed to hold their own, while his American pictures scored a clear advance upon their cost, was the purchaser of no less than thirty canvases at the late display. Mr. Seney began buying pictures at the Academy some years ago. His experience with the artistic pudding was clearly such as to give him an appetite for more.

What with its recent exhibition and the efforts it has put forth to enlarge its membership and increase its scope of usefulness, the Academy of Design has surely a right to be congratulated. But its dirge has been sung so often that it has become accustomed to it. Its vitality is testified by its works.

## "NOTABLE ACADEMY PICTURES."

UNDER this title Mr. George W. H. Ritchie has published a little brochure, beautifully printed and enclosed in a simple and charming cover, to commemorate the last exhibition at the National Academy of Design. Etchings of pictures by George Inness, Charles F. Ulrich, William Hart, George H. McCord, Harry Chase, George W. Maynard, Frank D. Millet, Jan Chelminski and Rhoda Holmes Nicholls, embellish a text which is made descriptive of the works reproduced. An excellent example of the quality of Mr. Ritchie's book is afforded by the etching after Mr. Chase's picture which we present with this issue of the ART UNION. The work forms a souvenir of the Spring Exhibition of 1885, which is worthy of preservation in any catalogue collection. The editions *de luxe* are more than ambitiously elaborate.



## PICTURES AND THEIR OWNERS.

## I.—THE WILLIAM T. EVANS COLLECTION.



IGHT in the heart of Jersey City, hemmed in by the cheap bustle and life which characterize every railway terminus, is one of the prettiest little parks which the vicinity of New York can boast of. It is a private park, sustained at the expense of the householders whose mansions surround it, and it and its enclosing streets form the handsomest district of Jersey City. Chief among the mansions which lend an aristocratic dignity to Van Vorst Square is that of Mr. William T. Evans. Elegant in its exterior, the interior of Mr. Evans' house is in keeping with the front it presents to the public, and in one portion, at least, far excels its external

promise. This portion is the picture gallery.

Mr. Evans has for some years been a collector of pictures of liberal tendencies and Catholic tastes. He possesses to-day a collection in which much of the best American art of recent years is enshrined. Out of upwards of a hundred pictures may be selected fifty which possess the sterling value of representative works. Among the native productions to be marked with a star are Charles F. Ulrich's "In the Land of Promise," which won for the artist the Clarke prize at the Academy Exhibition of 1884, and which placed him indisputably among the foremost of the younger painters of America, and Gilbert Gaul's "Charging the Battery," an amazingly

splendid episode of battle, which the painter need not be ashamed to let stand as his masterpiece. Another masterwork is J. G. Brown's "The Longshoreman's Noon," incomparably the best character painting of a local subject, on a large scale, ever exhibited at the Academy. Equally fine in the painter's other line of subjects is Mr. Brown's "Fruit-seller," one of those familiar urchins he translates from a life of flesh and blood to a life of canvas and paint. George Inness is represented here by his magnificent "Summer Morning," from the Academy of 1883, and Thomas Moran, by his tenderly gorgeous "Dream of the Orient," a canvas in which his impressions of and sympathy with the imaginative and lofty art of Turner are strongly reflected. A study from the Florida coast shows Mr. Moran in another and more familiar vein. Samuel Coleman's "Misty Morning in Venice," is an exquisite reminiscence of nature, which the artist has never excelled; and S. J. Guy's "Look, Mamma!" is one of those canvases, treated with such sincere devotion and loving care, which have made him essentially a painter for the home. Two examples, the "Villa Malta," near Rome, and "Mount Katahdin," exhibit the art of the late Sanford R. Gifford, under foreign and home influence, and decidedly to the advantage of the latter. Two completely characteristic examples of William Hart are, "After the Shower," and "Summer at Napannock;" and Winslow Homer shows at his best in "Sunday Morning in Virginia," which has been made popular with the public through the pages of one of our illustrated weeklies. The "Brittany Image Seller," of Thomas Hovenden, belongs among the foremost of the pictures in which his Pont Aven era are commemorated; and David Johnson has a little transcript of Connecticut scenery worthy of any French master who ever achieved a fabulous price in a dealer's shop. J. B. Bristol shines with undimmed lustre in his "Old Bridge, Upper Connecticut," and the fantastic and charming art of Fred. S. Church is evidenced in his two best works: "The Mermaid and the Sea Wolf," in oil, and the water color of "Pandora."

"A Breezy Day at the Mouth of the Tyne," is a fine example of the art of M. F. H. De Haas, of whom Mr. Evans also possesses a spirited water color; and another marine painter, Arthur Quartley, is represented, as he rarely has been in recent exhibitions, by a "Morning, New York Harbor."

Eastman Johnson's "Pass in a Corner" is a picture which attracted little less attention in the Academy than his "Funding Bill," which was shown at the same exhibition. "A Quiet Day, Manchester Beach," is one of the best examples of the late J. F. Kensett, on a minor scale; and "Eventide," by Robert C. Minor, belongs among the most poetic of that painter's poetic works. Two examples of W. S. Macy, both painted in Germany, render him a justice his well painted but mannered winter scenes of recent production seldom do. Wm. T. Richards' "Land's End, Cornwall," is one of those monumental records of the grandeur of nature he draws and paints with unique



SUMMER MORNING, BY GEORGE INNESS.



power. Wordsworth Thompson's "Traveling in Italy" ranks with the chief of his studies of European life. Walter Shir law's "Toning of the Bell" is a strong and interesting study for his great picture of that title; and in "One Day in June," the newest addition to the collection, the art of W. T. Smedley exhibits a perfection unattained before. Two of the most powerful pictures of A. H. Wyant, and Worthington Whittredge's beautiful and poetic "Old House by the Sea," add strength to the gathering. Add to these characteristic, and in many cases superior, examples of J. W. Casilear, G. C. Lambdin, Ernest Parton, W. L. Sontag, A. F. Tait, J. H. Dolph, A. T. Bunner, J. R. Brevoort, Albert Bierstadt, F. A. Bridgman, W. H. Beard, and others, and it will be conceded that Mr. Evans' selection in American art betrays the judgment and the sympathy of the true connoisseur.

The foreign pictures in Mr. Evans's gallery number fewer important works than the native ones; but they include several of notable artistic quality. Chief among these is a noble study of cattle in a fine landscape setting, by Emil Van Mücke; a fine, large carefully studied and carried out "Sultana," by Benjamin Constant; a brilliant little Pasmí, one of several examples of Jacque, which belongs with his minor masterpieces, and a small and sketchy, but none the less charming Daubigny. "A General of the First Republic," is a remarkable example of the fine drawing and detail painting of Charles Delort, and "Testing the Broth," a beautiful specimen of Edward Frere. In the list of European names on the gallery walls one notes also those of Corot, Courbet, De Neuville, who figures with a spirited pen and ink drawing, Olavide, Schenck, Vollon and Zugel.

Altogether, however, Mr. Evans' collection is weakest in European art. This is readily accounted for by the fact that he began by collecting foreign pictures, and that his native works, purchased under the direction of developed taste and advanced knowledge, were selected with a much more critical discrimination. As Mr. Evans continues to add to his gallery from our exhibitions and studios, its quality cannot but rise under the influence of his exacting standard. If it never swelled beyond its present compass, though, it would still belong among the notable collections of New York.

THE next number of the ART UNION will be published in September. Thenceforward this magazine will appear as a monthly.



CHARGING THE BATTERY, BY GILBERT GAUL.



IN THE LAND OF PROMISE, BY CHARLES F. ULRICH.

#### ARTIST AND BUSINESS MAN.

IT is a traditional and popular opinion that artists are very poor business men, but I am inclined to question the truth of this judgment. The success of business management would seem to be not only in the attainment of the end proposed, but in the directness with which it is accomplished and the avoidance of the most chances of possible failure.

Thus, if a boy wished to eat fish for his dinner every day, it would be a poor plan for him to devote a year's time to earning money enough to buy three or four hundred of them, and then either lose his money or find that he had more fish in hand than he could master. A wiser lad would go to the river daily and get his dinner direct. The lives of the average artist and the business man are paralleled in the above illustration.

The average business man endeavors to accumulate money, not for the sake of the money, but for the comforts and pleasures it may give him in his later years. In nine cases out of ten he fails in securing the hoped for competency, and even when he is successful, his previous devotion to business has not fitted him for a later enjoyment of the higher pleasures of life. The wiser artist takes his enjoyment as he lives, and thus secures it beyond loss, and each year but adds to his capacity for increased intellectual pleasures.

But if individual artists are such poor business managers, how is it that certain societies that are entirely managed by them are successful? In this city the Academy of Design has had a life of sixty years, its valuable property is free from debt and it holds a large cash balance in bank. The Artists' Fund Society, the Water Color Society, and the Art Students' League, have also large balances to their credit and are yearly increasing them. The Art Union is not named in the above list, as some hypercritical censors might think such mention a little premature, but the fact that it has lived through such a disastrous business year and is in better financial condition than it was a year ago, with brighter prospects for a future life of usefulness, certainly ought to be considered the beginning of a success.

Very few men make fortunes by the work of their own hands, and like all professional men the artist cannot profit by the labor of others. His habits are generally as expensive as his means will allow, and he associates on terms of equality with the best society of the land—he is respected according to his personal worth and apart from social or financial associations. His work is a pleasure he would not exchange for the gold which is not its main object, and when his time comes to shuffle off this mortal coil, he looks back with pleasure on his past life and does not regret his choice of a calling. Who shall say, then, that the artist is not a wise business man?















## THE AWAKENING.

LAS CASAS, like other Spaniards in Hispaniola, held Indians as slaves, and forced them to work on his allotment of land under overseers who perpetrated upon them all the cruelties the conquerors were wont to lavish on their native vassals. He considered his spiritual mission among them fulfilled by an occasional mass and sermon. One day, while preparing his material for the next sermon, he came upon certain passages in the book of Ecclesiasticus asserting the claims of the poor and the criminal responsibility of those who oppressed them. The realization of his guilt flashed on him, and from that hour he began his historic labors for the succor and improvement of the wretched savages, whom their tyrants were mercilessly harrying from the earth.

## I.

The palm fronds rustle, the cricket drones, the soft wind stirs the grass,  
As the priest, at ease beneath his thatch, sits pondering on the mass;  
The drowsy calm of tropic noon foreshadows the Paradise  
To which, in blissful dreams, he oft has raised his yearning eyes:  
"In such peace as this, all eternity through, the just man's soul will rest;  
'Tis God's hand paints, for the eye of faith, this dream of the future blest."  
And his thin hands clasp on the open page, while tears and prayers form  
A tribute to the power that speaks in calm as in winter storm;  
That power which commands, yet has no tongue—which rules, yet has no form.

## II.

Ha! what sound is that the spiced wind bears, in cadence wild and shrill?  
Waking the echoes of dozing wood, and slumbering glade and hill;  
Startling the bird from its noonday doze, and hushing the cricket's song,  
With a sudden clamor that will not still, but rings both loud and long.  
Has the tiger in his tangled lair scented his coming prey?  
Is't the brake that cracks neath his stealthy feet, going his evil way?  
The prayer dies, and the tear drops dry, and the musing priest's thin hand  
Uncclasps from the open page on which he reads the Divine command:  
"Be just and gentle to those who most in need of man's mercy stand."

## III.

That clamor smites to his very heart, like the stroke of a trenchant blade;  
Lights in his soul a sudden flame, like that by the levin bolt made;  
For 'tis not the call of a beast he hears, but of man in agony;  
Of man, whose soul he is pledged to save and whose body he leaves to die;  
Of man, who bows beneath a yoke which crushes him to his grave,  
For the bitter guerdon of curse and blow which falls to the toiling slave.  
And the pale priest reads, in letters of fire, on the page beneath his hand,  
The words he has studied, but never yet had faith to understand:  
"Be just and gentle to those who most in need of man's mercy stand."

## IV.

Solemn and slow troop the helots by, bent by their weary loads,  
Naked, wan and seared with scars, yet urged like brutes with goads;  
Pelted with oaths and wealed with blows from hands that no mercy know,  
Till reeling in pain they're scourged again for the anguish they dare to show;  
Living phantoms decreed to hell on earth, while beyond the grave  
The priest has plumed his narrow creed that their precious souls he'll save;  
The priest who read with eyes that were blind in the pages 'neath his hand  
Those words which now brand his whirling brain with the long unheard command:  
"Be just and gentle to those who most in need of man's mercy stand."

## V.

Down in the dust, where the track is stained and the grass is dabbled red!  
Pray to thy God, as never before, with humbled heart and head!  
The crimson mark on thy pallid brow is the burning brand of Cain,  
'Tis the blood of thy brother that curses thee in thy Master's holy name.  
Idle shepherd, is this thy flock? Blind guide, to whom was given  
The duty of guiding thy fellow man on the thorny road to heaven,  
Is it thus thou pointest the blessed way, with torture-reddened hand?  
Is it thus thou readest thy Master's will and bowest to his command:  
"Be just and gentle to those who most in need of man's mercy stand?"

## VI.

Bondsman and taskmaster, scourges and chains, have gone their mournful way,  
The palm fronds clash, the crickets drone, and the summer winds at play  
In leaves and grasses, and rustling thatch, singing its slumbrous tune,  
In a voice whose murmur scarce disturbs the hush of the tropic noon,  
Yet rings in the soul of the crouching priest, like thunder roaring strong;  
And shakes his conscience, which long has slept in dull despite of wrong,  
An anthem of anguish from tortured hearts that swells a chorus grand,  
Chanting, to ears that are deaf no more, the Master's sweet command:  
"Be just and gentle to those who most in need of man's mercy stand."

ALFRED TRUMBLE.

## GOOD WISHES AND GOOD CHEER.



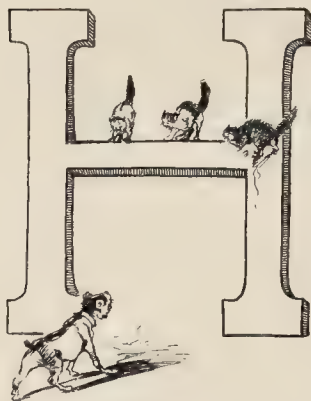
WHEN this number of the ART UNION reaches the hands of its readers, the season of dullness and dustiness will have settled on the town. The studios have been emptying themselves for a couple of weeks, and the annual artistic flights to Europe and the nooks and corners of our own land has set in. It has been a dull winter for many a denizen of the studios and will be a dry summer to many more. If good wishes can lighten their dog day probation, however, the ART UNION's are at their disposal. If prognostications can exercise any potency in elevating their spirits, we experience no hesitation in prophesying to that end. The sun of American art is rising. It is already peeping over the horizon, and the warmth of its rays has commenced to be felt, albeit the season just past was obscured by clouds. The time of their breaking is near at hand however, and when they do break it will be to prelude a season of fair weather, which will bring brightness and hope to many a studio door.

"Everything comes to him who waits," says the proverb. The waiting is often a trial hard to bear, but the man who cannot bear crosses does not deserve to wear crowns. "Wait and work" is as good a motto for a painter as a politician. In political circles it is regarded as the most cogent advice ever given man to follow. Those who follow it faithfully rarely fail to grasp the prizes they covet, and the victory is the sweeter for the bitterness through which it has been secured.

## PHOTO-GRAVURE IN AMERICA.

WE present with this issue a plate by the Photo-Gravure Company, of this city. It is a reproduction of a photograph from life. Of its quality it bears better witness than could any commendations of ours. The enormous strides made by the various processes of mechanical reproductions in this country during the past five years are too well known to need any special comment here. Such a plate as that of the Photo-Gravure Company is the best guarantee that we have not ceased to advance. The secret processes of the French art printers have ceased to be secrets. The education of our workmen has progressed in proportion to the advancement of our knowledge of the mechanical arts of reproduction. We have not yet arrived at the fine artistic perfection of the French, it is true, but we are not far behind them, and are gaining on them every day.

## FRENCH ART IN 1885.



HOW poor a pass French Art has come to, the present Salon exhibition shows. The critics describe it unanimously as a collection of common-places. The illustrated catalogue exhibits scarcely half a dozen compositions at all removed above mediocrity. There is doubtless plenty of good painting on the walls of the galleries, but of lofty ambitions, of exalted and noble ideas, nothing. The academic beauties of Bougereau, the excellent and soulless religious art of Bonnat, the decorations of Puvis de Chavannes and a few others, constitute the star works of the display. About the only pictures calculated to create a sensation were rejected because, incredible as it may seem, they were decided to be too immoral for exhibition.

One, a horrible episode of the vile life of the stews, represented a domestic drama of the sort Zola loves to work up into a climax—the detection of his dishonor by a husband. In it naught was extenuated, though a great deal may have been set down in malice. Its obscenity was disgusting. To paint such a subject the painter must have been on a moral level with his hero and heroine. Yet it had been carefully composed and carried out in all its details, and the artist has already begun to taste the sweets of fame, because he made a picture too shameful to be exhibited, and which every one, consequently, wants to see. The other rejected work is of a political nature. It represents the crowning, on a barricade, of red republicanism, in the person of Robert Macaire. It is a powerful satire, and would, in all likelihood, have provoked a riot. Its rejection was based on this ground, not on any demerits of execution.

An art of sensationalism and technique, French art is steadily going from bad to worse. It is the art of the Cynic, who knows everything and believes in nothing—who has brains, but no heart. Brilliant and cold, it appeals to the eye alone. Its merits are the merits of the skilled workman, not of the poet. That a change must come, is evident. That it will come, is certain. The fancy ball goes bravely on in French society, of which French art is but a reflex. The Princess de Sagan gives a masquerade worthy of Pompadour, while the newspapers report a dozen daily cases of death by starvation. The butterflies flutter in the sunlight while the storm is brewing. The bubble is afloat and makes a splendid dazzle on its airy flight, but it is only a bubble, after all, and has an inevitable end before it.

## AN AMATEUR'S SALESROOM.

D. W. GRANBERY & CO. announce that they have devoted part of their salesrooms, at 20 & 22 John Street, to the exhibition and sale of the work of art amateurs. The enterprise is a business one, their desire being to promote improvement among amateur art workers by finding a sale for their works at a fair profit to both creator and seller. The selling commission will be ten per cent. Articles intended for sale can be delivered at any time. They will be subject to the approval of J. Ward Stimson and V. G. Stiepvitch of the Metropolitan Museum Art Schools, and no article rejected by them will be received under any circumstances. Payment for goods sold will be made monthly. By keeping the standard of commodities up, and by relieving their producers of the extortionate charges made by the shopkeepers who ordinarily handle them, Messrs. Granbery & Co. hope to establish a business which will aid all worthy amateur producers of art work, and accustom the public to a higher average of merit than it has hitherto been accustomed to in this line.

The next number of the ART UNION will appear in September. It will be enlarged and it is hoped improved in all its departments. From and after next September it will be published as a monthly.

## FOR THIS ARE WE CRITICS.

IF the Prize Exhibition at the American Art Galleries served no other purpose, it would suffice to inspire the public which reads the papers with an edifying idea of the art critics who write for them. From first to last there has not been exhibited in the press an instance of unanimity of critical opinion as to the prize pictures. Each critic has had his own ideas of the qualifications demanded for the awards, and none has conceded that the awards were all justly made.

The critic is extremely fond of dwelling on the lack of unity among the men he criticises. They are painted by him as being divided into cliques, broken by dissensions and kept asunder by selfish interests. Perhaps they are, but they certainly never exhibit such an absolute lack of unity on a mere question of comparative excellence as the critics themselves have recently shown.

If our critics were to call a convention previous to the opening of each exhibition, and exchange ideas and agree upon a course of concerted action, they would benefit the public and themselves. In the first instance, the people who read the papers would not be bewildered by radical conflicts of opinion; and in the second, the critics would not be regarded, as they generally are, as mere riders of hobbies, using art as an excuse for advertising their pet theories against each other.

That art would be benefited by the change, too, there can be no doubt. But criticism would have what it now lacks—a standard intelligible to the world, not a kaleidoscope of opinions, whose value is purely personal, and therefore of no more tangible force than any single man's word in the common mart.

A FEATURE of the September number of the ART UNION will be a history of the American Water Color Society, illustrated by the members.



IF!

If skies were bluer,  
And storms were fewer,  
And lesser the woes on land and sea;  
Were shiny summers  
Perpetual comers,  
What a Utopia this would be!

If life were longer,  
And faith were stronger,  
If joy would bide and care would flee;  
If each were brother  
To all the other,  
What an Arcadia this would be!

—LEIGH HUNT.

THE ART UNION for September will be replete with novel and attractive features, both for the artistic fraternity and the general public.



## ITALY AND THE ART TARIFF.



**I**TALY, under the guidance of Mr. W. W. Story, now comes to the front with a demand for the abolition of the art tariff. We can readily understand why France should make its appeal for an abolition of the duty with a certain show of justification, for amid a great deal of rubbish she does send us some really high class artistic work. But before Italy can claim any consideration in the matter, she will have to demonstrate her right to it by sending us some works of art to tax.

Thus far little if anything which Italy has sent to America for many years in the line of so called artistic productions has been artistic in anything but name. Statuary hacked out like figureheads and

tobacconists Pompeys by artisans hired like day laborers, the cheapest and most vulgar of terra cottas, and pictures which are never seen outside the auction rooms and the houses of the dupes who patronize them, constitute the contributions of modern Italian art to the new world. A tax of 300 or of 3,000 per cent. on such rubbish would not be too much.

The stuff exported from Italy to replenish the stocks of the lowest order of speculators in fraudulent and worthless art, so called, is invoiced at such wretched figures that a duty of a hundred per cent. would not enhance its cost more than a couple of dollars. When it is understood that water colors 18x24 are marked on the books of a certain auction dealer as having cost him from 15 to 25 francs, and that pictures in oil rate at only a few francs more, one may be pardoned in questioning the assertion that Italian art is injured by our tariff.

The fact is, that Italian art to-day stands on the lowest level of any in Europe. It is an art of vulgarities and trifles, without heart, without body and without brains. Italy does not want it, as is demonstrated by the fact that her collectors seek pictures everywhere but at home, and what Italy does not want the United States certainly does not stand in need of. Before the painters and sculptors of Italy undertake to reform the laws of another nation in matters of art, they had better devote a little time and interest to the study of art for its own sake.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

**T**HE illustrations in the text of this number of the ART UNION are drawn from a variety of sources. Those which embellish the article on the collection of Mr. William T. Evans are from drawings made for Kurtz's "Academy Notes" of 1882-3-4, which have been loaned to the ART UNION by Mr. Kurtz. The members of the Salmagundi Club contribute those which illustrate the sketch of their society, and Messrs. James E. Kelly and Charles X. Harris furnish the pictorial gems for "Art at Red Heat." The initial letters are from the hands of Messrs. Percy Moran and H. P. Share, and the latter is also represented by his charming picture of "The Afternoon Mail," which has been beautifully reproduced by the Electric Light Photo-Engraving Company. The contributions of the late William Makepeace Thackeray are not exactly new, but they are none the less interesting on that account.

THE Administration of Fine Arts in France have acquired for the sum of 25,000 francs, *La Récolte des pommes de Terre* of Bastien LePage. This purchase is alike honorable to the Administration and to the family of the painter, who had received much larger offers for the picture. Monsieur LePage, prior to his death, bequeathed to the Louvre four portraits of members of his family, which will remain in the possession of his brother during his life. Among these portraits is the admirable picture of the artist's grandfather, which was exhibited in the Salon of 1874.

## UN-AMERICAN AMERICAN ARTISTS.

**T**HE newspapers bring us the usual announcement that the American artists have again distinguished themselves at the Salon and the English exhibitions, and proceed to dilate on the works of Messrs. Sargent and Dannat, Whistler and Boughton, Harrison, Bridgman, Boggs, Mosler and the rest in the style made familiar by some years of repetition. In a general sense, THE ART UNION is pleased to hear of any artist's success, no matter what his nationality may be. But against the continuous misuse of an important term we find it our duty to protest.

Birth does not make an artist, American or French or English or what not. Sympathy and the tendency of his art decide his nationality. J. G. Brown and Thomas Moran are of English origin; M. F. H. DeHaas and Kruseman Van Elten are Dutchmen; Constant Mayer is a Frenchman; Albert Bierstadt a German. But these men are American artists not because they live in America alone, but because they work here, because they find inspiration for their art here, and because their labors have aided in building up the art of the country. They are American artists in the true sense, and the only sense in which the term is worthy of consideration.

To call Mr. Sargent, Mr. Whistler or Mr. Boughton an American artist is to travesty the title. They are European by education, by feeling and tastes. They have nothing American in spirit, and their art has nothing national in it. Fine painters each in his way, men whose individualities as expressed in their works are well worth study and worthy of respect. But American artists never. No more are those painters of French and German pictures in the French or German style, who have expatriated themselves in person and sympathy, and who paint pictures not like Americans, but like the Frenchmen or Germans they have learned their art from and cast their lines among. Nor do their works do America a fraction of the credit they do the schools they graduated in and the society which inspired them in their labors.

America has a long list of artists who do her credit, though they do not exhibit in the Salon. It is by them our art will be judged by posterity, not by the consular certificates of our absent and estranged brethren.

## ADVERTISING, NOT ART.

**A** WESTERN paper assumes it to be a sign of the art progress of the time that the daily press has during the past year or so gone in for illustrating its columns so extensively. The matter never struck us in that light. To us the practice always seemed to be merely an excellent plan for attracting public attention.

We live in a time when the demand for novelty has become a positive rage. To catch the public eye to-day you must offer something that arouses its curiosity or inspires it with wonder. It is not enough for the publisher that he gives out a good paper. He must also give out one so different from all the others that people will notice and comment on it, and, commencing by buying it out of idle curiosity, will end by becoming confirmed in the habit. The outline sketches which have been so common in the newspapers of late offered a vehicle towards this end which was adopted by a shrewd publisher to his profit. Other publishers, ready to set the egg on end after Columbus had shown them how to do it, fell into line, and a perfect rash of illustrated daily journalism was the result.

Like all rages, it has its day. Having exhausted its utility, it is perishing in due course. That it will quite die out is not likely, for it affords a certain class of publications with an opportunity of embellishing their pages at small cost and to good enough effect. But it never was adopted by the newspapers of the first rank, and it will be dropped by those of a less dignified order just as soon as its usefulness to them is terminated, or they are able to do without it. The fact is, that the public buys its newspaper for the sake of the news in it. In proportion as that news is complete and well presented, so will the paper it is printed in be popular. A zinc etching of a murderer or an adventuress may attract attention for the moment, but if the crude picture is made to serve as an excuse for the pitchfork and shovel editing of crudely concocted and badly written articles, even the least critical of the public soon find it out and resent it.

The adoption of the pictorial system into the editorial policy of daily journalism has no bearing on or relation to the art progress of the time whatever. It was in its inception an extremely good advertising dodge, and it served its purpose as such to the profit the ingenuity of its inventors deserved.



## The Art Union.

### BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

#### THE AMERICAN ART UNION.

The American Art Union, a society of American artists, including representatives of all the different schools of art, has been organized "for the general advancement of the Fine Arts, and for promoting and facilitating a greater knowledge and love thereof on the part of the public."

Nearly all of the leading artists of the country, representing the various schools, are enrolled among the active members of the Art Union, and its President and Vice-President hold similar offices in the National Academy of Design. The Honorary Membership includes some of the most distinguished amateurs and friends of art in the country.

#### BOARD OF CONTROL, 1884 1885.

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#### THE ART UNION.

THE ART UNION is the **OFFICIAL JOURNAL** of the American Art Union, an association of nearly two hundred professional artists, whose contributions give it a character entirely distinct from that of other publications which present only the journalists' views upon art, while in THE ART UNION art will be considered from the artists' standpoint.

ALFRED TRUMBLE, EDITOR.

C. H. E. REDDING, BUSINESS MANAGER.

**SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$3.00 PER ANNUM.**  
**SINGLE COPIES, 50 CENTS.**

On the payment of Two Dollars additional, there will be sent to the subscriber, postage paid, a proof on India paper of the etching, by W. Shirlaw, of "The Reprimand," from the original picture by Eastman Johnson. Size of plate, 13x16 inches, mounted on heavy plate paper, 19x24 inches. This is acknowledged to be the best plate from a figure picture that has ever been made in this country. The dealers' prices for similar prints are from Fifteen to Twenty-five Dollars.

Any person sending four subscriptions, will receive one additional subscription free of charge.

Any one having purchased a single number for 1885, can complete the subscription for the year by the further payment of Two Dollars.

Remittances should be made, preferably, by Draft on New York, Check, Money Order, Registered Letter or Postal Note, and made payable to E. WOOD PERRY, JR., Secretary, 51 West Tenth St., New York.

Advertising rates made known upon application.

#### THE COURSE OF EMPIRE.

Bishop Berkely, with well nigh prophetic foresight, said that the course of empire took its way westward. He referred, of course, to national greatness in a general sense and not to Caesarism. There is, however, one thing that bears the name "imperial" justly and with honor. It is the "Imperial Granum." This standard preparation for Infants and Invalids is steadily moving forward as the years roll by, winning hosts of friends wherever its merits become known. We have been familiar with it for many years, having known several instances where babies have been brought up entirely on it, whose healthy condition is the best possible recommendation of its practical benefit. It is emphatically a health food, and is at the same time so powerful and so delicate that the feeblest constitution will greatly profit by it, and the weakest stomach will never reject it. It is suited to the requirements of old age and infancy, to the sick and suffering of whatever age or condition. In cases of stomachic or intestinal disorder it is particularly valuable. Its composition is such that it supplies the invalid with all the nutrients of solid food, and still can be taken as readily and as easily as if it were spring water. JOHN CARLE & SONS of New York are the general agents, and it can be obtained from druggists generally.

#### ART NOTES.

"Simli Majolica," as its name implies, is an imitation of Majolica. It is a glaze, the invention of Mr. F. Ruequoy, which can be applied to any material, producing most pleasing results. An excellent example of it is a plaque, modeled by Baur, in which the coloring and surface are brought out with charming effect. Its decorative value cannot help but be appreciated. F. Imbert & Co., of this city, are the owners of the process.

"The Works of Art & Bric-a-Brac Doctor" is the title of a very thorough little work by A. Barthelet, 830 North 10th Street, Philadelphia. The author, from a practical standpoint, treats of fractures of all natures, whether of pictures or ware, and talks learnedly of cements, their composition and proper application. A more useful handbook of its kind could not be found.

Since the establishment of her artistic furnishing and shopping agency, Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer has built up an extensive business in her novel field. Mrs. Ayer is a woman of fine taste and excellent judgment, and her success justifies the large confidence reposed on her by her clients.

The summer branch of the American Art School and Exchange for Woman's Work, opens at Chautauqua, under the superintendence of Principal Blanchard, on July 11th. The out-door sketching class is now being formed.

The season at the art school of the Misses Osgood, in the Domestic Building, is reported to have been exceptionally successful. Their summer Art School at Saratoga opens on June 20th, to continue for a session of three months.

WILLIAM HELBURN'S interesting and valuable collection of books on art and the trades is constantly being added to. It at present includes, among others, the superb Pigblin Album of large reproductions from that clever painter's remarkable pastels. The fine reproductions in color of Hans Mackart's designs for the procession in Vienna on the occasion of the silver wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Austria; Schutz's superb work on the renaissance in Italy and Trieste's on that in Germany; Lessing's "Building Ornaments in Berlin"; Prignot's "L'Architecture, l'ameublement et Decoration"; Muller's "Hora Pittoresque," and Segher's "Tresor Calligraphique." A magnificent volume of letters and illuminations of the middle ages and the renaissance. Mr. Helburn receives orders for periodicals, books, etc., and executes commissions at sales for some of the leading collectors and connoisseurs of the country.

THE summer classes of the Woman's Institute of Technical Design will open on Monday, July 1st, at Saratoga. For information and circulars, address Miss Florence A. Dinsmore, Secretary.

REMEMBER that a subscription to THE ART UNION is but \$3.00, that for \$5.00 you receive it for a year and a proof impression of Mr. Shirlaw's fine etching after Eastman Johnson's "Reprimand," and that after next September it will appear as a monthly.

THE award of prizes at the American Art Galleries next year is to be in the hands of the artist exhibitors, after all.

THE ART UNION will be sent anywhere in the world at the subscription rate.

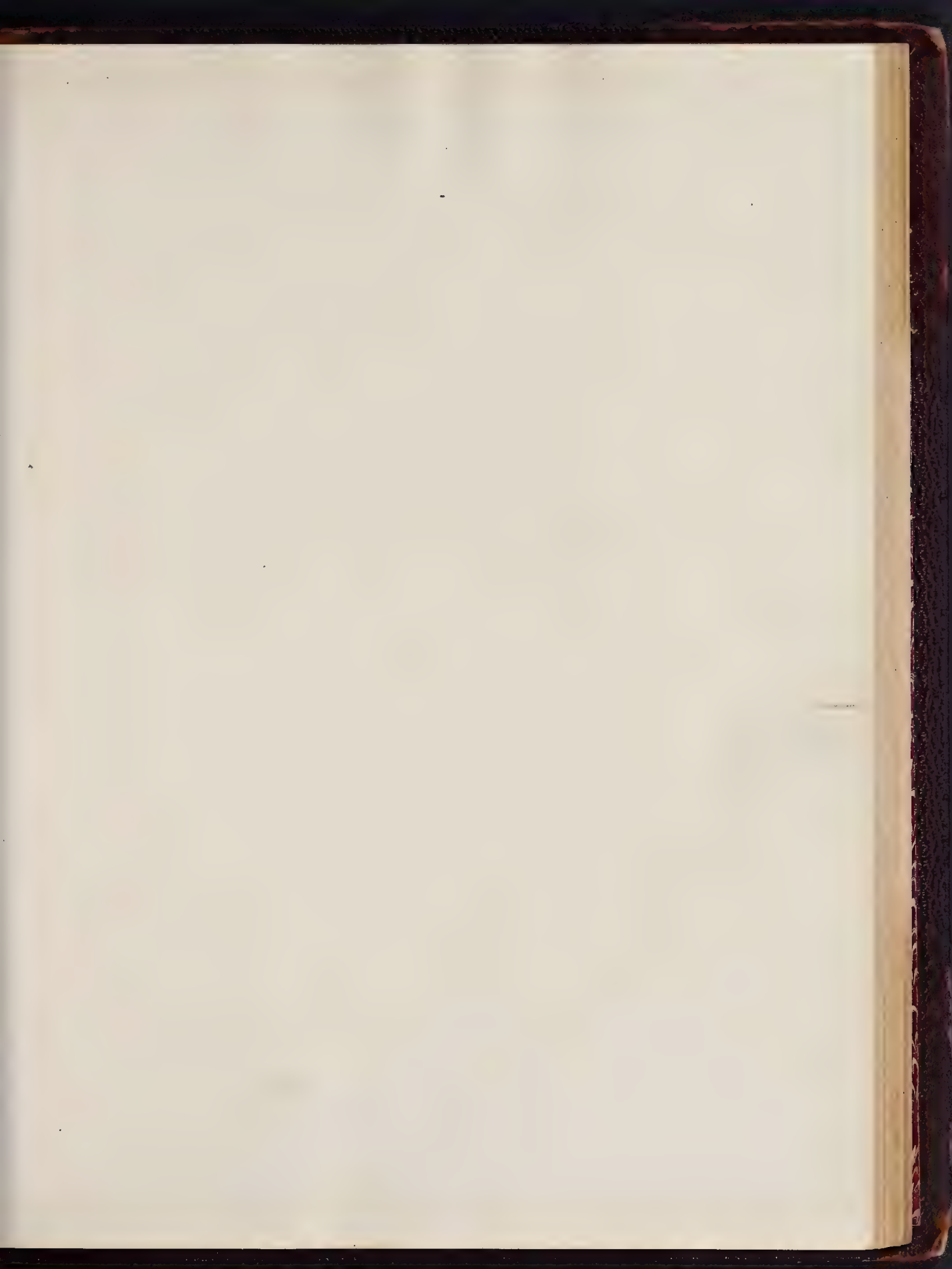
PROOF impressions of Walter Shirlaw's "Reprimand" are worth \$15.00 at trade rates. One goes with each \$5.00 subscription to THE ART UNION for 1885.

A FEW complete sets of THE ART UNION for 1884 may be obtained for \$2.00. They include, besides many text illustrations, beautiful etchings by Thomas Moran and Henry Farrer.

THE PATENT ARTISTS' PANEL, advertised in this issue of THE ART UNION, by E. F. French, is an invention which deserves consideration and experiment at the hands of our artists. Mr. French's panel is made in layers, and with a special view to the prevention of warping, splitting and the other ills ordinary panels are heir to. They are in large use among our artists already, and the mahogany panels are spoken of with special favor by those who have painted on them. The opinions of those who use them particularly point to their excellence of surface, and to the care exercised in their preparation throughout.

THE next number of THE ART UNION will appear in September, with many new and attractive features. From and after that date it will be published as a monthly.







By FRANCIS MILLER.

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## A DREAM OF MUSIC.



# THE ART UNION


THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN ART UNION

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NO. III.

## JOHNNY'S STENCILS.



OVER on the east side of New York, where there were shipyards and wharves bristling with masts, in the days when there were American ships to cleave the seas, is a quiet section of the great town which always reminds me of the days when I used to read Herman Melville and Cooper; when I went in search of adventure with Midshipman Easy, and Mesty, with his filed teeth; and when I cruised in the

"Midge" with Michael Scott, and thought a buccaneer or a midshipman, it did not much matter which to me, a more enviable being than the king upon his throne. Alas! I have been over the cruising grounds of my boyhood's heroes since those golden days—those days of Dumas stolen in a garret, and of forbidden fruit, of equal piquancy, devoured under a thicket, lying on my back and dividing my attention between my book and the clouds that went sailing overhead on their airy voyage round the world. The world has fewer secrets for me now, and fewer romances. But I love the sea yet, and will love it till I have passed beyond this mundane area of sensations and sentiments. When I am weary, ill in mind

and body, I can go down to it, and its gigantic whisper cheers me like the kindly voice of an old friend. Its breezes blow the clouds away, and its restless waters bear me off into that realm of fancy where man forgets himself, and is the better for it.

As I love the sea, so do I love its works. I love the battered ships that come limping up the bay, with a tug-boat for a crutch; I love the shambling, uncouth heroes who man them, for I know their lives of peril, privation, hard fare and simple devotion to duty that makes the fore-castle a scene of nobler triumphs than the battlefield.

I have sailed with them, and lived with them, and now and then, when I am tired of men who know too much, and whose hands are ever at your purse or at your throat, I wander off among their vanishing haunts, and give good day to poor Jack, lounging on the wooden settle at his boarding-house door, and smell oakum, and listen to the lapping of water and the clank of chains, and, before I know it, am off a-sailing under the Southern Cross, with the wind making fairy music overhead, with the big sails swelling ghost-like against the burning stars,



and the drone of a concertina on the fore-castle losing itself in the tinkle and crash of the breaking waves.

I had passed the Falklands on one of these shadowy voyages, and was about to go below and put on flannels for the trip around the Horn, when a voice that had that high pitch, from calling against the wind, that always marks the sailor's, said:

"Avast there, Johnny! Hold her fast now, and mind you get enough ink in the brush."

The speaker was a little, old man, with hair so white and skin so brown that only the race characteristics of his seamed and battered face marked him for a Caucasian. He wore big, steel-bowed spectacles and an old suit of blue cloth, decent and clean, and had gold rings in his ears. He sat on the lower step of a house as little and old-fashioned as himself, and on the upper one was a little white-faced, blue-veined and petticoated boy. Between them, on the step, were a sheet of cardboard, on which the old man held a Japanese brown paper stencil down with both hands, and a saucer of India ink in which the child was dabbing a brush. There was about the quaint old man, the quaint child, and the quaint house a singular harmony of simple oddity. They reminded me somehow of a toy Noah's Ark, in which the ark and its inmates are made for each other, carved by the same hand out of the same material, and could not be separated without losing all sense of fitness and all value.

"All ready, gran' dad," said Johnny, in a thin, sharp, twittering voice, like the call of a bird.



"Aye, aye!" piped the old man with a nod to me, who had stopped, and another nod at Johnny, and a portentous wink, that he performed by shutting both eyes and twisting his face all out of shape in a grotesque earnestness that was too sincere to be laughable, but none the less funny on that account. "Aye, aye, laddy!"

"Then," said Johnny, "heave away!"

And he began smearing the ink from the saucer over the stencil, while the old man held it fast and followed every movement of his hand with absorbed and almost reverential admiration. "A little mite in there, lad," he said; "so! Steady, as she goes. Now, then, don't give that starboard corner the go by. Touch the big flower up a bit;" and finally, in his eagerness, he let the stencil go, to point some



overlooked spot out, when a gay little zephyr from the river caught the paper up and blew it off, leaving the transferred impression on the cardboard, sharp and clean. I caught the truant sheet upon the wing, and restored it, with its delicate perforations unharmed, to Johnny, who said,



"Thank you, sir!" and then, "I knew you'd go and do it, gran' dad. That's the third one you nearly spoiled."

"Hear him," chuckled the old man, patting the tow-crowned head with a trembling hand, all lumps and twists like a sea-cedar's root; "and only three years old at that. Only three years old, and the littlest of three, too;" and he went on to babble of the child, and tell me how he had been like him five and eighty years ago, and how he had gone sailing when he was but thrice his age, "and followed the sea, boy and man, for sixty years." The roaring waters had washed his sons down, and his grandson was now drifting "Lord knew where," on an overdue China ship. But here he was, alive and hearty, "sound as a nut," as he averred, with a blow on his chest that threw him into convulsions of coughing and brought a plump and pretty young woman, in a sunbonnet, to the door, in great alarm.

"Grandfather will do such foolish things," said the young woman, patting him on the back like a fractious child. "Now he'll be all of a tremble for the rest of the day."

We raised the veteran up between us, and he tottered indoors, for his legs were no sounder than his chest. We led him through the little parlor, on which the front door opened, and which was crammed in every corner and on every wall and shelf and table with corals and conches, sawfish

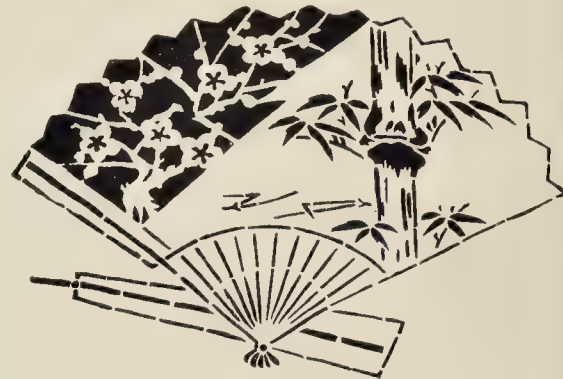


snouts and the blades of the savage and savory swordfish, starfish and seaweed dried on cards, and hanging in festoons, and other marine spoil, through a little sitting-room into which the maritime treasures of the parlor overflowed, and out upon a back porch shrouded in grapevine, and

overlooking a garden ablaze with flowers as simple and as beautiful as the lives of their owners. There, in a big, old armchair, whose cushions engulfed him to the shoulders, he soon fell into a doze, while his granddaughter chatted, and the "littlest one of three" brought me his stencils to look at. "His father brought them to him last voyage," said the mother. "He got them in Japan. They're cut with a knife, you see, and all you have to do is lay them on a paper and put the ink over them with a brush, and they make a picture. The children over in Japan" (she said it in as matter-of-fact a way as you would say "over in Brooklyn") "use them for playthings, and his father says Johnny can make as good pictures with them as he ever saw out there. Isn't that one pretty, now?"

They were all pretty. The little sickly child possessed a precocious dexterity not uncommon with children situated like himself, and his stencils were clean and sharp enough to do credit to the artist of the originals. They were, as his mother said, a set of the toy stencils which the happy babes of the Mikado's strange empire imbibe their first impressions of art from. The fact that he graciously presented me with a set, permits me to introduce some of them to you here.

"Grand Dieu! Ces Japonais—ils sont plus forts que nous!" Gustave Doré once said, and they prove it even in the least important of their artistic works. They have, by instinct, essentialized the spirit of art; they have learned, without knowing how, to read the soul of nature. Therein lies their strength. We can teach them to make pictures, but we can learn to feel pictures from them.



Art is not a pastime with them. It is a form of the worship of nature to which they are born, and as long as they adhere to the simple truths of their pictorial faith, they are at their best unique and unapproachable. In proportion as they depart from their singleness of aim their powers decline. There is more art in these simple toys for babies than in the elaborate artificialities into which the caprice of civilized fashion has seduced them, to the debasement of their national genius.

The Japanese are the true impressionists. What an affectation of modern art, swollen with vanity and hungry for sensations, professes, they perform. Its performance is no boast with them—it is a natural outcome of the subtle simplicity of the national genius. The man who makes you Fusi-yama with a few strokes of the brush, who with a couple of slashes of the knife carves you out a rooster or a cat, a lady dawdling over her tea, or a macaw perched upon the bough, sees more in nature than he gives you. But he suggests to you what he sees, and just as nature simplifies herself to him into the cardinal facts, he reduces her for the contemplation of whoever may be interested in his art. These stencils are not the best that he can do, as we all know. But they have in them the rudiments of what is best in his art—its worship of the grand in nature, its instinctive analysis of the organic facts of nature, and its disdain of mean and petty things. When he paints you a beetle it is a beetle, even to the minutest twist of its mailed and clattering body. But when he paints you a landscape he does not see the beetles which it harbors.

But I am not going to weary you with a dissertation on Japanese art. Will you not find it all laid down by Monsieur Gonse and his critical



confreres, in volumes upon volumes whose abstract wisdom would astonish the Japanese artist as much as his art amazes us? Here are Johnny's stencils to speak for themselves, with a good batch more in reserve, if you care to call for them. And over on the east side, where there are still a few little brick houses and green trees, and American men and women who do not ape English fashions or worship a lord, Johnny is becoming an artist on the Japanese plan, while his sire plows the billows and his grandsire dozes in the sun. May the China ship never be overdue again, and may the great grandfather of three bask in the fluttering shadow of the vine till, like one of its ripe grapes, he falls into the mould as into a soft bed. Who knows but Johnny, having learned the lessons of his stencils well, may some day—



But pshaw! I am off on a voyage again, and the printer is waiting.

A. T.



### "A DREAM OF MUSIC."

(From the original picture by Francis Miller.)

AMONG the young painters whom the past lustrum has brought prominently to the front in America, men of strong performance and still brighter promise, is Francis Miller. A native of Columbus, Ohio, some thirty years of age, Mr. Miller owes the most important lessons of his art to the great school of Carolus Duran, in Paris. He also spent some time and did excellent work in Holland. Since his return to this country some years ago, however, he has devoted himself almost exclusively to studies of national episodes and types, varied with some charming studio pictures of minor importance but ample merit. His "Caboose of the Local Freight," in the Clarke collection, is one of the gems of that remarkable assemblage of pictures; his "Charity Home," exhibited in the Spring Academy of 1884, though handicapped by an unpleasant subject, received a large portion of the interest excited by individual works at that show, and the "Country Railway Station," now at the Louisville Exhibition, is another performance which brings him credit.

Although in such compositions as "A Dream of Music" Mr. Miller's art is graceful and full of charm, there is a robust and dramatic side to his talent by which he will, eventually, become best known. It will be as a painter of action and passion that he will achieve his highest repute. He is a firm and skillful draughtsman, with a keen eye for character and a ready and sympathetic invention, and is a good colorist and an admirable technician.

Credit for the thoroughly excellent reproduction of Mr. Miller's picture herewith presented is due to Nichols & Handy, the photographers and publishers, of this city.

It is often said that art is Catholic, and that it don't matter what country a picture comes from, if the picture is good. This is our opinion exactly; but when it comes to a choice between mediocre foreign pictures and first-class native ones, we become Calvinistic in the rigidity of our devotion to home art. We want all the very best examples of the very best painters we can get, be they the productions of Frenchmen or Fiji Islanders. But we do not want the trade work turned out by machine to glut the market, which constitutes the bulk of the foreign art which comes to our shores.

### THE MANLY ART IN MARBLE.\*

To the Editor, *The Art Union*.

DEAR SIR—The age of chivalry and poetry may be as dead as the hearts that beat when beautiful Hypatia lived and lectured to the students of Alexandria, and Phidias carved dreams of beauty for undreamed of generations to wonder at and worship. The age of the troubadour and of romance, when the olive-skinned lover picked Æolian strains upon his silver-mounted mandolin,—

"Not at her sweet eyes' level,  
Nor above, where the jasmines grow  
Round the golden towers of Seville,  
But there, at her feet, below,"

may be as dead as the dreams of Drake, the sea king, of blustering John Hawkins, bold Amayas Leigh and courtly Walter Raleigh, the gallant men of Devon who sailed Westward, Ho! from merrie England three centuries ago. The age of brass may have disappeared down the bye-ways and alleyways of time, but the age of Sculpture is about to be revived by—our millionaires? our railroad kings? our Vanderbilts, Fields, Goulds, Stewarts, Pullmans, Austin Corbins? No! but by the despised prize-fighter—the contemned exponent of the manly art, the persecuted putter-up of props, the redoubtable and invincible J. Lawrence Sullivan, the hero of 159 bloody frays, the vanquisher of "Tug" Wilson and Paddy Ryan, the King of the Prize Ring himself. He, not the gentlemen one would naturally look to for the great work, has given a new impetus to our plastic art and her dear children by shying his castor into the Sculptorian arena, and commissioning a master of the mallet and the callipers to do him up; not as he, many a time and oft, has done his man (inside of twelve minutes), but in six feet of everlasting Westchester stone, as spotless as his fistic fame.

Did Mr. Sullivan, following the examples of certain other famous American patrons of Art, fly to an alien land for his marble or his artist? Perish a thought so unworthy of an American champion! In the land of the free and the home of the cautious; within the gates of the modern Athens; within sight of the lordly shaft on Bunker Hill; within the walls of the Studio Building, opposite the quaint old Park Street churchyard, where that wonderful, dark, long-haired genius, Martin Millmore, worked and dreamed, when I was an aspiring young man—there, musing over what a man he would have been among the boys in ancient Athens, eighteen centuries ago, had the gods seen fit to cast him there; or, mayhap, reading the glowing passages of Ovid, or listening, with his mind's ear, to the thunder of the Odyssey—or perchance, sadly musing on the golden opportunities Ulysses improved to crack heads, in the Trojan wars—there he will sit to an American sculptor, or stand, rather, to be carved by native genius in native materials, regardless of cost.

And not only will this patron of the Arts Sculptorial and Fistic enrich the artist and revive the dying interest in what threatened to become one of the lost arts of the Western Continent, but, after the heroic piece of work is accomplished, he—will stop there—rest upon his laurels? No! he will then begin to educate the public to a proper appreciation of the glories of our Art, and J. Lawrence Sullivan, by erecting, on a Quincy granite pedestal, in front of his caravansary on Washington Street—HIMSELF!—life-size, with the hands well up, the beautiful bunches of fives doubled, and the old serene look of self-confidence upon his thin, studious, classic face.

And in the gathering twilights of the days that are to be,  
The marble John L. Sullivan the Athens boys will see  
When coming from the contests, where the gladiators' yells  
Ring out, to make a holiday for Athens' brilliant belles.  
And then they'll tell the story of his prowess, sans a club,  
And what he did for sculpture in the old days of the Hub.

JOHN E. McCANN.

\* According to newspaper report, John L. Sullivan, the pugilist, has ordered a life size figure of himself in marble from a custom sculptor.—Ed. A. U.

THE Chicago papers expatiate with pride on the departure of a rich citizen for Europe with the expressed purpose of there investing \$200,000 in pictures. Yet the Chicago papers recently had the frigid assurance to denounce New York for want of patriotism.

## WHAT THE GRANT MEMORIAL SHOULD BE.



EPUBLICS may be ungrateful, as the proverb asserts, and such instances as the sluggishness of the subscription to the Grant Memorial would go far to prove the basic truth of the statement. But there is a good deal in the manner in which a popular subscription is worked up. Subscriptions of a general character are too common to obtain a deep hold on the public. A call for money to build a memorial is simply a call for money for a purpose whose results are veiled in the mystery of futurity. But give the public a definite idea of what use its money is to be put to, and an interest is aroused which is in itself a powerful incentive to individual generosity, and once interest is aroused in a great popular movement, its success is assured.

Given the fact that we want a memorial to General Grant, the question arises, What shall that memorial be? The location of the burial place has been determined by the family, and is not within the province of artistic discussion. But wherever it may be placed, and whatever monument may grace it, the national capital is clearly the most appropriate place for the chief memorial, to whose erection the whole country, from Maine to California, will lend willing hands. Pre-eminent as is New York in its influence upon any question of business or political life, still no non-resident feels that he has any of the property rights in it that he has in Washington, and if public sentiment were thoroughly canvassed, its ruling vote would be found to fall in favor of a memorial in the city whose special official character renders it a centre, though it is upon the borders of the land.

The character of the memorial should be unique, not only now, but for all time. It should be a monument that would grow in interest and importance with the growth of the country. There are statues and mausoleums everywhere in infinite variety of beauty and ugliness. What the great Grant memorial demands, is an originality of conception and an individuality of character which will single it out among all national monuments as one worthy of the nation and the time of its erection.

When the Washington monument, whose shaft almost pierces the sky, in its severe simplicity, was first contemplated, its construction involved a curious and excellent idea. It was to be made the central portion, the backbone, so to speak, of a temple consecrated to the great men of America. Around its base was to be constructed an open gallery of statuary, classical in design, circular in form and executed in the Grecian style, then so popular in our public architecture. The following is a portion of the description of the work, given in a newspaper of the time:

"The most prominent and imposing object of the proposed colossal structure will be the obelisk shaft, rising from the centre to the height of 600 feet, seventy feet square at the base and forty at the top. Around this shaft, elevated on a terrace or platform twenty feet high and 300 feet square, is to be erected a vast rotunda, supported by thirty massive columns, of twelve feet diameter, and forty-five feet high, enclosing a gallery fifty feet wide, sixty feet high and 500 feet in circumference. Above the colonnade will be an entablature twenty feet high, surmounted by a balustrade, fifteen feet high, making an elevation of 100 feet for the rotunda or colonnaded building. On the top, over the great gallery, and enclosed by the balustrade, will be a grand terrace around the great shaft, 700 feet in circumference, and outside of the balustrade a walk or gallery six feet wide and 750 in circumference. The entrance and passage to the grand terrace will be by means of a railway of easy ascent encircling the great shaft."

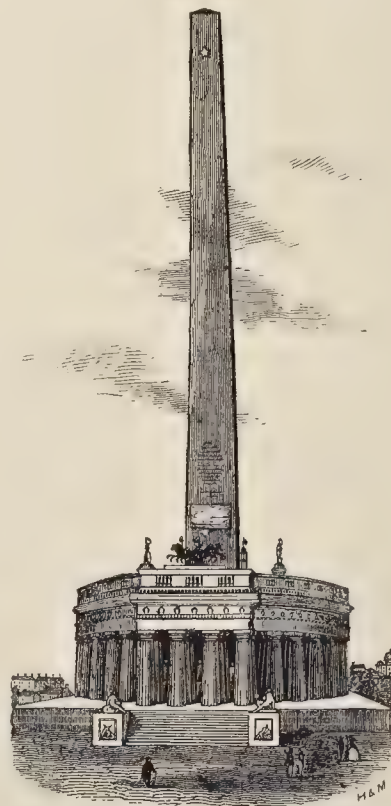
The original plan was lost in the years consumed by the slow completion of the shaft; lost so completely, indeed, that even the diagrams made for it have disappeared and cannot be found. The picture we present of the Washington monument as it was to be, is taken from a rare publication of the time. It was engraved from the architect's plan and serves to show quite clearly what the general intention was.

That intention is as good to-day as ever it was, and the suggestion which was not applied to the Washington memorial can be profitably utilized for

that of General Grant. Let the Grant memorial be made what that of Washington was intended to be—a hall of patriots and heroes of whom the nation has cause to be reverentially proud.

The most magnificent monument in the world is the Bavarian Walhalla. In the Northern mythology Walhalla means the place of abode of those who fall in battle as heroes. In modern reality it is a superb temple, erected by Ludwig I., of Bavaria, between 1830 and 1841, to the glory of his fatherland. It was intended as a temple of fame for all Germany, and it nobly fulfills its purpose. The design of the building was made by the great architect, Von Klenze, and the chief sculptors of Bavaria contributed to the execution of the plan. The Walhalla is built on an eminence 250 feet above the Danube, at Donaustauf, near Regensburg, a suburb of Munich, and cost 2,330,000 florins, which means half as many of our dollars. It is built in the style of the Parthenon, is nearly the same in size, of marble, and is in fact a splendid hall, filled with statues, busts and other sculptured semblances of the great men of Germany, and with carved memorials of her legends and history. The Walhalla is a place of pilgrimage for all good Germans and tourists, and amply repays the journey. It is in itself a noble art gallery and an awe-inspiring monument to the greatness of one of the greatest nations on the globe.

In the front of this superb edifice rises another stupendous memorial, the Bavaria. It was erected by Ludwig I., of Bavaria, from a model by Schwanthaler, the greatest sculptor of modern Germany. It is a single female figure sixty-five feet high, on a thirty foot high pedestal. Beside the figure crouches a lion. The statue was cast from Turkish and Norwegian cannon taken in battle. Internally it is as remarkable as it is externally imposing. There is a door in the back part of the pedestal which gives on a stone staircase of sixty steps. These lead into the figure, from which a side passage takes you into the body of the lion. Fifty-eight more steps



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT (AS ORIGINALLY PROJECTED).



conduct into the head, where there are seats and openings for the enjoyment of the view. Thirty-one people can stand in the head alone. The body was cast in seven pieces and the lion in five. The statue was unveiled in August, 1850, having taken six years to finish. It contains seventy-eight tons of metal. The Bavaria is really part of the Walhalla, standing, as it does, in front of that noble structure, over whose portal it keeps steady and faithful guard. The cost of the Bavaria was about one hundred thousand dollars.

What we would suggest is the building of a vast temple like the Walhalla. This should be permanently dedicated to General Grant, and his statue should be its first occupant. It should then be filled, as time goes on, with the statues and busts of our great men, and it should be so designed that extensions could be made without detriment to its architectural unity. Such a structure, so tenanted, would become a national temple, a place of popular pilgrimage, and its silent hall, peopled with the bronze and marble effigies of our illustrious dead, would make it the most sacred and instructive place in the country.

Whatever monument may be raised upon the spot where the dead warrior makes his last bivouac; however striking and splendid this monument may and doubtless will be, it will still be rather a local than a national work. Let it serve to mark his resting-place, and remind the city's holiday makers of a true American and great soldier, who earned all the love and gratitude of the land he helped to make illustrious. But in the city where the nation's government centres; where the official palaces of a free people vie with the architectural splendors of an imperial capital; which memory and tradition alike associate with the proudest exploits of the patriot and the soldier; there let the whole people erect its eternal testimonial to a leader without whom our history might have been divided by a sinister gap, and make his death the occasion for a noble and enduring national work of art.

Of the means to be employed to obtain the best possible architectural and sculptural designs we shall speak in a future number. For the present the suggestion is sufficient, and we hope to find it acted on.

### SOME OTHER OPINIONS.

*(Condensed from the North American Review.)*

MR. LAUNT THOMPSON suggests a mausoleum, of Roman or Grecian Doric architecture, solid and simple, crowned with a dome, surmounted by an allegorical statue; a sarcophagus, massive, and simple in design, of the most durable material, placed in a crypt, open and visible from the floor of the mortuary temple, so that the spectator may look down upon it; being, as it were, below the surface of the earth, and yet exposed in such manner that a wreath of immortelles may always be laid upon it. No materials in construction or decorations except stone and bronze. Two entrances guarded by colossal figures, representing the North, South, East and West, and an equestrian statue on a green sward, circular in shape, at a proper distance from the west front (supposing the mausoleum to face east and west), the statue looking west, on a pedestal of such height that the features could easily be recognized or discerned."

MR. CALVERT VAUX'S idea is "a strictly truthful portrait statue, in bronze or marble, that can be easily and closely scanned by every man and woman and child, placed in a shrine that, by its artistic value, should satisfy the taste and feeling of every beholder. The Grant Memorial ought to have a noble interior as well as a grand exterior; it should be designed to admit of decoration with paintings and with stained glass, and also give an opportunity for the use of bronzes and other metals admitting of artistic treatment." Mr. Vaux further suggests a committee of trained architects to control the entire affair.

MR. WM. H. BEARD proposes that every artist in America should contribute an idea for the memorial, these ideas to be sifted and the best of them utilized. He says: "There might be a competition limited to a few, selected from the ranks of established artists, to be paid for their designs, and the chosen one submitted to the whole body for criticisms, suggestions, etc., the designer, of course, being the judge as to what should and what should not enter into the work. Or better still, perhaps, the work might be given into the hands of two, possibly three, persons of divergent quali-

ties, the one having what the other lacked; the powers of one supplementing those of the other. These would act in unison, and the combined acquirements, natural taste and judgment of both, still corrected and refined by the advice, criticisms, etc., of the entire body of artists."

MR. CARL GERHARDT says: "Let it be the combined work of our greatest architects, sculptors and painters. Let architectural grandeur, statuary, bas-reliefs and frescoes, illustrative of his life, tell the story of his grand career to future generations."

MR. OLIN L. WARNER says: "The monument to General Grant should be a grand mausoleum, imposing from its simplicity rather than its elaboration; distinguished for its fine proportion and form, and pure in style, however severe. It should have an interior rich and impressive, the central object of which might be a massive and highly wrought sarcophagus of beautiful and enduring stone. This interior should be accessible to the public at all or at stated times. Near the monument, but not as part of it, should be placed statues of generals, naval commanders and others identified with General Grant during the war. These statues, not being a part of the monument proper, could be added at different times, if necessary."

MR. HENRY VAN BRUNT states: "The monument should be simple, and not complex; it should be great in size, and lofty; it should be adjusted carefully to the conditions of site; it should be approachable, and not surrounded by a boundary fence; by statues and bas-reliefs and inscriptions it should tell the story of this great public life in language which all may read; by its refinements of detail, its justness of proportion, its careful balance of constructional idiom, its suggestions of poetic fitness, it should inspire and excite the beholder; predominant, the figure of our general should appear equipped for war upon his horse, exact in portraiture, without theatrical display, colossal, so that the true personality shall be made familiar in its best estate to our posterity."

MR. WILSON McDONALD suggests, with the utmost unselfishness, a Parthenon "one hundred feet in height, which would make the elevation two hundred and thirty feet from the river to apex of the temple. On either side there would be twelve monolithic columns, and eight at each end of the building. The buttresses at the ends of the steps, say sixteen feet in height from the ground, would provide places for four colossal groups in bronze representing War, Peace, Victory and Fame. On the cornice inside of the building, figures, life-size, in alto and bas-reliefs, illustrating the life of General Grant, in marble, with dark polished granite composing the inside structure, pilasters at proper distances, and ornamented panels between. On the outside, the frieze could be used to illustrate the history and progress of the United States. In the pediment or gable facing the river could be placed the Landing of Hendrick Hudson, in the eastern pediment the Landing of the Pilgrims—colossal groups in bronze. The floor in the centre could be sunk to the depth of ten feet; in this the sarcophagus containing the body of General Grant would be placed, the whole resting upon an appropriately constructed elevation. Around this sunken part would be heavy granite railing. The outside of the building composed of the very lightest shade of granite would give the whole structure the appearance of white marble. The roof would be partially constructed of bronze frames, with heavy ground glass for light and ventilation. Nothing but granite, glass and bronze should enter into the construction of the work—these are practically indestructible. *No queer, grotesque or eccentric stuff should be admitted, no matter by whom proposed; no hybridous architecture or nondescript figures, or shapes intended to catch the eye and excite the applause of the vulgar. Everything should be left out and avoided except that which would give dignity, beauty, grandeur and indestructibility to the work.*"

MR. CLARENCE COOK, who indulges in some unseemly reflections on the memorial sculptures of Mr. McDonald and others, wants "a lofty tower rising in stages to a height equal at least to that of Trinity, and serving as a canopy to a statue of the hero. This tower should be a building of Roman simplicity, four square, round arched, depending for its effect upon its height, its proportions, and the harmonious relations to each other of its successive stages. The statue of bronze on its pedestal, seen on all sides through the buttressed arches of marble that uphold the tower, standing under a vaulted dome, where the art of the mosaic worker shall portray in symbol sombre-rich in hue the virtues that made the life of Grant what it was."

## PICTURES AND THEIR OWNERS.

## II.—THE THOMAS B. CLARKE COLLECTION.



COLLECTING works of art is either a mania, an exact science, or a fashion. It is commonly the former or the latter. In the case of Mr. Clarke, however, it is rather a fulfillment of the second than of either the preceding or the concluding condition. There certainly never has been a collection made in this country in which the selection was as careful and as completely representative, and the result as splendid in its entirety. There are more magnificent and costly collections than Mr. Clarke's; but no collection as individual and deserving of as

much respect from the American public. It is small credit to a very rich man that he has filled a gallery with the most expensive foreign pictures the dealers could find for him. But when a gentleman of moderate means sets out, as Mr. Clarke did, to build up a representative collection of native art, and by diligence in seeking and intelligence in picking out when found creates a gathering of 300 such pictures as he owns, he establishes himself as a true connoisseur. Any one could have done it. The door of the studio was as open to the railway millionaire as to him. But he climbed the studio stairs, while the millionaire telegraphed to his professional expert and had his collection created by proxy.

The collection of Mr. Clarke now numbers over 300 pictures. Its quality has been much improved since its exhibition at the American Art Galleries two years ago. Mr. Clarke began buying pictures, as all men do, with certain ideas and fancies, which time and experience broadened and ripened. So, as his ideal advanced, he applied its teachings to the pruning down and building up of his collection. The result is that a much stronger and more homogeneous array of pictures than the public wots of is now hidden away in the snug little house in West Forty-fourth Street,

where, from the hall door to the garret stairs, American art finds hospitable shelter.

There are few names of importance in our art which are unrepresented here. More than one among them achieved its first importance from the patronage of the owner of the collection. The presence of some of the strongest works given out by our younger painters draws especial attention to the fact that it was among the disciples of the newer school that Mr. Clarke made his most numerous investments, and that it was in the studios



CAPMAKER AT WORK, BY HENRY ALEXANDER.



PUZZLED, BY LOUIS MOELLER.

of the least known talents that he sought for the material which most enriches his collection. It would be much easier to make note of the painters of sterling merit who are not, than to recapitulate the long list of those who are, enrolled in the array of productions which do credit to our art and to their owner's judgment. It is no exaggeration to state that the collection of Mr. Clarke is unique. He owns, certainly, the finest gathering of native pictures in America, and as out of America no one collects native pictures, it is, consequently, the finest anywhere. It would not be safe to predict that its exhibition in Europe would create an enthusiasm; but it certainly would be received with earnest attention and profound interest.

The importance of Mr. Clarke's collection is intrinsic. It is in the quality of the work it holds, rather than in the popularly imposing character of the works themselves. It is not a collection of big and showy gallery pictures. Douglas Volk's "Accused of Witchcraft," George de Forest Brush's "Mourning Her Brave," Charles F. Ulrich's "Glass-blowers," the pictures of George Inness, of Bolton Jones, T. W. Dewing, E. H. Blasfield and Francis C. Jones; Alfred Kappes' "Closing Hymn," and Francis Miller's "Caboose of the Local Freight," are among those which command attention as holding the best art of some of our best men. In some cases there are individuals who own more important works by the same men; but in no case are these part of an entire collection such as this. In certain of the works of Messrs. Louis Moeller, F. C. Jones, Ulrich, Miller, Brush, Volk, Thomas P. Anshutz ("Ironworker's Noontime"), W. T. Smedley ("The Weekly Mail" and "Embarrassment"), Percy Moran ("An Old Time Melody"), Leon Moran ("Eel Fishing"), George Inness



("A Gray Lowery Day") and Thomas Eakins ("Professionals at Rehearsal"), their peers from the same hands would be difficult to find in any collection.

In December, 1883, Mr. Clarke made an exhibition of his pictures which probably did more to open the eyes of the public to the power and the potentialities of American art than a year's scolding in the newspapers would. His collection has been largely recruited and strengthened since then; but it was sufficient to do its work as it was. The purpose of Mr. Clarke in making this exhibition was double. He wished to present the claims of native art for popular consideration in a way which would admit of no denial of its merit, and to secure the means of establishing a prize for the best painted American figure composition shown at the spring exhibition of the Academy of Design. He succeeded in both purposes. The fashion of buying American pictures out of studios and exhibitions has been made popular with people who never dreamed of buying American pictures before. The Clarke prize of \$300 is now an annual event at the Academy. The prize was won in 1884 by Charles F. Ulrich, the prize winner being "The Land of Promise," now in the Evans collection, for which, indeed, it was painted. Francis C. Jones took the prize for the present year with his fine little genre, "Exchanging Confidences," which belongs to Mr. Clarke.

The Clarke prize fund was the first to be established of the two which are now annually contested for at the Academy. The first Hallgarten prize was taken in 1884 by a picture in the Clarke collection, Louis Moeller's remarkable single figure study, "Puzzled."

The formation of his collection has been, with Mr. Clarke, the work of years. The love for pictures was instinctive with him, and he began its indulgence before his critical faculty was developed. But experience proved in his case, as it must in every one's possessed of the latent refinement necessary to the appreciation of art, the best educator. He learned wisdom through his errors, and fortified himself against future



THE PURITAN MAIDEN, BY DOUGLAS VOLK.

mistakes by noting those of the present. He is to-day one of the shrewdest and most intelligent buyers of pictures in the country, a man whose judgment is as certain as his taste is true. Our art owes him a great deal more than some of its professors are inclined to admit. His example has been a permanent and cumulative benefit to it, whose value is not to be estimated by mere commercial returns.

#### THE ART UNION MONTHLY.

FROM this number forth THE ART UNION will be published as a monthly, being issued within the second week of each month. As our opportunities enlarge, the dimensions of our magazine will also increase. In this regard we look to our good friends, the public, to encourage us. The friends of American Art have now an opportunity of subscribing to and supporting an American Art monthly. If they and the artists of America desire a publication which will represent their interests, whose voice will ever be raised in the cause of our Art, and whose columns will never be closed to its service or defense, this is their chance. THE ART UNION, having taken a new lease of life, now proposes to ascertain if life is worth living.

It is our ambition to make THE ART UNION the art magazine of the western continent, and a power for good in the art of the continent. We shall not rest satisfied until it equals in size and importance the most important publications of the kind in the world, and when it does, we will still endeavor to outstrip them. We know there is a necessity for us, and we have already proved that there is room for us. But we are not high enough up yet to suit us, and we want the public to help us to the altitude to which we aspire.

We have already a large list of subscribers. Every one of these should be able to add at least another to our roll among his or her friends, and these newcomers ought, in turn, to spread the circle of our clientele. A good word dropped in time is fruitful seed—and a sample copy of THE ART UNION can be obtained on application.



THE CLOSING HYMN, BY ALFRED KAPPES.

## "THE LESSON."

(Engraved by Frederick Juengling, after C. Noel Flagg.)



IN the Spring Exhibition of 1884, at the Academy of Design, was exhibited a picture by C. Noel Flagg called "The Lesson." It was a work calculated to appeal rather to the artist and the connoisseur than to the general public—a study of a not attractive type of girlhood, and of a portion of a boy's body seen from behind, realized without prettiness, but with remarkable nerve and forceful truth. As a work of art it belonged among the best in the exhibition.

The painter of "The Lesson" is an American, born in Brooklyn in 1848, and educated chiefly in the studio of Jacquesson de la Chevreuse in Paris, where he resided from 1871 till 1881. He first appeared at the Academy of Design as an exhibitor in 1876, and was among the exhibitors at the Salon of 1880, and since. He enjoys deservedly high repute in New York as a teacher. Laboring upon the lessons of an excellent school, with trained ability as a draughtsman, and well grounded technique, his pictures are characterized by a boldness, breadth and strength of effect in color, treatment and arrangement of which "The Lesson" is perhaps the best example he has given out.

This picture, painted by an artist for the sake of his work in it, attracted the attention of another artist whose heart is wholly bound up in his art. The result was, the engraving after Mr. Flagg's picture, by Mr. Frederick Juengling, published with this issue of THE ART UNION.

The engraver has treated his subject with the hand of a master. No one who saw the picture can fail to recognize the wonderful fidelity and feeling by which the reproduction is characterized. The rendition of the values, the suggestion of the color, and the admirable reflection by the burin of the movement of the painter's brush, invest the block with the highest qualities of the noble art of which the boxwood is the medium. Mr. Flagg has been as happy in the translator who gives us his fine picture in black and white as the latter has been in his translation.

Mr. Juengling has, for some years past, been exceptionally happy in his translations of this character. An engraver of the first class, progressive and inventive to the verge of aggression; a tireless seeker after new truths and an indefatigable experimenter in new fields, his professional labors have been signalized by the most daring innovations and been rewarded by many triumphs. An artist as well as an engraver, he brings to every work he undertakes a sympathy with the art in it, a sensitiveness to its subtler qualities, which only the artist can experience. It is not the mere copying of a picture which produces such a block as "The Lesson." It is the transfer of an idea from one medium of expression to another.

For a couple of years Mr. Juengling has figured at our exhibitions as a painter of a merit so pronounced and a talent so vital and energetic, that it is assuming no risk to prophesy the place he might take in the field of productive art should he devote himself entirely to the easel. His works in oil exhibit a steady technical progression, and a growing refinement of feeling. His drawing is good, his color excellent, and his pictorial instinct singularly active and original. Thanks to native talent and a restless ambition inciting him from one exploit to another, from one experiment to another; cheering him in defeat and encouraging him to the encounter of obstacles which most men would find insurmountable, the future will recognize in him a remarkable figure in a remarkable epoch of our art: a type of the time, which finds no satisfaction in what is, save that of mastering it and making its conquest a stepping-stone to a victory still loftier and more daring.

ACCORDING to a variety hall song, a boy's best friend is his mother. In these days it is a toss up whether an artist's best friend is his landlord or his framemaker.

## A MAGNIFICENT ART WORK.

WITH the next issue of THE ART UNION we shall commence a work of the utmost importance to art teachers and students: the republication, to wit, of "A Practical Treatise on Painting, consisting of Hints on Composition, Chiaroscuro and Coloring," by John Burnet. Recognized by the foremost authorities since its original publication, fifty years ago, as the most complete hand-book of the painters' art ever given to the press; as a work so invaluable that its material forms the basis of every volume pretending to treat of the same subject which has been compiled in later years, its age and rarity render it a costly curiosity in the libraries of the collectors. It is and has for more than a generation been inaccessible to the general public, a sealed treasure whose priceless value renders its removal from usefulness a misfortune.

We shall republish the "Treatise on Painting" in all its pristine magnificence of illustration, with the plates, complete as in the original, in monthly installments, to cover from twelve to fifteen issues of THE ART UNION. Subscriptions for the series can begin with the October number. If THE ART UNION possessed no other attractions, this should be sufficient to render it a welcome visitor at every door in America behind which art finds shelter. A good text-book is as imperatively necessary to the student of art as to the student of law or medicine. It is a guide, philosopher and friend, by whose experienced teachings the most brilliant talents grow more brilliant, and from which the most mediocre abilities gain advancement and improvement.

Such a text-book THE ART UNION proposes to provide, convinced that the results will be what any labor in the service of art is to us—one of love with ourselves and one of profit to our readers.

In the August number of the *Magazine of Art*, in the article on "Current Art," occurs the following astounding statement:

"In some departments of art, there can be no doubt we are not unsuccessful. In portraiture, allowing for the absence of certain qualities—as imagination, insight, the power of individualizing a type, and the presence of certain purely national conventions—we hold our own."

This reads about as sensibly as if one should say, "Barring the fact that they are stale and addled, the eggs are good to eat."

It seems to me high time that something should be done to encourage producers. The country is being overrun with art teachers and lecturers, because we don't want doers, but talkers. When we really want art, there will be a call for artists to paint, and producers will be respected, employed and encouraged.—*Wm. M. Hunt.*

A VIGOROUS attempt is to be made next winter to revivify the Society of American Artists. It is stated that arrangements will be perfected during the fall for securing a place of exhibition, which will be permanently consecrated to the Society's use. Arrangements will also have to be made to reform the Society's methods of dealing with non-conforming members and outside contributors before their body corporate will experience any healthy rejuvenation. This attended to, the gallery will be a secondary matter.

## A PERSECUTED CLASS.

"DEAR MR. ART UNION:

"Knot avvin bin taut too rite Eye get a frend too right for me too tell U of migh murssyless purssycooter man, hoo Eye am Surry too say, robs me of haf the clothin natcher has givin too us, and leaf us in winther eggspose too coald and whet. Pray speke for us and oblige all our race.

"Yours very affeckshunately,  
"Madison Square.



"A. POODLE."

"THE DARK DAYS" is the title of a large, etched picture-portrait of General Grant, just published by Mr. W. H. Shelton. It represents the General mounted with an orderly in attendance, reconnoitering the field before Petersburg. The landscape is bare and wintry, and the ground patched with snow. Both as a work of portraiture and of art the picture commands the highest praise. It is one of the finest as well as largest etchings ever made in America.





## THE LESSON.

ENGRAVED BY FREDERICK JUENGLING FROM THE PICTURE BY CHARLES NOEL FLAGG.

N. A. D. 1884.





## OUR ART CLUBS.

## II.—THE AMERICAN WATER COLOR SOCIETY.



ALFRED FREDERICKS.

THE question is often asked, how did the Water Color Society come into existence? The answer is, "It grew." In the Exhibition of the Artists' Fund Society in 1866 was a large collection of Water Colors, the best and most important that had up to that time ever been shown in America. Many were of large size and by English artists of note. Mr. John F. Kensett, president of the society, thus alludes to it in the Seventh Annual Report: "To the efforts of your special committee, Messrs. John M. Falconer, Charles Parsons and Alfred Jones, the lovers of Art are indebted for the most rare and beautiful collection of water color drawings ever placed before the public in this city, marking an era in that department which the Board hopes to see repeated annually."

As the Annual Oil Exhibits had been dragging slowly, Mr. Falconer had proposed the water color movement, and his committee had great success in securing pictures. Many were hung in the corridor of

of which ninety-six were by members. The quantity of works was decreasing, but the quality was advancing. The fifth exhibition opened on January 26th, 1872, with 341 works, of which ninety-three were by members. All of these five exhibitions had been held in connection with the Oil Exhibition of the Academy, and were of no pecuniary benefit to the Society. The Academy was, moreover, generally closed in the evening. The Academicians, as a body, did not apparently regard water color painting seriously, and gave it no encouragement. The Management of the Academy seemed to consider that water color pictures did not attract any visitors to the exhibition, and discouraged the Society.



PERCIVAL DE LUCE.

the Academy, which was then a much dreaded place. Some of the frames were of such a strange pattern that it was difficult to hang them; and A. W. Warren, who was serving on the Hanging Committee, wanted to saw off the projecting ends of such as offered the most uncompromising resistance to the ingenuity of the committee. One of the pictures so badly framed was "Dead Game," by Gilbert Burling, who was much annoyed by being placed in the corridor, and he set out to start a Water Color Society, with Sam. Colman and others, Mr. J. M. Falconer giving his assistance.

They moved rapidly, for on the 5th of December, 1866, the first meeting was held. These artists were present: Sam. Colman, William Hart, Alfred Fredericks, Wm. Craig, Gilbert Burling, Ed. Hooper, Constant Mayer and A. L. Rawson.

At the second meeting, on January 2d, 1867, R. Swain Gifford, J. C. Nicoll, Harry Fenn, F. F. Durand, J. F. Cropsey and H. Sarony joined in the new movement; and on the 20th of the following December, the first exhibition was held, in conjunction with the Fall and Winter Exhibition of the National Academy of Design. The second exhibition opened the 21st of January, 1869, with 232 works in water color. The third exhibition opened January 21st, 1870, with 193 works, of which more than half were by members. The fourth exhibition, of January 25th, 1871, held 172 works,



F. W. FREER.

One peculiar feature of these exhibitions was the distribution, by the secretary, the late Gilbert Burling, of a little book entitled "Water Color Painting: Some Facts and Authorities in relation to its Durability." This book was widely circulated. People seemed to think water color a very perishable thing, and feared that the pictures would soon fade, and leave only the bare paper; and this pamphlet was intended to controvert that idea. It had its influence, undoubtedly; for at the fifth exhibition, twenty-eight works were sold. This was considered a wonderful success, and the treasurer urged upon members "the duty and benefit of working faithfully the coming season."

A new difficulty now presented itself, viz.: the Academy had concluded not to hold another Fall exhibition, as the artists and the public had not shown sufficient interest in it to make it profitable. It was important that the Society should continue, and to do so it must exhibit. So with a very light heart and a still lighter treasury it boldly hired the Academy, and set out to hold the Sixth Annual Exhibition on its own responsibility. It was opened on February 6th, 1873, with 254 water colors, and 100 drawings in black and white. The walls were decorated, and the stairway covered with flowering plants. This was regarded as an innovation by the Academy. Mr. Edwd. Brown was engaged as salesman, and the exhibition was a splen-



did success. The largest sales were made that had ever been known in the Academy. The close of the exhibition found the fund in the treasury twice as large as it was before, and the seventh exhibition opened on January 29th, 1874, with great *eclat*. Nearly 600 works were received, of which 490 were hung, 353 water colors and 137 in black and white, 126 works being by members. The sales were quite large. The eighth exhibition opened in February, 1875, and was particularly fortunate in sales, which amounted to over \$15,000. The ninth exhibition, in February, 1876, was still more profitable, \$17,000 worth of pictures being sold.

The exhibitions now commenced to be more independent in character. Formerly it had been the custom to borrow foreign water colors, and to allow the dealers to place some of their stock on the walls for sale. The increasing quantity and improved quality of the works now offered caused the Society to hang mostly American works, and to hang in the most liberal manner the best of every school, from the stiff pre-Raphaelite to the wildest freak of impressionism. It had become a custom of *Harpers' Weekly* to publish a few cuts of the choice pictures of the exhibition; and during the exhibition of 1877 the treasurer, on his own responsibility, had an illustrated catalogue published, using *Harpers' cuts*. This was the first illustrated catalogue of the Water Color Society, and it sold so well that the next year the Society issued one at the outset of the exhibition, and has done so ever since, gradually improving as the artists became more familiar with the method of making drawings for "process work." As the exhibitions became popular and profitable, the dealers in foreign works became jealous, especially when the Society grew independent of them. The first effect of this jealousy was manifested in the shape of exhibitions and auction sales of foreign water colors, simultaneously with the opening of the Society's exhibitions. Then, a portion of the press was influenced to abuse the American Water Color Exhibition. The latter opposition finally died out as the native work improved and its merits forced recognition from the most reluctant. Competent judges agree that we have made more progress in our water color art, and show a much better exhibition than they do in England. So the exhibitions have improved until they are pronounced the best in the world.

The sales in 1880, were \$20,954; in 1881, \$25,068, and in 1882, \$26,085. The Society was very poor in its earlier days, and its members had to pay pretty well for the privilege of belonging to it. For instance, in 1867, to pay

for postage, stationery, etc., an assessment was levied on the members present at the June meeting, and an additional sum of three dollars, to meet expenses during the time intervening before the next regular meeting. This placed a fund in the hands of the treasurer of thirty-three dollars! At the November meeting of the same year each member was assessed twelve dollars, dues for the current year. In 1869 a motion was made to abolish or reduce the dues, but it was urged to keep them up to form a fund for an independent exhibition—and the first independent exhibition found the Society in possession of only enough money to hire the Academy. To-day the Society is in a very independent position in regard to money. The members no longer pay dues or assessments, but new members pay an entrance fee of twenty-five dollars.

There are three stated meetings of the Society in the year, viz.: in January, March and November. At the March meeting, the officers for the year are elected. They consist of a president, a treasurer, a secretary, and a board of control, consisting of four members. These meetings are largely attended, and quite interesting. They are quite a contrast to the old days, when they were held in the studios of some of the members, and from seven to ten members was considered a large meeting. The Society now numbers about 100 members, resident and non-resident, and its harmony is rarely disturbed. There are a few laymen who became

members in the early days of the Society, and one of them became chairman of the Hanging Committee in 1882, and by his arbitrary conduct in hanging and rejecting pictures, caused a great deal of ill feeling inside as well as outside of the Society. This gentleman, in his pique at the result of his autocratic administration of his chairmanship, endeavored to start a rival water color society, a project which he soon abandoned, for want of encouragement.

The last exhibition of the Society was held during a severe spell of weather, and during a financial stagnation that boded no good. Still it was successful; and the next exhibition, which opens on the 1st of February, 1886, it is to be hoped will outrival all of its predecessors in quality of work and in sales; for without sales there is no encouragement for Art or any other industry. The early exhibitions only occupied one or two rooms; and to-day the whole Academy is filled, and numerous works are sent home simply for want of room. A beautiful feature of these exhibitions is the manner in which the rooms are decorated.

There was, about twelve years ago, a newspaper war about "body color" vs. transparent color; but as the Art critics made so many



ROBERT BLUM.



M. F. H. DE HAAS.



THOMAS HOVENDEN.





HENRY FARRER.



WINSLOW HOMER.



C. MELVILLE DEWEY.

## THEIR FIRST COMMISSION.

WHEN Black & White came to New York together from Philadelphia, where they had been brother students, and had worked side by side supplying pictures for the auctioneer—who in those days was the one supporter and patron of American Art—their capital, united with true fraternal trust in one purse, which each was to carry a day in turn, amounted to about \$100. Their entire belongings accompanied them in a single trunk, with two easels and two sketch boxes strapped to it, which they carried between them from the ferry to a cheap hotel in Canal Street. Thus accoutred, they embarked on life in what was a new world to them—two brave and talented young fellows, with all their future before them, and all their capital available at the shortest notice. They spent their first day staring at everything; their first night at a theatre and half a dozen beer gardens, and next day they began to look about them for a studio. They found them in plenty; but none whose cost conformed to the limitations of their means. On the morning of their third day they came upon the following announcement in the advertising columns of one of the papers: "Important to artists.—Dr. Jobson, being about to leave New York for six months, desires a responsible tenant for his offices and operating

rooms. No rent required, but care of place during absence. Especially adapted for studios." They found Dr. Jobson at the address indicated in the advertisement. The doctor was a professional embalmer, and occupied a top floor in a Broadway building pretty well uptown. The place had originally been a photographer's gallery, and possessed a magnificent skylight. It possessed also a couple of side rooms, which the sworn foe to the destroying worms had used as office and residence re-

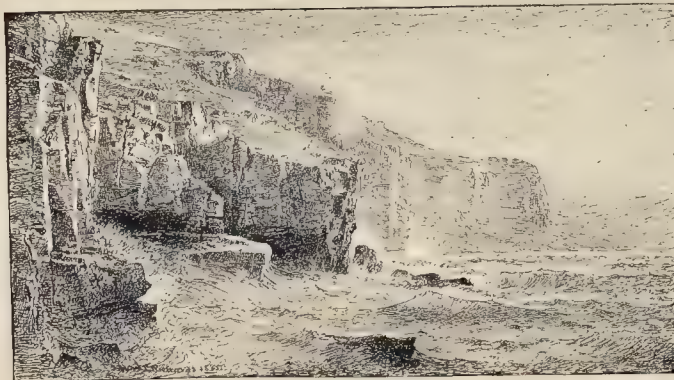
very laughable mistakes, showing that they did not, apparently, know the difference between the two, the war has died out; and to-day an artist is allowed to paint his subject in any method that suits him—all means which do justice to a subject being considered legitimate. What the future of this Society will be no one can say; but with a large membership comprising many of the leading artists of the day, with a full treasury, an *esprit de corps* and a liberality rarely found in Art societies, it will take some time to fossilize, notwithstanding the charge that has been made against it that it has already suffered that mournful change. The standard of its exhibitions has certainly been well sustained; and, thanks to its quality and influence, its private views rank next to those of the Academy alone in interest and importance. Indeed, it has done no little to make the private view an enjoyable event. Thanks to it these occasions, instead of being social crushes, where one can neither see or be seen, have become the pleasantest gatherings of the Art season; and by making the Academy a salesroom, they have given a chance for American pictures to be bought, under circumstances which might never occur in any other manner.

The name of the Society, it may be of interest to note, was formerly "The American Society of Painters in Water Colors." This has been simplified into the "American Water Color Society." The Society has no motto; it needs none.

FRANCIS A. SILVA.

The *Art Amateur*, for September, is strong in original sketches with the pen, whose authorship includes James Symington, D. R. Knight, George H. Boughton, Leon Moran and F. A. Bridgman, among others. The special technical articles fully sustain their interest. Montague Marks, publisher.





WM. T. RICHARDS.

spectively. The doctor himself was a truculent looking little elderly man, wearing a blue swallow-tailed coat and linen pantaloons, in whose pockets his hands were perpetually anchored. He clung with equal tenacity to an old book which he constantly carried under his arm, and which was popularly supposed to contain the secrets of his ghastly craft.

He explained that he was compelled to make a trip to South America, to impart some of his professional knowledge to the students of a medical college at Rio de Janeiro. The appointment, which was very lucrative, was directly from the Imperial Government, and would keep him away half a year at least. Meanwhile he desired to leave his offices, on which he had a long lease, and the property they contained, in safe hands. After an hour's cross-questioning of them he concluded that Black & White were responsible enough; so they took up their quarters in "the morgue," as they christened the place, as his duly accredited sub-tenants. Before the doctor had got outside of Sandy Hook they had his professional photographs and charts down from the walls, his machinery and chemicals from the shelves, and a closet filled with them. Then they covered the walls with studies and prints, set their easels up under the big skylight, and congratulated themselves on having the finest studio in New York, at a rental of preposterous inexpensiveness.

A couple of weeks passed after Dr. Jobson's establishment underwent this transformation, and their termination found these artistic squatters so near the end of their financial rope that it must finally slip from their grasp in a couple of days at farthest. The appreciative patron who was to find them out upon their arrival in the metropolis had not as yet made the important discovery; and they had formed themselves into a committee of ways and means, and were discussing the situation, when a knock announced a visitor.

He was a man of about fifty, of a comfortable physique and a confiding expression of countenance, and was attired in a brand new suit of black, which fitted him like a caricature. An air of deep melancholy brooded over his commonplace features, and he asked for Dr. Jobson in a most depressed and mournful voice.

"The doctor," responded Black, "is not in, sir."



SAM. COLMAN.

"Hum!" coughed their visitor, into his hand. "Ha! and when will he be in, young man?"

"As nearly as I can judge, sir, in about five months."

"Ah!" murmured the visitor; "then I'll wait."

And he sat down, put his hat under his chair, and stared curiously around him. The doctor's tenants looked at one another and grinned. Ten minutes passed in a silence which grew momentarily more embarrassing, until the stranger broke it by saying:

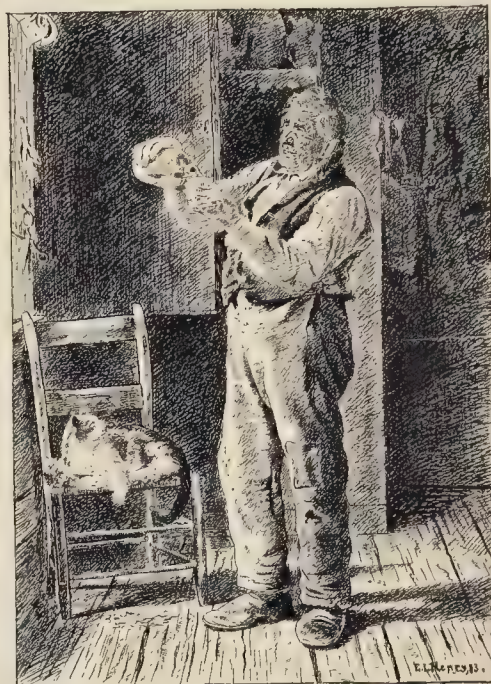
"He ought to be here by this time, oughtn't he, young man?"

"He?" repeated Black, completely at sea for any reasonable reply. "Who?"

"Why, the doctor. You said he'd be back in five minutes, didn't you?"

"I said he'd be back in five months, sir."

The stranger glared at him as if he suspected that he was being made sport of, while he explained the doctor's



E. L. HENRY.

absence in detail. By the time this was accomplished the visitor exploded into a roar of laughter, in which he checked himself so short that he nearly experienced an apoplectic suffocation.

"God forgive me!" he groaned; "and she, poor soul, on her bier!"

"Did you come to see the doctor professionally?" asked White, who had been improving the occasion to secure a sketch of the stranger.

"Ah!" returned the latter, resuming his melancholy condition, and caressing his double chin softly. "Yes, to be sure; yes; why not?"

"Perhaps," suggested Black, "it is something we could attend to for you?"

"Ha!" said the stranger; "I danno. Are you embalmers, too?"



"In one sense, yes," replied Black. "We cannot preserve the body—"

"Then you won't fill the bill," interrupted their visitor; "for that body has got to be preserved. It's down in the will, and what's down in the will has got to be done."

"Still," persisted the painter, "our art may preserve it as well as the doctor's."

"What art is that?" demanded the visitor. "Is it a new patent?"

"That is it," replied Black, indicating the pictorial adornments of the wall.

The stranger's countenance assumed such a scornful expression that White began to turn his sketch into a caricature as an act of just retaliation. His friend, however, persisted. He discharged all the persuasion he was capable of at their visitor. He argued with him logically that even if he had a body embalmed he could not keep it in his parlor or hang it over his bed, while with a picture he could preserve not only the memory, but a great deal of the substance of the loved and lost by him. The stranger, who commenced to listen with indifference, eventually became interested, and finally, when the orator paused exhausted, asked:

"Well, 'spose I did have it done, what would it cost?"

"We could paint a portrait for you for \$250," replied Black, whose heart began to swell with anticipation.

"What!" screamed the stranger, jumping up.

The painters looked at each other with blank faces. Poor Black had evidently overshot the mark.

"Two fifty," cried their visitor; "you don't say so! And he'd have charged me five hundred at the very least. How long will the job take you, do you think?"

They breathed again, and Black replied:

"A week at the outside."

"Ha!" murmured the stranger, caressing his chin thoughtfully. "Hum! It's a good deal of money for a week's work, young man."

"But there are two of us, you know," insinuated Black.

"And the colors are expensive," added White.

"And our process is patented," hinted Black, gravely.

"Jess so," said the stranger, beginning a more serious inspection of the examples of their art. "Now, that red paint must be pretty dear, eh?"

"It's the most expensive color made," answered Black & White, together. "Why, we have to get it from China."

The stranger said "ha-



BRUCE CRANE.



C. Y. TURNER.



GEORGE H. SMILLIE.

hum!" several times over, and examined the Red Riding Hood with increased interest.

"But you won't need any red on her," he said after this pause. "Only yellow for the face and white for the shroud, and black for the shadders, you know. I think you might make it an even two hundred."

"Two fifty is the regular price," answered Black; "but since you were disappointed in not finding the doctor, I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll split the difference, and call it two hundred and twenty-five."

"And put in some red, too," added White.

"Well," responded the stranger, "I guess that's reasonable enough, and I don't see that they could object."

"Who, sir?" asked Black.

Their visitor looked at him a moment, and then replied with an abstracted and thoughtful air:

"Suppose you had a rich aunt, young man?"

"I would rather have one in reality, if it's all the same."

"And she was to die," he went on, with more spirit.

"It would be a painful circumstance, to be sure."

"And was to leave half of her money to you and the other half to her brother, on condition that he had her embalmed and sent to you to bury."

By this time the speaker had become quite energetic, and stated his proposition with animation watching eagerly for the reply:

"Now, wouldn't you consider it more gentlemanly of him to send you a handsome picture, and save you the expense of a funeral? Eh, between man and man, wouldn't you, now?"

"I most certainly would," returned Black, while White murmured, "Well, I should say so, indeed."

"That settles it," remarked the stranger, smiting his thigh a mighty blow. "You and your partner come right along with me and bring your tools with you."

And this was Black & White's first commission in New York. A. T.

THE death of General Grant demonstrated that we have made a long step in advance in the art of mourning decoration. New York looked passably decent in its suit of sables; not, as heretofore, like one of those cheap mutes who used to be furnished at so much apiece for English funerals, and whose chief distinguishing characteristics were chronic inebriety and an indescribable second-handedness in their clothes as well as their grief.

## THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM ADDITIONS.

IN April last the Legislature voted an appropriation of \$350,000 out of the annual tax levy of this city for the extension of the Metropolitan Museum building in Central Park. Application was at once made for the payment to the Trustees of \$162,000, the sum to be allotted for the present year, and work upon the extension will be begun this fall. The additions will be so extensive and important that a brief sketch like the present one can scarcely do justice to them. It will serve, however, to convey a general idea of what the result will be.

The extension of the building will be to the south, and will complete its growth in that direction, the Park Commissioners having limited the allowance of space to that which will be occupied by the new structure and its extensive approaches. The space to the north is not, however, so narrowly restricted, and there is liberal room for additions in that direction as they may become necessary. The present additions will extend 118 feet to the south of the existing structure, with a grand entrance facing the south. This, which will be the main entrance of the future, will be approached by a carriage-way and a foot-road, the latter terminating at a roomy platform and the former in a broad sweep with steps leading up to the portal. The width of the south front will correspond with the depth of the present building, and in the area covered by its roof, it will be about one-third larger than the parent edifice.

The new building will enclose a courtyard, with a main exhibition floor, lighted from the side, and a gallery above lighted by skylights. The east and west exhibition rooms and galleries will be 53 feet wide by 86 in length. The southern portion will measure 40 feet in width by 111 feet in length. At each corner, east and west, will be a pavilion 56x30 feet in area. The second or gallery floor will contain rooms for the directors, the library and an office, which will be located above and on either side of the entrance. The galleries themselves will be divided into smaller galleries for the reception of special or individual collections. Except for the space occupied by the rooms above mentioned, the area of this floor will be about the same as the lower one.

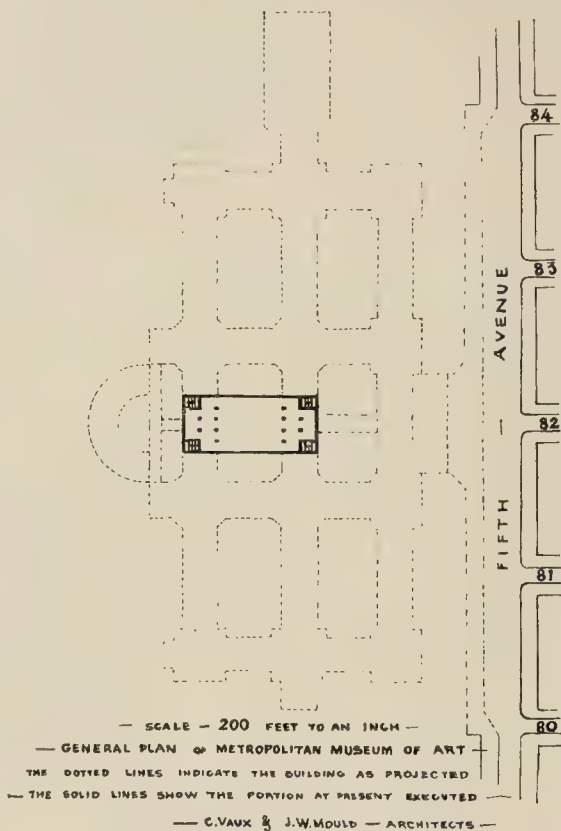
The lighting of the lower floor will be by side windows, ten feet in height. Below them will be a wall space eight feet in height, for the disposition of cabinets. The whole of this floor will be devoted to the display of the cabinet collections. Connecting the south front with the present building will be a gallery crossing the court. This gallery will be 24 feet wide by 68 in length, swelling at its inner end to a bay 33 feet wide. From its position, directly opposite the entrance, the visitor will have a view across the south room and through it of over a hundred feet. There will be other connections between the additions and the existing building by doorways in the east and west wings, provisions having been made for them in the original walls. These doorways will be repeated on the gallery floor, which will have no other means of communication with the old building.

The basement floor will be devoted exclusively to the service of the Museum. An entrance for wagons by a subway under the drive at the main entrance, will permit the delivery of objects within the precincts of the building. There will be no other place of delivery or departure, so that the labor of reception and the more serious duty of guarding against the unlicensed removal of objects will be much simplified and facilitated. An elevator which will accommodate fifty passengers, and which will carry ten tons of freight if necessary, will facilitate the transportation of ponderous objects to the upper floors. This elevator will be 11 feet square, and will run in a shaft at the right of the connecting gallery, at its point of departure from the south room.

In its external character, the new building will be Roman Doric. The material used in its construction will be Baltimore brick, with facings of granite, the columns in the deeply embayed windows and at the doorways being of polished granite. The larger upper spaces of the front walls will be relieved by reliefs carved *in situ*, and provisions are to be made for the introduction of bronze medallions and panels as occasion may offer. The gutter line will be broken by a running ornament in terra cotta, and the roof, of slate and glass, will have an ornamental peak railing of iron.

In its general scheme this plan is a wide departure from or rather a great modification of that of the original architects of the museum. We subjoin the ground plan furnished by Messrs. Calvert Vaux and J. W. Mould, the

architects of the existing structure, and that of Mr. Theodore Weston, in whose hands the proposed enlargement rests. Messrs. Vaux and Mould projected a vast series of galleries enclosing open court yards. The building they put up, it will be observed, is a very small portion of their splendid plan, and not an adherence to it. The additions of Mr. Weston change the face of the building from the west, where it at present is, to the south. The transition from the Elizabethan Gothic style of the



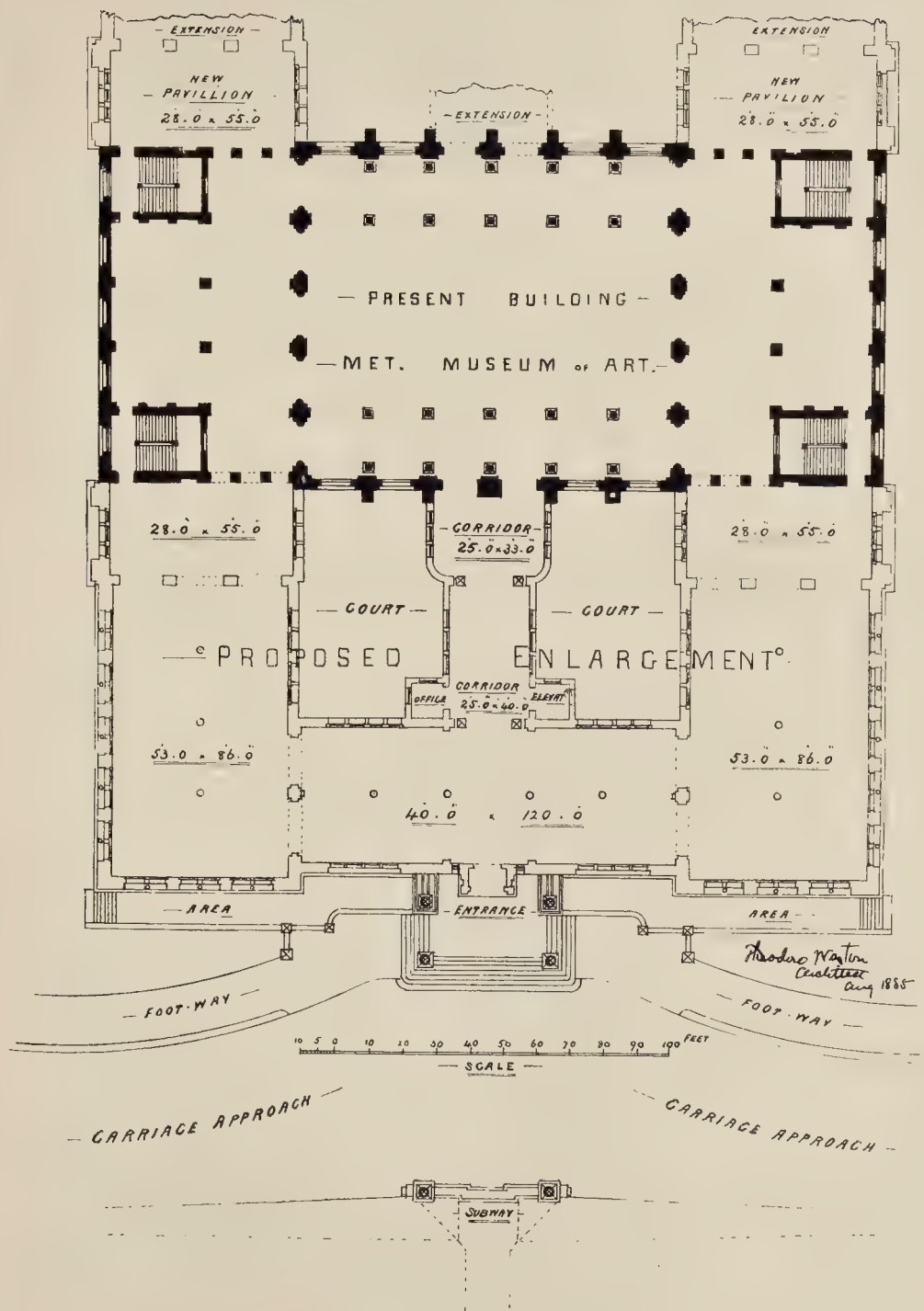
present building to the Roman Doric of the one which is to be, is adroitly managed, on paper at least. As now proposed, any further additions which may be made to the north and east, in both of which directions there is ample room, will be executed upon the same plan as the present enlargement, so that in time the existing building will be almost entirely absorbed, and its individuality lost.

THERE are going to be some important auction sales in this city during the season. The Morgan collection is only one of several which represent a great deal of money, and which will be thrown upon the market. There will be few American pictures among those put upon the block, and the greater number of the foreign ones will bring prices suggestive of a vulgar old adage about a person of deficient intelligence and his cash capital.

AN art student's paper out West wants to know what criticism is worth. Criticism is worth a great deal more to art than it gets general credit for, provided it is unprejudiced, disinterested and intelligent. But good and bad criticism are alike worthless to those who know so much that they have nothing more to learn.

A "PATENT grass and foliage brush" is advertised. If the ingenious inventor would only devote his ingenuity to inventing a brush to paint pictures and a device for selling them when they are painted, he would make his own fortune as well as those of a good many "artists," male and female, the world over.





## A GOTHAM LADY.



## I.

Dainty hands and feet  
 Dressed in glossy kid;  
 Curved, ripe lips, and sweet,  
 Where strained honey 's hid.  
 Slender form and tall,  
 Features finely cut;  
 Eyelashes that fall  
 Over eyes of nut  
 Brown; and oval face  
 That a poet sees  
 When he floats thro' space—  
 Dreaming—where the bees  
 Thro' the meadows race.  
 Ah, my lady, ah!  
 These are what I see  
 Thro' wreaths from my cigar  
 That float up lazily.

## II.

Spotless soul and heart,  
 Where the warm blood runs  
 Like the streams that dart  
 Under tropic suns.  
 Sunbeams in your hair,  
 On your breast a rose;  
 Ribbons here and there  
 Stirred by breeze that blows  
 From the drowsy South—  
 And I see two rows  
 Of pearls in your mouth.  
 Round your perfect head  
 Silken hair and brown  
 I see coiled, instead  
 Of a jeweled crown:  
 And, oh, my lady, I  
 Scarce breathe as I draw nigh!

Sept., 1885.

—JOHN ERNEST McCANN.



## THE LOUISVILLE EXHIBITION.

THE Art Department of the Southern Exposition, which opened with a private view on August 13th, contains the finest exhibition of pictures exclusively by American artists that ever has been held. The collection contains four hundred and nineteen paintings, of a total catalogue valuation of a quarter of a million dollars. Of these works fifty-five are in water color, the remainder in oil. Of the latter, one hundred and fifty are from the American Art Association's Prize Fund Exhibition—including the four prize pictures—and the others were carefully selected from the studios of the artists by the Exposition's representative in New York. The Prize Fund Exhibition, while it was characterized as an exhibition of American pictures of the highest average merit ever exhibited, did not fully represent American-art in its entirety. The characteristic work of the "Paris-Americans" and that of the younger American artists at home was fairly exhibited, but that of the older men, who studied at home and made their reputations at home, was sparsely represented. This, it is true, was the fault of the older artists, who, as a rule, were unwilling to enter into a competition with the younger men. In adding to the Prize Fund collection, therefore, to complete the number of pictures required for the Exposition galleries, contributions were drawn mostly from the older artists, so that the whole collection now represents the present status of American art in the most complete and perfect manner. Almost every artist is represented by an example of his best work, and several artists have here the best pictures they have ever painted.

One of the first things to impress the visitor to the galleries is the wide range of subjects treated in the pictures. A few years ago the average American exhibition was an exhibition mainly of landscapes. The best

pictures painted in this country, as a rule, were landscapes. There were comparatively few figure painters, and few of these whose work commanded respect. There were not many marine painters, and there were very few animal painters. This collection, however, shows how American art has expanded in its scope. Here the different classes of subjects have about equal prominence; and not only that, the different schools of technique are about equally represented. It is a collection interesting to the artist and art student for the various kinds of technique exhibited and the opportunity given for studying and comparing the works of the leading American artists of the time. It is of value to the amateur from an educational point of view. It offers exceptional opportunities to the picture buyer, and it is interesting even for those who only find pleasure in pictures for the stories they tell instead of for the art that is in them.

The Exposition art building is a fire-proof structure, cruciform in shape, situated in Central Park, several hundred yards distant from the main Exposition building. It is well lighted in the day-time, and is brilliant with electric lights at night. The vestibule, the whole front of which is open, is devoted this year to the water color portion of the exhibition, and presents a charmingly fresh and bright appearance. Among the artists represented here are Thomas Moran, Kruseman Van Elten, Walter Satterlee, A. T. Bricher, J. C. Nicoll, C. M. Dewey, William Bliss Baker, Charles Harry Eaton, Frederick W. Freer, R. M. Shurtleff, M. de Forest Bolmer, W. H. Lippincott, Frederick S. Church, W. L. Sonntag, J. Alden Weir, J. Carroll Beckwith and F. Hopkinson Smith. By Mr. Moran is the bright colored "Cliffs of Green River"; by Mr. Satterlee, "A Rare Old Missal"; by Bliss Baker, a realistic autumnal study, entitled "Falling



Leaves," and by Mr. Lippincott, a charming head, "A Spanish Coquette." Two Louisville artists, Patty Thum and Florence B. Alexander, are represented by water colors of exceptional merit. From the vestibule one enters the rotunda, in the centre of which is a handsome collection of palms and other tropical plants. At the points where the gallery walls intersect are hung four of the larger upright paintings, with handsome canopies of maroon colored cloth depending, with excellent effect, above them. These pictures are, "The Shepherd," by Ruger Donoho; "A Rough Day, Harbor of Honfleur," the prize picture, by F. M. Boggs; "Silver Birches, Coast of Scotland," by Ernest Parton, and "The Apprentice," by Walter Gay. These pictures will be remembered from the Prize Fund Exhibition.

In catalogue order the pictures in the West Gallery follow those of the Vestibule. At the end of this gallery, in the central position, on the line, hangs a recent painting by Edwin H. Blashfield, exhibited for the first time here. It is entitled "Born in the Purple," and shows a patrician mother with a bright faced child in her arms, explaining the pictures in an old missal. The picture is a harmony in reds and is truly magnificent in color effect. Sculptured elements in the background are a commingling of Byzantine and Venetian forms. At the sides of this are Worthington Whittredge's "Old Road to the Sea," one of the best of his recent pictures, and "A Summer Shower," by M. F. H. De Haas, also first shown in this exhibition. Near this is the large landscape by Van Elten, which was one of the features of the Prize Fund collection.

On the south wall of this gallery hang Harry Chase's "New York Harbor, North River," which gained the first Hallgarten Prize at the Academy this year; Edward Grenet's "Caprice of the Model"; George Wharton Edwards' "Nightfall on the Brooklyn Bridge"; W. E. Norton's luminous picture, "With the Tide"; and J. G. Brown's "Street Gallantry," a picture showing a number of the artist's favorite newsboys and bootblacks grouped about a modest looking little flower girl. Here also are "Long Island Scenery," by J. W. Casilear; "A Woodland Brook," by Carl Brenner; "Low Tide at Lamor," by Charles A. Platt; "A Cavalier," by Charles Noel Flagg; "Captain Nathan Hale," by L. E. Wilmarth, and "A Passing Shower, Lake Champlain," a new picture by Arthur Parton, and one of the freshest, most realistic out-of-door effects he has ever painted. A. H. Wyant's "Old Wood Road, Adirondacks," and "The Widow's Mite," R. Cleveland Cox's much admired picture, also hang on this wall.

On the north wall the central place is occupied by George De Forest Brush's large picture, "Laying Away a Brave," a work that here, as in New York, is admired by one portion of the visitors and condemned by another. It is a picture that is looked at, however, and that is talked about. Joseph De Camp's "St. John the Baptist" is another much discussed picture. One of the Louisville preachers recently began a sermon with a reference to it, in which he criticised the artist's ideal quite freely. At the sides of Mr. Brush's picture are "Marblehead Harbor," by M. F. H. De Haas, and "The New Moon," by W. T. Richards. The latter is a new picture, and is almost the same in subject as Harrison's "*Crepuscule*," though in treatment, of course, the two pictures—each,

in its way, realistic—do not in any way resemble each other. Thomas Allen's "On Guard," Tracy's "Close Work," and the charming young "Daughter of Eve," by Mrs. Nicholls, also hang on this wall.

At the end of the North Gallery, facing the entrance to the building, hangs Alexander Harrison's "*Crepuscule*." It is a picture which attracts a great deal of attention and admiration. At the sides of it, Henry Mosler's "Village Clock-maker" and I. H. Caliga's "Flaw in the Title" effectively balance each other. On the west wall Mosler's "Last Sacraments" occupies the central place, while beside it, on the line, are Frederick A. Bridgman's "Hot Bargain, Cairo," and "Rent Day," by Alfred Kappes. The latter is one of the very popular pictures, partly because the subject is a familiar one to Southern people, and the types of the old negro couple are recognized as being very true to nature, and partly because the artist, in painting the old man who is calling to collect the rent, accidentally painted the exact likeness of a gentleman well known in Louisville! Every Louisvillian who sees the picture for the first time, greets it with the ejaculation, "Wall, I declare!—if there isn't old Major

Mr. Bristol's "Mt. Mansfield, Vermont," also on the line here, is one of the favorites, and so are Van Boskerck's "Saddle River, N. J.," J. G. Brown's "Four of a Kind," and "The Short Cut to Wachung Station," by George Inness.

On the opposite wall of this gallery the central picture is "The Return from the Pasture," by Charles Sprague Pearce, flanked on either side by Bliss Baker's "Morning After the Snow" and Arthur Parton's "Winter," both which latter would be counted among the prize pictures if the visitors to the Exposition gallery had the awarding of the prizes, and if "Rent Day" did not crowd one of them out.

F. K. M. Rehn's "Missing Vessel," one of the most spirited and effective pictures the artist has produced, occupies a prominent place and is much admired. W. H. Lippincott's "Bringing the Cows Home" and Gilbert Gaul's "Cold Comfort on the Outpost" also have places on "the line." Alden Weir's "Portrait of a Lady," President Huntington's "Goldsmith's Daughter," De Forest Bolmer's "Salt Marshes at Babylon, L. I.," J. J. Enneking's "November—Evening," W. L. Sonntag's "On the Androskoggin," and "Sunset on the Island of Jamaica," by H. W. Robbins, are also here.

The East Gallery has, in the central position on the line, on its end wall, R. Swain Gifford's prize picture, "Near the Coast." It is much admired. Next to it are James D. Smillie's "Stranger in a Strange Land," and "Guinevere," by Alfred Fredericks, both great favorites. D. W. Tryon's "Evening," which hangs near by, on the line, is well appreciated by those who see in art something which goes beyond the mere expression of the appearances of things.

On the north wall of this gallery hang "The Sisters," by Benoni Irwin, who has made for himself in Louisville a great reputation as a portrait painter during the last two years; "The Antechamber," by J. H. Dolph; "The Knitting Lesson," by Constant Mayer; "Sweet Girl Graduates," by J. Wells Champney; "Le Fort de Peche, Concarneau," by Eugene Vail, and "The Widow's Christmas," by



ALFRED FREDERICKS.—GUINEVERE.—(36 x 20.)

And Guinevere  
Stood by the castle wall to watch him pass.

TENNISON.—*The Coming of Arthur.*





HARRY CHASE.—NEW YORK HARBOR.

J. H. Witt. Here, also on the line, hang P. P. Ryder's "Warming Up," F. A. Bridgman's "Ready for a Ride, Constantine," Edmund Gay's "River Oise," E. Wood Perry's "Story of the Tiles," Leon Moran's "Minute Men," Robert C. Minor's "Coming Snow," and Edward Moran's "Crab Catching at Greenport."

On the south wall hang J. C. Nicoll's "Sunlight on the Sea," R. M. Shurtleff's "Giant of the Valley," S. J. Guy's "See Saw, Margery Daw," "The First Trousers," by F. C. Penfold; "Good Bye, Summer," by Walter Satterlee; "In Holland, Morning Effect," by H. Bisbing; "Taking the Oath of Allegiance at Valley Forge, 1778," by H. T. Cariss; "Cinderella and her Fairy Godmother," by Alfred Fredericks; "Morning at Vera Cruz, Mexico," by Thomas Moran, and "An Early Morning Greeting," by Hamilton Hamilton.

Many most excellent pictures have not been enumerated in this general view of the galleries, especially the smaller pictures, among which are noteworthy examples of the work of J. F. Murphy, C. M. Dewey, George

Innes, Arthur Parton, J. H. Dolph, A. H. Wyant, William Morgan, Edward Gay, W. C. Fidler, D. F. Hasbrouck, Carleton Wiggins, Percy and Leon Moran, Frederick J. Waugh, R. Swain Gifford, Walter Shirlaw, Charles X. Harris, Frederick W. Freer, Charles Harry Eaton, William Sartain, Samuel Colman, Sanford R. Gifford (deceased), Harry Chase, Charles Warren Eaton, Burr H. Nicholls, Rhoda Holmes Nicholls, Francis A. Silva, G. H. McCord, Ellen K. Baker, George H. Smillie, J. D. Woodward, J. Jay Barber, Frank Waller, J. B. Sword, George C. Lambdin, F. M. Gregory, Irving R. Wiles, William Huston, Frank De Haven, G. W. Maynard, Charles T. Phelan, H. P. Share, Lyell Carr, C. M. McIlhenny, W. A. Coffin, Henry A. Ferguson, E. L. Durand, Percival De Luce, V. Tojetti, W. M. Brown, R. V. Sewell, G. W. Brenneman, Joseph Lauber, John J. Hammer, J. F. Cropsey, W. V. Birney, Max Weyl, C. C. Curran, Joseph Lyman, Jr., H. Bolton Jones, Frederick S. Lamb, R. A. Blakelock, Charles Y. Turner, R. W. Hubbard, William Gedney Bunce, Richard Crenfelds, W. J. Whittemore, A. C. Howland, Stephen Hills Parker, Henry P. Smith, Charters Williamson, J. H. Caliga, J. H. Witt, F. K. M. Rehn, Birge Harrison, Douglas Volk, Julia Dillon, S. R. MacKnight, A. D. Abbott, Wordsworth Thompson, Charles H. Davis, W. J. Baer, Ernest Parton and Sarah P. B. Dodson. N. Sarony is represented by several of his exquisite charcoal drawings. C. M. K.

## THE ART STUDENTS' LEAGUES.

**B**EFORE this number of THE ART UNION is a month old, our art schools will have re-opened for a season which promises to be busier than ever before. At the Art Students' League and the Association of the Gotham Art Students there have been some changes and improvements made in the *personnel* of the instructors and the arrangement of the schools. The staff of professors at the Academy and the course of instruction remain substantially the same as last year.

The classes at the Art Students' League re open for the eleventh school year on October 5th. Apart from the wide scope of its curriculum, the League is especially noteworthy for the facilities it affords to women for art study. The staff for the present season consists of Mr. Kenyon Cox (morning life class for men and women), Mr. Walter Shirlaw (afternoon life class for women), Mr. Thomas Eakins (lectures on artistic anatomy and perspective), Mr. William Sartain (evening life class for men and women), Mr. J. Alden Weir and Mr. Wm. M. Chase (painting classes for men and women), Messrs. J. Carroll Beckwith and Frank E. Scott (antique classes, day and evening), and Mr. Edwin H. Blashfield (composition class). For information in regard to terms, etc., address Frank Waller, President and Director, 38 West Fourteenth Street, N. Y. City.

The classes of the Gotham Art Students re-open on the same date as those of the Art Students' League. This unostentatious but excellent school is steadily advancing in quality and effectiveness. It is made up entirely of men most of whom are laborers in one or another field of decorative art. A special feature of the season with the Gotham Art Students is the course of informal but none the less interesting and instructive lectures with which its educational course is varied. The life classes are under the management of Mr. Walter Shirlaw and Mr. Kenyon Cox, and the cast class has Mr. Max Scharzott for instructor. Among the lecturers already announced for the season are Mr. Charles Volkmar (ceramics), Mr. R. Riordan (stained glass), Mr. S. R. Koehler (etching), Mr. Frederick Juengling (wood engraving), Mr. G. Rockwood (photography), and Mrs. Candace Wheeler (textile fabrics). Other lectures on interior decoration, wall paper manufacture design, wood work, furniture design and architecture are promised. For particulars, address Mr. John S. Sharp, 17 Bond Street, N. Y. City.



BENONI IRWIN.—SISTERS.—(22 x 28.)



## REPRODUCTIONS OF AMERICAN PICTURES.

ONE of the largest items in the trade of the Art dealers has, for many years, been in photographic reproductions of foreign pictures. Begun by the Paris house of Goupil & Co., and taken up in Germany by Hanfstangel, the great Munich publisher, it has steadily developed into a vast and profitable business; a business which enriches its projectors and gives lucrative employment to numberless agents throughout the country. The application of the same system of reproduction and distribution to the productions of our own artists is worthy of special note.

A local photographic firm of extensive experience and a technical standard to their works which is conceded to be without equal in America, have perfected preparations for the multiplication of American pictures on the largest scale and in the highest style of the art. With a fine selection of negatives already prepared, and constantly receiving additions, they enter upon their venture under the most favorable auspices, and with every guarantee of the success they deserve.

The subjects already included in the portfolios of Messrs. Nicholls & Handy, the publishers in question, number among their authors artists of the foremost popularity and eminence. Their selection is especially strong in the works of our younger artists which have of recent years enjoyed such extensive appreciation and popularity. A striking and attractive picture of the decorative order is Virgilio Tojetti's figure of Judith, shown at the American Art Galleries last spring. In the long list of artists who have enjoyed equal justice at the firm's hands we find the names of W. H. Beard, T. W. Wood, A. F. Tait, Jerome Thompson, Edward Moran and his talented sons, W. H. Lippincott, Charles X. Harris, Kenyon Cox, T. W. Dewing, Francis Miller, Louis Moeller, Alfred Fredericks, Alfred Kappes, Walter Satterlee, George W. Maynard, Will. H. Low, J. H. Witt, A. C. Howland, Joseph H. Boston, James Hart, William Morgan, W. A. Coffin, Douglas Volk, George DeForest Brush, J. H. Caliga, C. Y. Turner and Arthur Parton. By the time the Art season is fairly open, there will be few painters of note among us who will not have representative reproductions in the collection.

The selection of the subjects is, naturally, made with a view to their popularity with the public. A story, a sentiment, or a decorative motive is sought for to give special interest to each plate. Among the subjects thus far chosen are Caliga's "A Flaw in the Title," Percy Moran's "The Miller's Daughter," A. F. Tait's "Jack in Office," W. H. Beard's "Monkey with the Puppies," a pen and ink sketch of which appeared in the ART UNION last year; Brush's "Laying away a Brave," Lippincott's "Five o'clock Tea," Francis Miller's "Country Railway Station," Kappes's "Rent Day," Alfred Fredericks' "Cinderella," Arthur Parton's fine "Winter on the Hudson River," and Charles X. Harris's "Dress Rehearsal." The others are fully up, in interest and quality, to the standard of which these provide an example.

The prices at which these pictures are given to the public, are an additional guarantee of their inevitable popularity, and their influence on the trade in similar foreign reproductions must be soon and severely felt. The arrangement made by the publishers with the artists guarantees the latter a royalty on every copy sold.

The execution of the reproductions is characterized by an accuracy truly remarkable in photographic copies of works in color. The subtle relations of the original tints are preserved with curious delicacy, and the skill with which the retouching is executed merits equal commendation. This latter work is performed by retouchers whose experience in the art was gained in the Hanfstangel establishment, and who were specially engaged for the purpose. While eliminating the coarsenesses and harshnesses inseparable from reproductions in which the texture of the canvass and the technique of the painter are alike exaggerated, they preserve all the fine qualities of finish and execution which render a picture characteristic of the artist. The mechanical feeling of the photograph is completely avoided. It is what it purports to be—a reproduction of the artist's work, not a translation, smoothed down and rounded off and deprived of character by the laborious hand of a skilled mechanic.

This may be specially noted in the enlarged copies of some of the most striking cabinet pictures which have of recent years won favor for our artists, and in the very large reproductions of which the firm makes a specialty. The ordinary prints are calculated on a scale of 18x22 inches, the proportion, of course, varying with the shape of the original. But an enormous camera, which is so large that it has to be kept in sections and put together for use, enables the house to secure reproductions as vast in size as 36x40 inches. A copy of Alfred Fredericks' "Guinevere," from the prize exhibition of the American Art Association, measures 19½x34½ inches, and is in every way as perfect as the smaller reproductions. These are the largest photographs which can be or have been made in America.

## ABOUT ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES.

WITH every exhibition which places an illustrated catalogue before the public, our newspapers propound the question, "Why cannot our illustrated catalogues be made as interesting as those of the Paris Salon?" The catalogues afford the answer in themselves. You cannot make an illustrated catalogue without drawings to illustrate it, and if those drawings are weak in execution or trifling in character, the book is bound to show it.

The sketches which illustrate the Salon Catalogues are, almost without exception, large, bold and vigorous in execution, calculated to reduce and reproduce with striking effect. Those in our own catalogues are only too often the flimsiest and weakest pretexts, which neither reproduce the pictures or do their makers justice.

Still, year by year, an improvement in this direction is manifest. The catalogues of our Water Color Society would be a credit to any nation, and those of our other exhibitions are certainly inferior only to the French. The "Academy Notes," originally made up in imitation of the books published by Mr. Blackburn in England, are now better hand-books, artistically and typographically, than any published in the United Kingdom, and much more interesting and valuable in their reading matter.

The chief difficulty the maker of an illustrated catalogue meets in this country is the indifference of so many of our artists to a work which is, in reality, an excellent advertisement for them. This is shown in the make-up of the catalogues. The Salon book is filled with original drawings contributed by the artists, and worked up by them with a view to their making the best effect possible in print. Here, with the exception of the minority of our painters, who can draw, and who cheerfully do their best, the most important drawings in the catalogues are made by a copyist employed for the purpose by the publisher.

Nothing is worth doing unless it is worth doing well. A catalogue drawing should be, in its way, as representative of the artist as his picture itself. When our artists all acknowledge and act upon this fact, we may be able to see the Salon Catalogue and go it an "Academy Notes" better. Till then, we suppose, the critics must grumble—which they probably would do anyhow.

## THE ART UNION DISTRIBUTION.

The final report to the subscribers to THE AMERICAN ART UNION for the year 1884, has been rendered by the Committee in charge, as follows:

The Committee appointed to dispose of the works of Art received from the Board of Control of the American Art Union for the joint account of the subscribers for the year 1884, have to report that following the receipt of the pictures on February 1st, 1885, circulars were sent to all of the subscribers, requesting their votes as to the final disposition of the works. 183 votes were returned and canvassed by the Committee at a meeting held on the 30th of March. Of these votes, 120 were in favor of a distribution by lot; 25 left the matter to the discretion of the Committee; 12 favored a sale and an equal division of the proceeds among the subscribers, and 26 were scattering in their recommendations. Conforming to the wishes expressed by the majority of the votes sent in, the Committee proceeded to a distribution by lot, in the presence of a number of subscribers, who were called in as witnesses. Every subscriber was represented by a numbered card, and the awards were as follows:

1. Danger (W. H. Beard, N. A.), awarded to E. H. Cole, Brooklyn, N. Y.
2. Autumn, New Hampshire (A. Bierstadt, N. A.), awarded to S. Hartshorne, Short Hills, N. J.
3. Early Morning, Sag Harbor (M. F. H. DeHaas, N. A.), awarded to J. C. Emery, Montpelier, Vt.
4. Sketch (F. Dieblen, N. A.), awarded to Mrs. J. K. Burgess, Brookline, Mass.
5. Winter Twilight on the Hackensack (Jervis McEntee, N. A.), awarded to Miss A. E. Hanscombe, Chicago, Ill.
6. Moravio Merico (T. Moran, N. A.), awarded to E. T. Erhart, Brooklyn, N. Y.
7. On Thatcher's Island (J. C. Nicoll, A. N. A.), awarded to Mrs. Eli Butler, Meriden, Ct.
8. Solid Comfort (E. Wood Perry, N. A.), awarded to Charles Collins, New York.
9. A Spring Twilight (Julian Rex), awarded to H. L. Hotchkiss, New York.
10. "The Two Roses" (Walter Satterlee, A. N. A.), awarded to J. T. Ijams, New York.
11. Salmon Brook, Ct. (A. D. Shattuck, N. A.), awarded to Edward M. Brown, New York.
12. "Sallie" (Walter Shirlaw), awarded to Alexander Robb, Brooklyn, N. Y.
13. In the White Mountains (W. L. Sonntag, N. A.), awarded to H. L. Sherman, Holyoke, Mass.
14. "Priscilla" (Geo. H. Story, A. N. A.), awarded to Mrs. W. H. Gillespie, Aspen, Col.
15. A Westchester Meadow (K. Van Elten, N. A.), awarded to W. M. Goodby, New York.
16. Sunset, Casco Bay, Me. (Henry Farrer), awarded to Chas. Tracy, New York.
17. A French Farmyard (J. Wells Champney, A. N. A.), awarded to Mrs. P. C. Skiff, New Haven, Ct.
18. Picnic by the Lake (J. Wells Champney, A. N. A.), awarded to L. N. Bartlett, Washington, D. C.
19. A Stolen Glance (T. W. Wood, N. A.), awarded to Mrs. W. E. Dean, San Francisco, Cal.
20. Election Returns (T. W. Wood, N. A.), awarded to Miss Marion V. Pearce, Toppsfield, Mass.
21. Fresh Eggs (T. W. Wood, N. A.), awarded to Dr. R. M. Streeter, New York.

All of the pictures have now been delivered to their respective owners.

CALVERT VAUX,  
WM. C. CHURCH,  
O. N. ROOD.

# Literary Facts.

The report of W. J. Stillman on the Cesnola collection is as interesting reading as Mr. Stillman's writings have ever been. The report is printed privately.

The Metropolitan Museum has published a neat catalogue of the Watts Collection, illustrated from drawings after the pictures by Mr. Smillie, and from various other sources. The price is 25 cents.

A SUPERB edition of Goldsmith's "Hermit," illustrated by Walter Shirlaw, will be issued next month by Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia.

The Hoffman House has been embalmed in print—at its own expense. The so-called "souvenir" is as vulgar and taskless as the groggery to whose glorification it is consecrated.

"THE Land of Rip Van Winkle" is the title of a charming volume which has the legends and localities of the Catskills for its subject. The literary portion is from the pen of Mrs. A. E. P. Searing, and it is lavishly embellished with drawings by Joseph Lauber and Charles Volkmar, engraved by E. Heineman. Specimens of their quality will be found in the charming decorative designs to the poem by Mr. McCann in this issue of THE ART UNION, the cuts having been kindly loaned by the publishers, Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, for the purpose. Next to a trip to the Catskills, no such idea of their beauties and grandeurs can be obtained as through this \$1.25 worth of fine bookmaking.

HUMOROUS literature appears to bring its professors specially good fortunes. Messrs. Mitchell and Carleton, of *Life*, have both made excellent matches, and Mr. Bunner, of *Puck*, has followed their example. Mark Twain married \$100,000 of cold cash as well as a charming lady, and even Eli Perkins solaced his resignation of a lach key with a well-fed bank account.

ALTHOUGH Canada is a good long journey from England, she possesses, in *The Week*, of Toronto, a gazette which would be a credit to Fleet Street.

THE Life of Gustave Doré, written by Miss Blanche Roosevelt, has provoked an extremely sharp criticism from Mrs. M. Betham Edwards, the novelist. Sharp criticism of such a book is like breaking a butterfly. How much of Mrs. Edwards' adverse opinion of Miss Roosevelt's work is due to the fact that Mrs. E. once wrote some supersaccharine articles on the artist for the *London Art Journal* it would, of course, be ungentlemanly to even attempt to surmise.

CASSERL'S two household monthlies, *The Quiver*, and *The Family Magazine*, have appeared in their accustomed interest and variety for September.

"THE Philosophy of Art in America," by Carl DeMuldor, which is understood to be the pseudonym of Mr. Charles H. Miller, is a treatise upon the present relations of American Art to the advancement of American civilization. Its chief interest lies in the proposal to form an Art Bureau, similar to the Department of Agriculture, where the valuable and material interests of Art may be fostered, encouraged and protected. The book is fluently written, and of value to all interested in the intellectual and artistic welfare of the country, and its suggestions are timely and pertinent. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, \$1. Win. R. Jenkins, publisher.

THE September *Harpers'* is one of its strongest and most attractive numbers. R. F. Zogbaum has a series of military pictures to an article of his own, and Theodore Child writes of Barye, sixteen of whose works are reproduced in illustration. General Horace Porter gives some reminiscences of General Grant, Constance Fenimore Woolson, Charles Dudley Warner, W. D. Howells, Julian Hawthorne and Louise Chandler Moulton are among the other contributors. An illustrated article on Labrador, by C. H. Farnham, will attract interest to a *terra incognita* full of the romance of the unknown. The article on the Murphys' great publishing house is sufficient in itself to make the issue noteworthy.

THE best thing in the September *Magazine of Art* is Andrew Lang's "On Calais Sands," and Seymour Lucas' illustration thereto. The poem and its picture form, in fact, one of the most picturesque and striking pages ever published anywhere. Austin Dobson's article on Chodowiecki and his etchings is another well worth reading.

THE *Art Age* has, from a purely technical paper for printers and publishers, grown into a compendium of the art movements of the month in and out of the studio. Without losing its character as an expert journal, it has gained additional interest as a chronicle of the artistic progress of the time. Its weakness is that there is not enough of it. Gilliss Bros. & Turnure, publishers.

In our advertising columns the publication is announced for the 3d of October of a new weekly paper, to be called *To-Day*. As its name would imply, *To-Day* is to be a journal of and for the times we live in. Its projectors promise that its departments of art, the drama and literature will be conducted in the most impartially independent spirit, and that its review of the topics of the week will be characterized by a degree of vitality and judgment assured by the reputations of its contributors. As it is projected, there has never been such a publication in the field of American journalism as *To-Day* will be. That there is a place here for it the result will doubtless prove.

GENERAL GRANT'S long promised article on the Siege of Vicksburg is the *hors d'œuvre* of the September *Century*. A palatable entree is Mr. Howells' second

paper on Siena, artistically dressed as it is by Joseph Pennell. Lieutenant Schwabka tells about the great Yukon River, in Alaska, and the talented daughter of Harry Fenn assists with her pen the pencil of her father in transporting a section of flowery Sussex to America. A good story is told by Mrs. Burton Harrison in "Crow's Nest."

THE popular gift-book of the season will probably be the edition of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," issued by Pollard & Moss. It will be illustrated with forty superb drawings by Alfred Kappes, admirably reproduced by the Ives process, and be printed by Theodore L. DeVinne.

For information in regard to art matters in this country, no equal to the Cassell's "Art Directory and Year Book" has ever been conceived. It is a handy book of reference for all who have any business or personal interest in our art. It will be found of special value to students, giving, as it does, the completest explanation of all matters appertaining to the art educational institutions of the United States, and a voluminous list of art teachers. In general interest it is equally noteworthy. The chronicle, the necrology, the record of local art institutions, embellished with illustrations selected with excellent judgment for their application to the purpose of the book, render it what it professes to be—a compendium of the art movement of the time. Cassell & Co., N. Y.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE illustrations in the text of this issue of THE ART UNION are derived from a variety of sources. The initial letters are from designs by Percy Moran, Joseph Lauber and A. B. Shults. The embellishments of the Water Color Society article are from drawings by the members, and those to the description of the Clarke Collection were furnished by Mr. Chas. M. Kurtz from "Academy Notes." The ground plan designs which accompany the description of the new additions to the Metropolitan Museum were kindly drawn for THE ART UNION by Mr. Theodore Weston, the architect of the additions, and Mr. Calvert Vaux, the architect of the old building.

## EXHIBITIONS OF THE SEASON.

Southern Exposition, Louisville, Ky. Chas. M. Kurtz, Art Director. Now open.

Thirteenth Annual Inter-State Industrial Exhibition, Chicago. Miss Sara Halliwell, Sec'y Art Committee. Now open.

Fifth Annual Industrial Exhibition, Milwaukee, Wis. Miss Lydia Ely, Sup't A. D. Now open.

St. Louis Exposition, St. Louis, Mo. Now open.

Fifty-sixth Annual Exhibition, Penna. Academy, Philadelphia. Geo. Corliss, Sec'y. October 29th to December 10th.

Special Fall Exhibition of Water Colors and Oils, American Art Galleries. Four prizes, \$250 each. American Art Association, Managers. Madison Square, N. Y. About November 1st.

Fall Exhibition, National Academy of Design, N. Y. T. Addison Richards, Sec'y. November 23d to December 19th.

Eighth Annual Exhibition Salmagundi Club and Black and White Society. American Art Galleries, N. Y. Frank M. Gregory, Secretary, 80 E. Washington Square, N. Y. January 11th to February 1st, 1886.

Nineteenth Annual Exhibition American Water Color Society, associated with New York Etching Club, at National Academy of Design, N. Y. J. C. Nicoll, Sec'y W. C. Society. Henry Farrer, Sec'y Etching Club, 51 W. 10th St., N. Y. February 1st to February 27th, 1886.

Second Prize Fund Exhibition, American Art Galleries, Madison Square, N. Y. Ten \$2,000 prizes and ten gold medals. American Art Association, Managers. March, 1886.

An illustrated catalogue is promised for the fall exhibition of the Academy of Design.

ANOTHER exhibition of the Pastel Club is promised for the coming season. It will probably be held in connection with the American Artists' show. The first and last pastel exhibition is said to have cost the little circle which originated it about \$50 a head. It is this expense which scared them from renewing the display this year, and deprived the public of an interesting and pretty show.

THE Architectural League has formed committees in several of the great cities, and is active in preparing its exhibit, which is to occur in connection with the Salmagundi exhibition. The contributions of the League will probably occupy two of the smaller galleries, and will furnish the most noteworthy architectural exhibit ever made in America.

## "A DREAM OF MUSIC," BY FRANCIS MILLER.

Copies of this beautiful photograph, 18x22 inches, for framing, may be obtained from THE ART UNION office for \$3.50 each.



# Art Notes.

We are constantly in receipt of letters from readers of THE ART UNION requesting special information as to the whereabouts of artists, etc. Such information compels a special tax on our time that cannot be given to business that is essentially personal and private. To satisfy such inquiries, we commence in this number the publication of our special department, The Studio. By degrees we hope to give all requisite information as to names and addresses. To artists we would say that this department is of special importance to them, and the price we charge for the insertion of their cards (\$5.00 per year) is intended to be merely nominal, as this amount includes a copy of THE ART UNION during the continuance of the artist's name in The Studio.

L. PRANG & Co. have almost ready for publication a large souvenir picture, in color, having a portrait of General Grant in the centre, surrounded by smaller pictures illustrating his military career from West Point to Appomattox. The picture is from the brush of the well-known painter of war pictures, T. de Thulstrup, and has been much commended by many old soldiers who have seen it.

The Art Department of the New Orleans Exhibition will re-open on November 10th, and continue open till April 10th, 1886. Wendell Stanton Howard, Superintendent.

MESSRS. PRATT & LAMBERT'S Amber Enamel is now largely used in the decorative and other art schools as a medium instead of oil. The effect produced by it is brilliant and sparkling.

MR. CARL HECKER'S thoroughly excellent Art School, at No. 6 West 14th Street, has been opened for the season. Mr. Hecker's reputation places him at the head of the private art instructors of the country, and some of our cleverest younger artists, male and female, have graduated from his studio. His classes for beginners and teachers are especially to be noted and praised.

The bust of General Grant, modeled by Carl Gerhart, has met with an enormous sale. The artist, it is said, has cleared over \$5,000 by it already. It is satisfactory to know that at least one sculptor in America is making money, and he a man of the talent and ability of Mr. Gerhart.

The fact that so many of our artists continue to dress as well as they do in spite of the stringent times, may be partially accounted for by the other fact that James W. Bell, the tailor of Fifth Avenue and 22d Street, has one of the best collections of native pictures in the city.



## The Art Union. BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

### THE AMERICAN ART UNION.

The American Art Union, a society of American Artists, including representatives of all the different schools of art, has been organized "for the general advancement of the Fine Arts, and for promoting and facilitating a greater knowledge and love thereof on the part of the public."

Nearly all of the leading artists of the country, representing the various schools, are enrolled among the active members of the Art Union, and its President and Vice-President hold similar positions in the National Academy of Design. The Honorary Membership includes some of the most distinguished amateurs and friends of art in the country.

#### BOARD OF CONTROL, 1884-1885.

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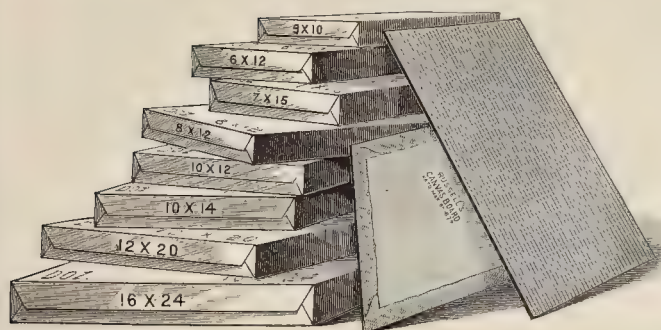
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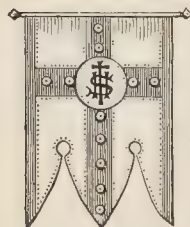
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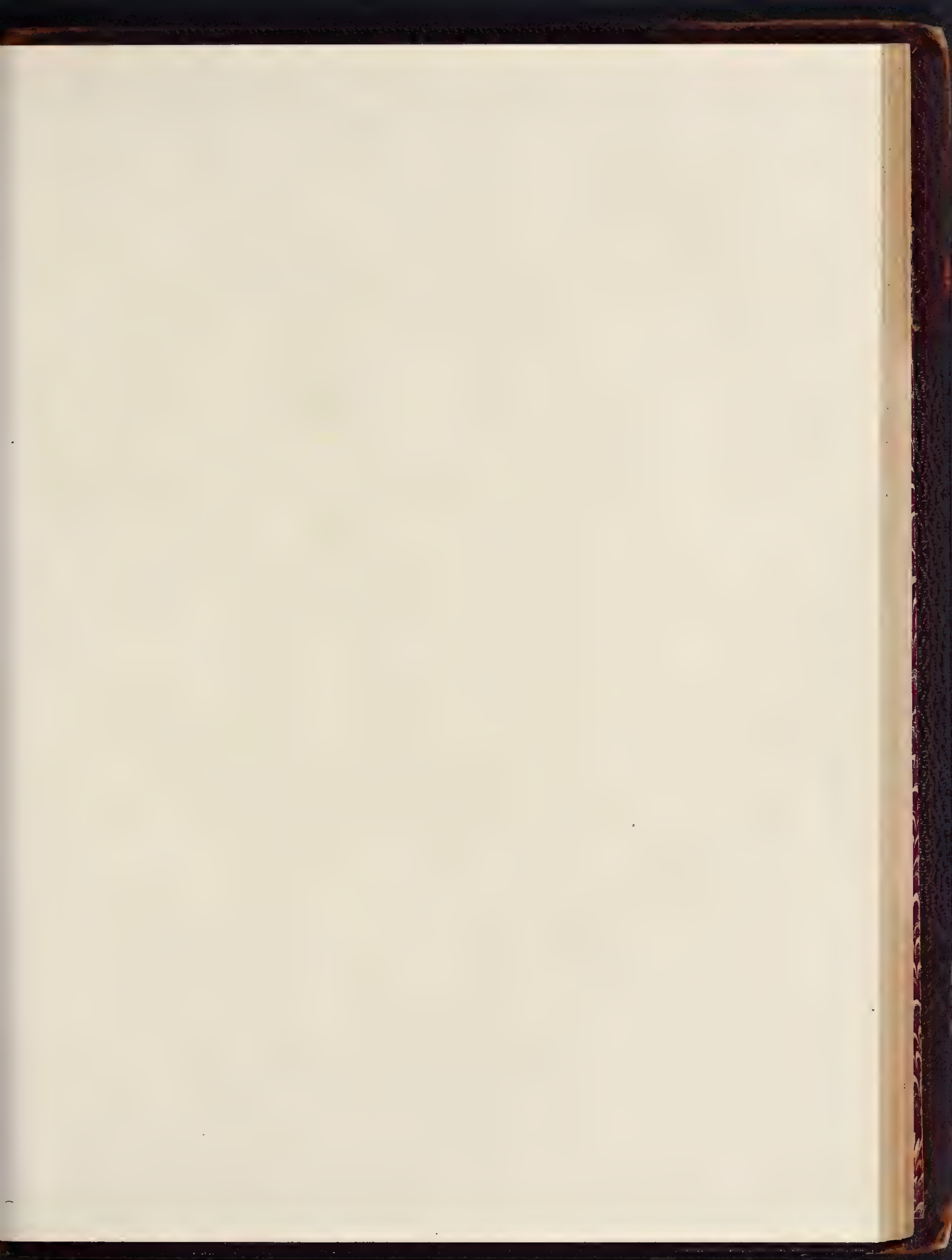
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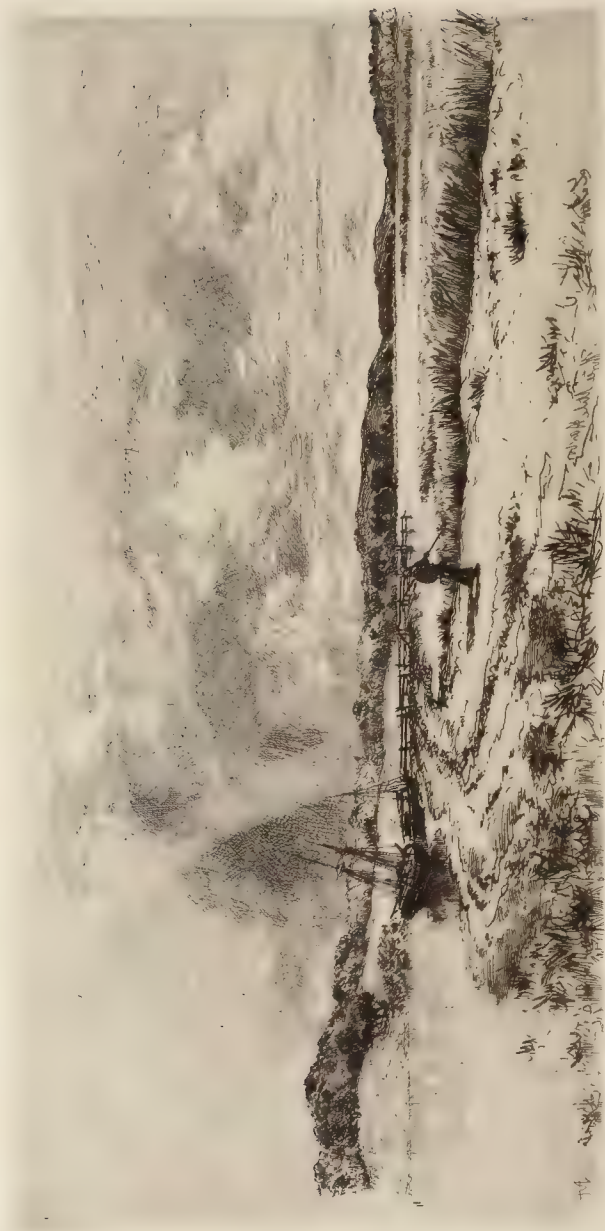
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THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN ART UNION

Vol. 2.

No. 4.



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Nor was it to be wondered at, if things were woman. Even the comparatively, many of the elements from incompetent teachers, and the



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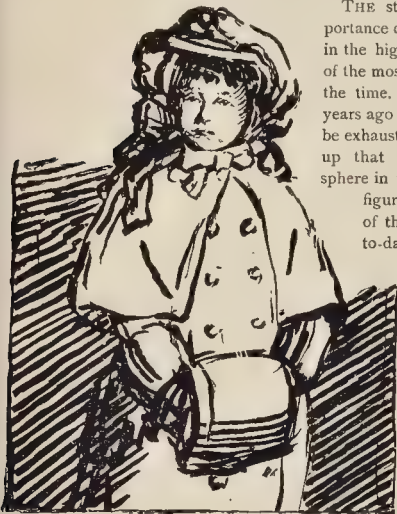
THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN ART UNION

VOL. 2.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1885.

No. 4.

## WOMEN WHO PAINT.



MISS S. H. MC DOWELL.

THE steadily increasing importance of woman as a worker in the higher fields of art is one of the most encouraging signs of the time. It is not so many years ago that the fingers would be exhausted in summing them up that the highest artistic sphere in which the gentler sex figured was not above that of the average amateur of to-day. Her talent exhausted itself in the creation of petty prettinesses, without vitality or significance, and her achievements were crowned with the most splendid success when they won an obscure corner for themselves in an exhibition hall. The mere fact that a picture was painted by a woman was sufficient

to warrant its dismissal with a glance and a shrug. Its maternity rendered it beneath criticism.

Nor was this to be wondered at, all things considered. Art as anything nobler than the relaxation of an idle hour did not exist for the American woman. Even the comparatively meagre opportunities the man enjoyed were denied her. She learned drawing and painting as polite accomplishments from incompetent teachers, and practiced them, as she did her piano or her embroidery, to while the time away. With neither aid nor

encouragement, without liberty to expand or room to expand in, the most charming talents were crushed, and the most vigorous and determined ones grew up weak and distorted, incapable of doing justice to themselves or of giving expression to their inspirations. The writer well recalls how, not more than twenty-five years ago, the appearance of a young lady student in the antique room of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts created such a sensation among the male students that the curator had to exercise his authority to restrain their exuberant amazement. When, a few years later, a life class for women was begun, it almost created a riot. To the



MISS SARAH P. E. DODSON.



MISS ROSINA EMMET.

Academy of Fine Arts, and to the School of Design for Women in the same city, belong all honor for first breaking down the barrier which is now quite swept away.

The story of her emancipation in New York is almost a romance. In the winter of 1871-2, the battle was fought in the councils of the National Academy of Design. That genial, liberal-minded old man on Staten Island, now withdrawn from an active career, but whose services to art should always be remembered, William Page, was then President of the Academy, with the active co-operation of various members of the Council, notably of Mr. E. Wood Perry, Mr. John La Farge, Mr. S. J. Guy and Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, and against equally active opposition, the first life class for women was started. Among those who first availed themselves of its advantages were Mrs. Susan N. Carter, Mrs. R. W. Gilder, the two Miss Granberrys, Mrs. T. W. Dewing and Miss Cora Richardson. The



class was carried on during the year, but the next year was discontinued. The ostensible reason, and in some measure the real reason, was lack of funds. But in any case the want of sufficient money was an excuse that readily served. Even Academicians held that the propriety of woman studying from the life was debatable. There was, moreover, a large contingent of patrons outside, that in all innovation, including Sunday opening of exhibitions, held conservative ground, and their opinion was to be respected. This apparent withdrawal of the opportunity of studying from the life led to the formation of the Art Students' League, one of the most valuable artistic influences still in this city. These summary measures inevitably had some effect in the re-establishment of the schools of the Academy of Design with increased advantages.

There is no artistic centre in Europe that offers so many advantages to women studying art as this city. The recent changes in the Art Students' League classes have been chiefly in their favor. The organization in its construction has always illustrated an ideal equality. Nothing could be more generous or chivalrous than the conduct of the young men who have been interested in the League toward the young women, their co-workers. Ever since a handful of students found themselves shut out of the schools of the National Academy of Design, and in self-defense formed the Art Students' League, its prosperity has been due to the *esprit de corps* which distinguished those early days. The women students have always had equal share in the government of the school, and to-day, of the ten members of the Board of Control, four are women, one of whom is the Vice-president. The recent change in classes has been from the afternoon to the morning. This change gives women students who study from the life nine and a half hours a day, a time far in excess of the hours given to women in foreign art schools, where rarely more than four hours are allotted to the sex.

Woman now enjoys most of the advantages for art study which are afforded to man. The same lessons the schools impart to him belong to her, and the same masters whose experience and judgment guide him on the way are enlisted in her service too. In the march of progress to which it has awakened of late years, American art has reached a hand out to its children irrespective of sex, and put them each in the place of honor he or she has deserved. The painter alone does not absorb the credit of the exhibition of to-day. His sister of the palette claims her share of its rewards. With every



MISS ALICE BARBER.



MRS. L. L. WILLIAMS.

recurring display of pictures we note her presence in added numbers and in greater power. The age of flower painting is past for her, or when she does paint them, as Miss Eleanor Greatorex does, it is with the bold hand of a master, not the timorous littleness of a child. A painter of academic and historical compositions, like Miss Sarah P. B. Dodson, would a decade or so ago have been regarded as a violation of all the rules of sex, just as Rosa Bonheur was for many years. Now she is as germane to our art as any man who has helped to build it up.

At the Prize Exhibition at the American Art Galleries last spring, one of the best painted figure canvases in the display was by a lady, Miss Cecelia Beaux, of Philadelphia. Little less forceful and strong in technique were the figure compositions of Mrs. Ellen K. Baker. Miss Amelia Lotz, another lady who, like these two, had enjoyed the advantage of a European schooling, shone conspicuous among some of the strongest of the new men in our art. A decorative panel by Miss Dodson commanded admiration from every critic and connoisseur. A large and ambitious canvas, by Mrs. Rhoda Holmes Nicholls, was another of the works of note from feminine hands. A couple of truly remarkable smaller canvases were those contributed by Mrs. Sarah W. Whitman, of Boston. In every case these pictures were surrounded by the best work of artists of conceded eminence, and in no case did they suffer by the contrast.

The Academy of Design's exhibitions are always rich in the best work of our women painters. The stately academic compositions of Miss Dodson have been an annual feature of its displays for some years past. Miss Rosina Emmet's vigorous and progressive talent annually records its advance on the same walls. Miss Jennie Brownson-combe, of Honesdale, Pa., sends here pictures which, for honest study, serious execution and the best qualities of feeling and sound technique, rank among the most important by the younger generation of our painters. The charming out-door effects of Mrs. N. S. J. Smillie, the unostentatious, but none the less admirable, domestic studies of Mrs. Helen C. Hovenden, and the works of Miss Alice Barber, of Philadelphia, and Miss C. W. Conant, of Brooklyn, have also become part of the regular contributions to our spring Salon.

THE ART UNION does not pretend to do full justice to the gentler sex in art in this necessarily brief sketch. The list of candidates for honorable mention would tax our restricted space too severely just now. A mere recapitulation of the deserving names would in



itself be a formidable list. Among the other ladies whose works have during the past couple of seasons attracted and deserved special attention at our exhibitions, we can now recall Mrs. L. L. Williams, of Boston; Miss Georgina Campbell, a Louisiana girl, who is now located in New York; Mrs. Emma Lowstadt Chadwick, who is, we believe, a Swede, married to an American artist, and resident with him in Paris; Miss Mary Kollock, of Norfolk, Va., whom A. H. Wyant claims as a pupil; Miss Kate Greatorex, in whom the talents of her mother and sister are reflected; Miss Dora Wheeler; Mrs. Elizabeth Boott, of Boston, an extremely strong painter in portraiture of children, and a new and remarkably vital talent in Miss Ida Bothe, also, we believe, of Boston. Susan H. Macdowell is a Philadelphian and a pupil of Professor Eakins, who does her master as well as herself credit. Miss Elizabeth J. Gardner sends annually from Paris canvases of a size and quality which render them exceptionally



MRS. EMMA L. CHADWICK.

noteworthy. Of the sterling work of Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, now residing in London, too much has already been written to render detailed praise necessary here.

#### A SCULPTOR'S OPINIONS.

LONDON, 12th September, 1885.

IN a dark and joyless avenue, leading from the Fulham Road to nowhere, is the studio of J. G. Boehm, R.A., a sculptor of great repute and a man of strong feeling for the truth in art. A lover of horse flesh, as becomes a Hungarian, his superb life-size "King Tom," the mighty son of Pocahontas, who "ought" to have won the Derby, but did not, made his reputation as a sculptor of animals. In addition to horses Mr. Boehm delights to model lions and dogs. A thorough realist, he scoffs at the faun and derides the satyr as the dream of a drunkard. Yet, despite this strong feeling for truth, his propensities have made him weak on the subject of the centaur, for he avers that the centaur, a creature of beauty, grace and power, was a splendid



MRS. N. S. JACOBS SMILLIE.

ideal of the Greek brain at its best, and "ought" to have existed. Fresh from a trip to Italy, the artist finds ample food for admiration in the superb portrait sculpture of the early renaissance, in which the men were carved in feature and habit as they lived, not turned into sham Romans and Greeks, like the queer "sculps," lurking about the squares of London, of hatless equestrians, and centurions of the Queen Anne period. Speaking of Carlyle, he declares that he was the "most delightful of all possible companions," and a sitter after his own heart, thoroughly enjoying the uncompromising truth of the celebrated statue, one of the sculptor's best known works. "It is impossible," exclaims Mr. Boehm, with all the vivacity and candor of his native land, "to look upon the work of Verocchio and Houdon, the superb equestrian Coleone, the statue of Voltaire, and the bust of Houdon, without recognizing how those artists tower above the blundering slaves of convention and strivers after prettiness, according to the idea, not of Pheidias, but of the debased antique period, when art had sunk into imitative manufacture, and manual dexterity lagged on long after the soul had departed. Verocchio's Boy with a Dolphin in the Signoria at Florence is also unique in its way; but the Coleone is probably the finest bronze work in the world. To all who know these truly great achievements the performances of Canova and Gibson must appear ridiculous. Where are we to suppose the first Napoleon to have been when Canova modeled him? On the frozen snow-plains of Russia or the scorching sands of Egypt? The chances are in favor of the latter; for the Corsican warrior is stark naked, protected only from the sun and the foe by a Greek helmet and a Roman sword! How absurd is this when compared with the



MRS. HELEN C. HOVENDEN.



prints and statuettes of 'le petit caporal,' with his cocked hat worn crosswise, his high boots and his 'redingote grise,' standing with head bowed and arms crossed on his chest, or with head erect and hands linked behind his back. The poorest caricature is more valuable than a statue which inevitably recalls to us the costume of the African chief whose full dress consisted of a straw hat, a shirt collar and a pair of spurs."

"Would statues of pheasant slayers and fox hunters be more popular than the Ajaxes and Caesars we are at least accustomed to?" I asked.

"It is just a little difficult," replies Mr. Boehm, "to discuss sculpture on a popular basis. It is like fine music, demanding some kind of knowledge before it is understood and appreciated. No cultivation is required to like or dislike a vulgar air, a common colored print, or a mackerel, a sunset or moonlight scene done in pastel on the pavement; but a fine statue, like a perfectly proportional building, a picture like the small portrait of Philip IV., by Velasquez, in the National Gallery, or a symphony of Beethoven, requires some little instruction for its proper enjoyment. Sculpture is difficult to compass on account of the material, and the skill required to produce a figure fit to be seen from any stand-point without looking ridiculous is often underrated. There are also great difficulties to overcome in portraiture in bronze or stone."



MRS. C. W. CONANT.



MRS. RHODA HOLMES NICHOLLS.

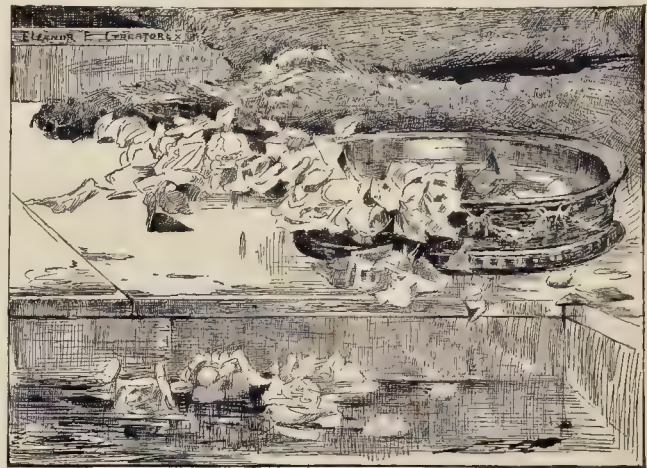
"Is not the appreciation of every kind of art greatly assisted by the spread of art education? We all draw and paint or model and compose, not to say act or sing a little, just now."

"This is the weak place in the spirit of the present, a sympathy with art of all kinds, with a tendency towards dilettanteism. Let us look at the distinction between artist and dilettante. The first delights others, the second himself alone. He is the meddler and muddler in what he is incompetent to pursue as a profession. There have been great men, not being artists, whose names are indissolubly linked with art history, but these were not what Goethe calls *Pfuscher*, mere fudgers or dabblers in art work, producing things absolutely valueless. We are not instructed that Pericles puddled about with clay in the workshop of Pheidias. We know fairly well that the Emperor who picked up Titian's brush did not spoil good canvas and panel himself. We are certain that the King who brought Benvenuto to France did not meddle with wax, or metal, or graving tool. Nor did Julius II., nor Leo, and the rest of the Medici, concern themselves with clay or canvas. But at this moment, as Mr. Whistler happily puts it, 'the dilettante stalks through the land,' daubing with paint, muddling, not modeling, in clay, and howling,

tinkering or torturing what should be music, until he makes life accursed to all within earshot. The Italians distinguish perfectly between artist and dilettante. The latter word was first explained by Jagemann, who defines this curious product of modern civilization as 'an amateur in art who not only contemplates and enjoys it, but wishes to take part in its creation.' He is to art what the 'duffer' is to trade. I distinctly pronounce him a pernicious and odious parasite, as desirable to be exterminated in the fields of art as the Colorado beetle and phylloxera in the fields of Nature."

"You are hard upon the dilettante. Yet the amateur is hardly looked upon with such loathing as this in any other pursuit except music. In rowing there is an immense difference between amateurs and professionals, but nobody despises the young men of Oxford and Cambridge for doing indifferently what watermen do well."

"Probably," retorts Mr. Boehm, who loves a day with the Pytchley, or, indeed, a good rousing gallop anywhere



MISS ELEANOR E. GRETOREX.



"because young men, and old, too, are the better for exercise in the open air, and if they overdo it hurt nobody but themselves. If one does not like boating and cricketing one can sometimes escape from them. But the dilettante is a pest. Often from his great social position his idiotic babble about art is listened to and perverts other weak minds. He cannot paint a picture or make a statue, but he goes on dabbling and driveling over both, deceiving and confusing those still more ignorant and incompetent than himself. He rarely encourages living art by buying specimens of it. He, if an amateur sculptor, greatly prefers to make mud-pies of his own."

"*Non ragionam di lor!* Do you find nothing to admire in the artists of the Græco-Roman period?"

"Very little, except in the portrait busts. Conventionalized things, like the Clytie, are common-place; but some of the Roman emperors' busts and those at Naples are very fine. In other respects the sculptors of that period were mere copyists. They invented nothing except a kind of trickiness which still exists in modern Italian sculpture and sickens the visitor who has been looking at the work of Nicola Pisano, Ghiberti, Donatello, or Luca della Robbia. What mind can a

person have who attempts to represent soapsuds in marble, or to carve a bird inside a cage after the Chinese manner, or to make marble gods and goddesses smoke cigarettes? It is disgraceful that while good models exist students should be set to study the debased antique or modern sham antique—for instance, such things as the Laocoon, which was probably a copy from a smaller bronze, and ought never to have been executed in stone."

"You appear to attach great importance to the material or medium into which the artist puts his mind and his handicraft?"

"I think it may fairly be accepted that the greater the art, the greater the respect for the material. No imitation of the undercutting, as it is called, good in bronze or such ormolu as Gouthière's, should be attempted in marble. Any such effort ends in trickiness and vulgarity. A stone image has a character of its own completely distinct from that of a bronze. To return to the Laocoon, no Greek of the Phœidian period would have attempted the heavy folds of a serpent in marble. The idea and execution are foreign to the material. Now the material is ever present to the really artistic workman. Look at the work of the mediæval *artifex*, whether



MISS GEORGINA CAMPBELL.

women have shone brilliantly in art during two thousand years? Vigée Lebrun, Angelica Kaufmann, Rosa Bonheur and Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson Butler! The function of woman is not to create art, but to inspire the artist."

"But they may be taught."

"Sculpture is not easily taught to anybody, more especially when teachers say you should 'ennoble' your subject by straightening the nose, or making both sides of the face exactly alike, as they rarely are in nature. Subjects should be seen in a noble light, but not 'ennobled' by departure

from Truth. For instance, A. will see in a beggar woman with a child a Madonna, while B. will only see a subject for a policeman. Art should not try to correct or 'ennoble' Nature, but look upon her with a noble eye, and place her in a noble light!"

JOSEPHUS.



MISS JENNIE BROWNSCOMBE.

in gold, silver, iron or ivory. He suits his work and treatment to the material in hand, and the particular group or shrine, goblet or jewel, required. Give such a man a huge, misshapen pearl, with slight defects or discolorations. He would not take some, and cut away or cover the rest, but would set his imagination to work as to whether his pearl should be a dolphin, with or without Arion; Amphitrite's chariot; the torso of a warrior or his helmet; a ship or the robe of a saint or goddess. So in larger metal or stone work. Any trick to force material into a foreign groove is vulgar. Any person of taste feels that there is something repulsive in ill-using material, whatever its texture or character may be."

"What think you of female sculptors, and the attempts made to allow them to study at the Academy from the nude?"

"Now I shall startle you. I do not believe that any corresponding gain from female artists will compensate for the trouble and embarrassment they would cause. Moreover, it is educating them to beggary and dawdling and chattering nonsense about art. The outcome of such things is the babble of boys and girls at tea, artistic costume—never worn by pretty women or women of fashion—and similar folly. What

The traders in Japanese curios owe Gilbert & Sullivan a vote of thanks. Their trade in this city has doubled since "The Mikado" began its successful run in America. If "The Mikado" was as good a piece as "Pinafore," business would have been trebled, if not quadrupled.



## AN OLD PITTSBURGH MANSION.



THE *East End Bulletin*, of Pittsburgh, Pa., gave in a recent issue the following interesting local sketch, with the accompanying illustrations. Through the courtesy of the publisher THE ART UNION is enabled to print article and pictures intact. \* \* \*

"THE desert of Sahara, even, contains green and habitable spots. So does our practical, busy city contain an oasis or two, sacred to romance and dedicated to the past. Such a spot is the quaint old mansion located near the Silent City, where marble shafts and grassy mounds tell of lives passed and voices that have gone. On Stanton Avenue, in the Eighteenth Ward, 'Pic-nic,' the mansion built half a century ago by William Croghan for his only daughter stands in grim but not successful defiance of Time and the elements.

"Rising high above the thickly populated wards north of the Allegheny Cemetery stands the hill whose crown and glory in the olden days was the Schenley mansion. The old gateway to the estate marks a dividing line between the busy scenes of a great city and the remaining evidences of a period in the history of Pittsburgh now almost forgotten. The pilgrims in search of the picturesque and instructive stand upon the old carriage-way in front of the mansion and cease to wonder why so elevated a position was selected for a place of residence. The scene is magnificent, and must have been even more impressive when Herron's hill and the range of hills north of the Allegheny River were covered with verdure. Passing through the quaint doorway into the old mansion, every evidence of modern life disappears and the mind revels in memories of the past. Once more the farms lying at the base of the hill and along the

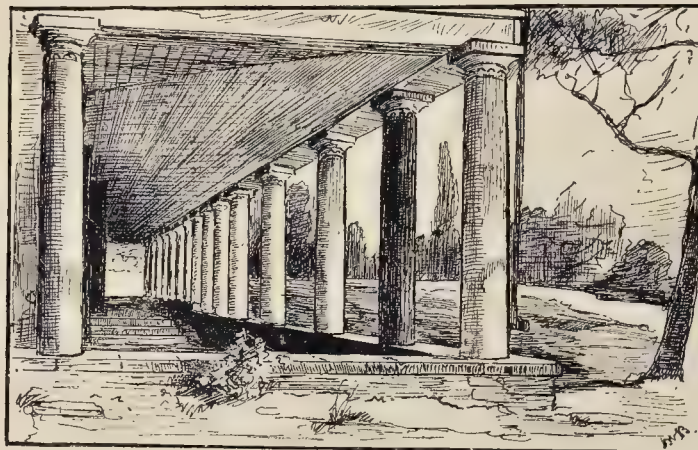
bottom lands of the Allegheny River are peopled by men whose names are remembered by few. The greater part of the Allegheny Cemetery was owned by Bayard, and Mowry, father of Wm. Mowry, of Cuba-You-Quit fame, and the great host now slumbering in that beautiful silent city were either unborn or in active life. The other properties lying close to the Schenley estate were those of Bishop, Schoenberger, McCandless and Denny. Even the house-keeper is a relic, grown old in the service of the family. It is her special pleasure to keep the massive furniture in exactly the same positions occupied during the years brightest in her memory, because of the presence of Mrs. Schen-



THE CONSERVATORY.



THE OLD MANSION.



THE BASEMENT PORTICO.

ley. Next to this is the pleasure of showing the interested visitor through the mansion. Everywhere are evidences of refinement and taste. To the right of the main entrance the attention of the visitor is attracted by a large portrait of Mrs. Schenley. Near it is a vacant frame, once filled by a portrait of Captain Schenley, taken from life by Emil Foerster. This was subsequently removed and taken to England. The portrait of Mrs. Schenley is by a London artist. A curious feature of this picture is the background, which represents a view of Pittsburgh with steamboats in the foreground

and the court-house in the distance. There are old chairs of the most remarkable design, canopied bedsteads, writing tables, china ware, etc. In one room are several drawings made by Mrs. Schenley's daughters when they were studying art in Pittsburgh. The quaint furnishings, the old mantel, etc., are shown in our illustrations, as well as the mansion itself, the crumbling conservatory, etc.

"The romance with which the house, its grounds and contents are identified is one which the older families of this city are never tired of telling, and which may here be outlined without doing violence to the feelings of any, alive or dead.

"In 1826 Mr. William Croghan came to this city from Louisville. As a lawyer he was gifted and successful, and had amassed a comfortable fortune. As a man, he was Nature's perfect handiwork physically—tall, erect and admirably proportionate, with singularly handsome features and distinguished bearing. A bright, fearless eye and a noble head of auburn curls were among his charms of person, enhanced by a courtliness of manner that captivated all. It is not to be wondered, therefore, that, very soon after this gallant Kentuckian's arrival, he should have



led to the altar a Pittsburgh belle, in the person of Miss Mary O'Hara, daughter of doughty old James O'Hara, the man of brains, hard cash and broad acres. Brief indeed was the wedded life of the handsome couple, for in 1827 Mrs. Croghan died, leaving a baby daughter, the namesake of her mother and the sole heiress of a great estate. After a few years at her father's home, the damsel was placed under the tuition of Miss McCloud, whose boarding school on Staten Island was at that time famous in its way and patronized by other old families of the Iron City. Mary Croghan, while not inheriting her mother's beauty, was a pretty, precocious, dashing girl. The story of her prospective wealth was not confined to the circle of her Pittsburgh acquaintances. Its interest seemed especially potent with the brother-in-law of Miss McCloud, a man whose name is now familiar to all Pittsburghers.

"Captain Edward Wyndham Harrington Schenley was an English officer, a polished man of the world, forty-seven and twice a widower. As the relative of Miss McCloud, he had an *entree* to that lady's seminary, and his age seemed a barrier of safety in that good woman's mind, which precluded any intimation of the startling *dénouement* which followed. It was on a bright



A "PIC-NIC" GROUP.

which was subsequently incorporated in the new building. A generation has passed away since the walls of "Pic-nic" have echoed to the voices of its owner, the last visit to his home having been made by Captain Schenley in 1864. Meanwhile a trusted woman, Mrs. Köhler, keeps an affectionate watch over the deserted halls and silent apartments. Historically speaking, the place is rich in memories; artistically, "Pic-nic" is, within and without, a place for the eye to rest upon lovingly and admiringly. Unless repairs are soon made to both house and grounds, Father Time must have things his own way, and then only ruins will mark the place where William Croghan lived and died, and where his only child passed her few years of girlhood and later years of wifehood.

"Captain Schenley died in 1879. Mrs. Schenley is still alive and in good health, and her surviving children number six. The family residence is in London."

## AN ETCHING BY THOMAS MORAN.

THE ART UNION last year printed an edition of an etching by Mr. Thomas Moran called "The Rainbow." This superb little plate elicited universal admiration, and deserved it, for it is



MRS. SCHENLEY.



CAPT. SCHENLEY—1838.



CAPT. SCHENLEY—1863.

morning in 1841, when Mary Croghan was but fourteen years of age, that there was wild consternation in the flourishing school. Miss Croghan's room was empty. A sailing vessel chartered by the bold wooer had received the precious freight, a convenient minister had united martial January and blooming May, and the strangely mated couple were on their way across the ocean before the elopement had been realized by those most interested—certainly before the astounded paternal Croghan had been apprised of his daughter's doings.

"But paternal love at last calmed William Croghan's wrath. Captain Schenley proved a good husband and a devoted father, and in the foundation of the mansion "Pic-nic" was laid. This name was given it by Mr. Croghan, who frequently lunched *al fresco* under the trees that stood near the spot. Previous to building this fine old place Croghan occupied a brick cottage,



THE FIRE-PLACE AND MANTEL.

a fine example of the art of the master of American artist-etchers. The subject of "The Rainbow" was found at Three Mile Harbor, a little landlocked bay near Easthampton, where Mr. Moran has his summer studio and has found inspiration for some of his loftiest work.

So many requests have come to us from new subscribers of THE ART UNION for an etching by Mr. Moran, that we have had another edition printed from the original plate of "The Rainbow" and present it with this number. Our new friends will find it a delightful novelty, and our old ones will not regret seeing it again.

We may add, on the subject of etchings, that future numbers will be embellished with plates by Walter Shirlaw, Charles Volkmar, H. P. Share, Hamilton Hamilton, Frederick Juengling, W. H. Lippincott, W. H. Shelton, and other well known artists, some of which are already finished and in hand, and others in process of preparation.

## AN ESSAY\*

ON

## THE EDUCATION OF THE EYE

WITH REFERENCE TO

## PAINTING.

*Illustrated by Copper Plates and Wood-cuts.*

BY JOHN BURNET, F.R.S.,†

AUTHOR OF "PRACTICAL HINTS ON PAINTING."

"Visual impressions are those which in infancy furnish the principal means of developing the powers of the understanding; it is to this class of principles that the philosopher resorts for the most apt and perspicuous illustrations of his reasoning, and it is also from the same inexhaustible fountain that the poet draws his most pleasing and graphic as well as his sublimest imagery."—*Dr. Roger's Bridgewater Treatise.*

## PREFACE.‡

IN prefacing a work of this brief description, where so many branches of the Art of Painting are introduced with little more than an enumeration of their component parts, I ought to apologize, in the first instance, for thus attempting to convey any information which can be carried into practical usefulness in so small a compass. My motive for so doing was to give, if possible, an insight into the intricacies of the art, without distracting the attention of the reader by a multitude of examples, whose union often destroys the strong impression of a single illustration. Though the varieties of painting are endless, yet the properties of which these varieties are composed are, as in music, few in number; I have endeavored, therefore, to notice only the leading principles, which must be known, and which by reflection and observation can be extended to an infinite series of ramifications. The same simple rules which should regulate the instruction of beginners, I have endeavored to point out as existing in the highest departments of the art, communicating by their presence that value which a vein of gold imparts to a mass of inferior matter. To some it may appear that the subject is too physically treated. I have been actuated to do so by the custom of the present time, and surely every one ought to know something of the construction of that instrument he is in possession of, and of its operations on the mind. In what I have advanced I have quoted the opinions of the best authors to corroborate and strengthen my own, thereby hoping to render an art by which civilized society is so highly embellished more known and appreciated.

\* Burnet's famous art books were published under the general head of "A Treatise on Painting, in Four Parts, consisting of an Essay on the Education of the Eye, with reference to Painting, and Practical Hints on Composition, Chiaroscuro and Colour." The book was illustrated by examples from the Italian, Venetian, Flemish and Dutch schools, and published by James Carpenter, of Old Bond St. in 1835. The entire work was dedicated to Sir Thomas Lawrence, then President of the Royal Academy, the "Essay on the Education of the Eye" being specially inscribed "to William Allen, R.A., Member of the Scottish Academy and Master of the Trustees' Academy for Encouraging the Arts and Manufactures of Scotland."—[Ed. A. U.]

† John Burnet was born at Fisherrow, near Edinburgh, in 1781. He "developed an early talent in art," according to his biographies, and began his study at the Trustees' Academy in his native city. He at the same time was bound apprentice to Robert Scott, a noteworthy engraver of his time, and in due course became a master of the line as well as the brush. He never abandoned either art, relying on that of the engraver for money and that of his easel for fame. It was his engravings of Sir David Wilkie's works which first brought him into prominence and made him the leading engraver of his time. Burnet would probably have been a better painter if he had not been so thoroughly a master of the linings to bring his skill in that art into constant demand. He painted a number of pictures, however, the most noteworthy of which is probably the "Greenwich Pensioners receiving News of the Battle of Trafalgar," which he engraved himself. He went to London early in life, and made his artistic *début* there with a set of engravings in illustration of Mrs. Inchbald's "British Theatre" and other popular works. The first important picture engraved by him was after Wilkie's "Jew's Harp." All of his plates are highly esteemed by collectors and bring large prices. He died in 1868. —[Ed. A. U.]

‡ Burnet was a very enthusiastic devotee of art for its own sake, and a most diligent and indefatigable student. He was a man of many practical ideas as well, and his knowledge of the fundamental facts of art, and his clear and intelligible common sense in developing his ideas, made him a popular teacher and lecturer. His first work was the one whose republication we herewith commence. He also published, in 1840, an essay on "Rembrandt and His Works," and in 1848, in association with Peter Cunningham, a life and criticism of the works of J. W. M. Turner. These were all labors of love with him, on which he lavished valuable time, both in writing and illustrating them. They sold extensively in their time, and are now among the precious rarities of our collectors. They are devoid of literary style and abound in rather stilted construction and delivery; but are so true, so full of wisdom, sound sense and commanding knowledge, that they are accepted as the most valuable productions of the kind ever given from the press. —[Ed. A. U.]

## PART I.

## AN ESSAY

ON

## THE EDUCATION OF THE EYE

WITH

## REFERENCE TO PAINTING.

## CONTENTS.

Measurement.—Form.—Perspective.—Lines.—Diminution.—Angles.—Circles.—Aerial Perspective.—Chiaro Oscuro.—Invention.—Composition.—Arrangement.—Harmony.—Form.—Chiaro Oscuro.—Harmony of Colour.—Studying from Nature.

IN a country so largely connected with manufactures as this is, we cannot but wonder why the education of the eye has not been more generally cultivated; observing, as is also the case with the ear, that its education in after life rarely gives the possessor those advantages which result from a proper direction having been given in youth; nor do I see why drawing should not accompany the elements of reading and writing, the complicated forms of the letters in many languages presenting a more serious obstacle than what is required in the rudiments of drawing; and I have no doubt but that a very short time would be sufficient to enable a scholar to draw objects with tolerable correctness.

Without this education, not only are the most valuable advantages often lost,\* but the mind is deprived of one of its chief sources of correct information, and the hand remains in a manner paralyzed and unable to record what the eye takes cognizance of; whereas when they advance in mutual contact through a course of early instruction, this difficulty is overcome. This ready execution of the hand is to be acquired only by constant practice; for, however readily the eye may perceive the form of an object, the power of delineating it on the paper or the canvas is where the apparent difficulty lies, it is here where its correctness is put to the test; how much constant practice perfects this chain of communication between the eye and the hand, may be proved by the facility with which a person acquires the practice of writing in the dark or with his eyes shut. This quick communication, however, is not to be purchased at the expense of correctness, which ought to be the greatest consideration; for, if the eye, or ear, falls into a loose, imperfect method of study, the student finds the greatest difficulty in getting rid of such unprofitable groundwork. In adding the vacating advantages of this branch of education it is not my province to raise up chimeras, or what might be considered sufficient reasons for deferring it. Those who have the instruction of youth entrusted to them I am confident would find it rather an assistance, as it might be given either as an amusement or a reward of merit; and, in order to put it in the power of any master to instruct, I shall endeavour to proceed in the simplest manner, and with as few diagrams as the subject renders necessary.†

[CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.]

\* Locke, whose attention was turned to this branch of education, says, "When he can write well and quick, I think it may be convenient, not only to continue the exercise of his hand in writing, but also to improve the use of it further in drawing, a thing very useful to gentlemen on several occasions, but especially if he travels, as that which helps a man often to express in a few lines well put together what a whole sheet of paper in writing would not be able to represent and make intelligible. How many buildings may a man see, how many machines and habits meet with, the ideas whereof would be easily retained and communicated by a little skill in drawing, which being committed to words are in danger of being lost, or at best but ill retained in the most exact descriptions? I do not mean that I would have your son a perfect painter—to be that to any tolerable degree will require more time than a young gentleman can spare from his other improvements of greater moment; but so much insight into perspective and skill in drawing as will enable him to represent tolerably on paper anything he sees may, I think, be got in a little time."—*Locke's Thoughts concerning Education.*

† With regard to the practice of drawing, it will be proper to incite the scholars to industry by showing in other books the use of the art, and informing them how much it assists the apprehension and relieves the memory, and if they are obliged sometimes to write descriptions of engines, utensils or any complex pieces of workmanship, they will more fully apprehend the necessity of an expedient which so happily supplies the defects of language and enables the eye to receive what cannot be conveyed to the mind in any other way."—*Preface to the Preceptor.*

‡ The large number of Burnet's diagrams, and their necessity and value to his work, render the preparation of this publication a quite serious matter. We judge it advisable, in view of delays in the reproduction of the illustrations, to break off here, as the observations which follow demand elucidation by drawings. In our next issue the subjects of measurement, form, perspective, lines, diminution, angles and circles will be fully treated and illustrated.—[Ed. A. U.]



## ALFRED KAPPES, PAINTER AND ILLUSTRATOR.



UNIVERSAL approbation has stamped the magnificent panorama of feudal legendry painted by Alfred Tennyson in "The Idylls of the King." Serene above the contests of the critics, this splendid pageant of the poet's brain is assured of a place in the van of English poetry for all time. To add to the

volume of praise which has been bestowed on it already, would be to add nothing to the praise itself. The vocabulary of commendation has been exhausted in its honor.

The illustration of "The Idylls of the King" has been frequently essayed. The most important results were those obtained by Gustave Doré. He created a series of pictures which had less of Tennyson than of Doré in them, and which, however beautiful in themselves, cannot be accepted as satisfactory realizations of their subjects. It has been reserved for an American artist, Mr. Alfred Kappes, to give the poet the pictorial interpretation his works demand. The two illustrations of the "Idylls," which we present with this issue of THE ART UNION, are reproductions from the original drawings by Alfred Kappes, a series of forty of which are about to be published, in magnificent form, by Messrs. Pollard & Moss. Our illustrations were specially made by the Ives process, and printed from relief plates. Those of the edition itself will be printed from photogravure plates, which, taken altogether, are the most successful which have ever been made in America.

"The Idylls of the King" will be published as an *édition de luxe*, only 500 copies being printed. Of these, 200 will be sent to England. There will also be special presentation copies for the poet himself, and possibly one or two other illustrious personages. The plates will be printed on British India paper, mounted on heavy plate paper and signed by the artist. The text will be given on parchment paper, with rubricated initials and other embellishments in type specially cast for this work. The volume will be enclosed in covers designed by Mr. Kappes, giving in high relief heraldic and other appropriate symbols, and splendid with gilding. The plates of the illustrations will be destroyed when the edition is completed. This sumptuous folio is to be sold by subscription for \$100 a copy, the publishers reserving the right to advance the price when 200 of the 300 held for sale in the United States are subscribed for.

It is no exaggeration to say that this will prove the most splendid art work ever given out in America. In extent of labor and lavishness of expenditure it has had no equal. The venture is a daring one on the part of the publishers, but their choice of a subject is so happy and the success of the artist so complete, that there is no likelihood that they will regret the investment.

Mr. Kappes, the artist to whom this splendid collection of pictures is due, is a New Yorker both by birth and education. A man of rare originality and the finest artistic sensibility, he owes his position in our art absolutely to his own efforts. The battle of life has been fought by him without allies. He first became known as a draughtsman in black and white, of marked originality and force. His earliest work was distinguished by a spirit and a power of picturesque expression that atoned for a decided harshness and crudity of style. These weaknesses, disappearing with experience, have left all the strength of his early work, refined and made more powerful by development. The pictures to "The Idylls of the King" are unique examples of the highest and most virile black and white art of the country.

The literary sympathies of Mr. Kappes have naturally inclined him to the study of the romantic and the ideal. While he depicts real life with the unflinching hand of the realist, he is capable also of investing the creations of pure fantasy with the most spirited and romantic characteristics. His illustrations to "The Idylls" contain a wealth of study and research into the details of costume, locality, architecture, character and the like,

no less remarkable than the intense vitality with which he has carried the poet's conceptions into tangible pictorial expression. The artificial and theatrical art of a Doré embellished Tennyson without adding to the value of his lines in a single instance. There is not one of these drawings by Mr. Kappes which does not make the text it applies to more clear and vivid to the eye. Their romance is not that of the theatre, it is the romance of the strange, savage, barbarically splendid time itself from which their motives are drawn.

Mr. Kappes, as a painter, has won a reputation distinct in itself. For some years his pictures in oil and water colors have commanded attention at our exhibitions. Their daring originality, their strong grasp of the subject, the sentiment and intellectuality they embodied, bespoke the artist a man for the connoisseur and the critic to remember. Working without a master, the artist has made a style for himself, and which is as original with him as his conceptions and his methods of expression. His improvement has been steady and unbroken, and his painting of "The Rent Day," now in the Louisville exhibition, was one of the pictures of the spring season in this city. Its failure to secure one of the \$2,500 prizes at the American Art Galleries was widely commented on in artistic circles as an injustice.

## A NEW SEASON OPENED.

THE studio doors are no longer barred, nor the corridors of the artists' metropolitan haunts given over to the cats. Fresh from mountain and sea-shore, from the refreshing novelty of foreign travel, and the invigorating experience of a summer in common with nature, the disciples of Apelles are back at the easel again, armed for another battle with the malignant and unappreciative critic and the price-cutting patron. The winds of summer have blown the shadow of the last dark winter away, and the prophecy of the winter to come is full of hope.

After the rain comes the sunshine; after the frost, the spring. The dark and dismal cloud of commercial depression has commenced to clear away, and the studio will share in the burst of golden radiance which will follow the long reign of stagnation and gloom. All reports point to the revival and improvement of all the legitimate industries and businesses of the country—a revival which is growing steadily, flooding the great arteries and gradually invading all the minor veins of trade. The long night is over and a long day is at hand.

The commercial interests of a country are all part of one system, a portion of which cannot be assailed without affecting the others. Dull times in one branch of trade means a depression more or less marked in all. When the depression assumes the exaggerated and far-reaching form of stagnation, all businesses fall under the same ban. People must, in the worst of times, eat and drink, and wear clothes, and have houses to live in. But they economize in the essentials while they cut off the luxuries of life—art, unfortunately, still comes under the latter head. The time will doubtless be when this will not be so—when intellectual man will recognize art as necessary to his enjoyment of life as meat and bread are. But it is poor work to sit still and wait for the millennium to arrive. The wiser plan is to set to and make the best of the present, no matter how bad that best may be.

A CURRENT paragraph states that Mr. Henry Irving invents the stage pictures for which his management is famous, composes the scenes, arranges the groups and makes sketches in color of the stage effects, which the scene painters follow; that he shows facility in either pencil or brush, studying the model or copying from the flats with rapid execution, and turning out clever, spirited sketches which are much prized as souvenirs among his friends. The fact remains, all the same, that Mr. Irving's stage pictures are composed and his scenic effects all arranged by professional artists, and not by himself.

## WILLIAM PAGE.

SINCE the last issue of THE ART UNION, William Page, one of the greatest painters the century has produced, ended a life of labor and of honor in quiet retirement at Tottenville, S. I. Mr. Page was a great man and a good one, in art and in society. A higher epitaph could not be carved upon an emperor's monument.

## AMERICAN ART—ITS WEAKNESSES AND THEIR REMEDY.

WHEN the young man, fresh from the tutelage of his school, sought an introduction to Kaulbach and presented his card, the distinguished master, repeating the superscription, "Angelo Mahler, Artist," exclaimed: "Oh! an artist! delighted to know you; that is what I am endeavoring to be." No term has been more misunderstood, and, as a consequence, misapplied, than that of *artist*. This misapprehension has tended not only to degrade the title, but, indirectly, the recipient of the same. To go further: in no country, perhaps, is this laxity more apparent than in our own, where to be artist is to be specialist in any sphere of activity, whether that activity pertain to the brain, heels or hands. It is in vain to trace the many mutations through which the word has passed; the uses to which it has been erroneously put, or to search the possible evils which have insidiously followed in their wake; it is enough that in employing the term in its best signification we keep constantly in mind its unvarying association with the products of the *creative* imagination. Indeed, so many are the elements which enter into the notion of "artist," so many the requirements upon which alone it can safely rest, that the mere enumeration will make manifest the dignity of the term, and how slender are the props upon which so many found their claims to it.

The artistic energy works not in one direction, or, rather, is not exhibited under a single aspect. Just as there are degrees to all the intellectual faculties, and channels through which they find their appropriate development and natural expression, so an analogous condition obtains in that phase of the intelligence which is manifested in artistic production; and, just as there are degrees to the dignity and power of the mind's work, so are there gradations to that which seeks its embodiment in things of beauty. The same intimate relationship which exists between mental power and its external expression in the more common fields of labor, is as clearly indicated in the field of art, and the mental calibre of an artist being gauged, one may, with some degree of certainty, foreshadow the limits of his accomplishment, and the value of his work.

Art is the creative effort of the imagination exercised in the domain of pure beauty, and its aim is to bring satisfaction and delight and instruction by an appeal to the feelings, sentiments and passions, and, as moral and intellectual beauty, rather than physical, are the ultimate goal, he who has searched the depths of nature and delved into her hidden mysteries, he who has explored beyond the mere surface of things and attained to the source of life and action, is best fitted to make that appeal to the sympathies of his kind. The basis of all art is knowledge, and where it is erected upon any other foundation its conclusions will be immature, and its efforts terminate in partial success, in error, or in falsehood. While, therefore, it is quite true that some allowance must be made for the natural acquirements, and while it is also true that the same application and exertion will not necessarily produce like effects, still, it is safe to say that nothing will ever compensate in the long run for the lack of proper mental cultivation, of the acquisition of the material by and through which the imagination is nourished and stimulated. Says Johnson: "Imagination is useless without knowledge; nature in vain gives the power of combination, unless study and observation supply the materials to be combined." But the mere ability to absorb and assimilate, conjoined to freedom of imagination, will not, in themselves, prove all-sufficient; united to these must be the representative faculty which reproduces in a sensible form and in the perfection of a finished work the idealizations of the artistic phantasy. The artist thus endowed by nature, strengthened and reinforced by his studies, breaks from his swaddling clothes as soon as he becomes productive.

Gauged by the results of his labors, the artistic worker assumes a higher or lower rank in proportion to the mentality of his efforts. Mere technical capacity, therefore, however essential an element to the concrete expression, is not *per se* creative, whether it seeks to interpret the thoughts of poet or musician, or more directly to copy the handiwork of nature herself. We would hardly call him a skillful mechanic who, with his model before him, sets about the copying of wheel, or axle, or spindle, or crank; but, rather, him who with wheel and axle and spindle and crank by his cunning combination evolves an original idea, and adds to the stock of useful and beneficial things. And yet, year by year, we hear the claims of those whose artistic worth has never risen above a faithful copy of jugs and

decanters, of flowers, or, perchance, a head to which some poetical title has been affixed. To such an one, the vista of artistic life is but opening; he may rank with the dilettante and virtuoso, and hope, perhaps, to take his place within the circle of the elect. So with the mannerist, who, having developed one aspect of artistic activity, seeks to imbue all his subjects with the same expression, to subordinate them to the only means which his restricted powers have called forth. Fuseli paints him as "the paltry epitomist of nature's immense volume; a juggler who pretends to mimic the infinite variety of her materials by the vain display of a few fragments of pottery." In that he has evolved and embodied one form of individuality, he is, by so much, a rank higher in the scale; but he is still far off from the goal and the priceless prize. Thus, step by step, in similar gradation we attain to the true artist, the master, who, enriched and partly equipped by nature, endowed with sensibility and passion, with fancy and imagination, with the culture acquired by devoted study, with the love for unalloyed beauty born of purity of thought and knowledge of the high mission of his art; to that artist who, spurning the commonplace, the low, the debasing, the corrupt, makes the effort of his life a yearning after that perfection of which the vestiges remain as a promise of the past and a prophecy of the future.

One of the greatest misfortunes to art resides in the fact that its pursuit is so attractive, so alluring, that he who has once experienced its insouciance, its freedom from social restrictions, its happy indifference and community of ideas—he who has comprehended the dignity of the calling and the fullness of its reward—seldom renounces, however much he has missed his vocation, the hope of success. In a moment of inspiration the country clod is fired with the ambition of becoming a doctor, and so leaves his barn, his cattle and his plow, and seeks the hospitable shelter of a city medical school, and, at the end of his allotted term, is pushed into the world. His field is the human body; his success is measured as he cures or kills; all are alike able to measure by this simple standard, and should he fail, he is quickly rated at what he is worth, sinks again into his wide oblivion, and returns to his plow and his manures. And yet he kills only the body, whilst the artist may destroy the soul. Indeed, the faculty appealed to by the arts is so mysterious, so subtle, so incomprehensible, that when we have said that tastes differ, we have, perhaps, given the only possible explanation why bad art may live side by side, in seeming harmony with good art, why any art, if such it might be called, finds a market and a price; a perversion of the end as curious as if in medicine the practitioner should succeed only in producing malformation on the teacher, illogical and irrational scholars. Unfortunately the field of the so-called artist is as wide as human ignorance, and however great the demand for unworthy work, there will always be found hands ready to do it. That so many failures pass unnoticed, that so many laboriously labor on in the barren hope of reward, is to be attributed, more or less, to the fact that the needs and requirements of the artistic life are so vaguely or rather ignorantly apprehended. A taste and affection for the true, the beautiful and the good may be inspired in all; no mind so utterly brutish but may be taught to recognize and appreciate them at their worth. But there is a wide gulf between the merely receptive and creative faculties, the unhappy overlooking of which in our art of to-day has contributed more than aught else to obliterate the border line where half art ends and full art begins.

They who have studied attentively the progress of American art, have observed the failure to attain any high mental grade, the constant repetition of things, not ideas, which seldom rise above the level of more or less clever reproduction, efforts of pure manual dexterity, in which there appears to be a total disassociation between the body and the soul, habit usurping the place of originality, and technique that of the imagination. May we not look for the explanation in the neglect of that culture which the most competent authorities have deemed a prerequisite to the artist's vocation? It may be true that there are natural faculties which, at times, despite all rule and reason, o'erleap the barriers between ignorance and fame, but it is, nevertheless, a more patently recognized fact that the average intelligence, backed by persistent, well directed labor, has accomplished far more for the happiness and well being of our race. Compare for a moment the lives of our rising artists with those of the Renaissance in Italy, not in the character of the work produced, but in the character of the mind exhibited. Compare the preparation, the standard of knowledge set, the result. Take almost any name of that great period, and note the diversity of power





THE CONVALESCENT.

BY

N. SARONY.

manifested, the wide extent of education. Is it a bare chance that made mastership in art and eminent scholarship united? Here we find linguist, engineer, author, sculptor, goldsmith, poet and painter in one individual, and this union of more than one profession not the exception, but rather the rule. Can genius, the offspring of the age, the culminating figure of generations of thought and work, which appears here and there in the great history of the world to mark the stepping-stones, the turning points of human advancement—can genius be attributed to every well known name of this period? Take any marked era in history, the Elizabethan in England, Louis XIV. in France, Golden Age of Greece, the Renaissance in Italy, and we behold a period of intellectual activity, of profound scholarship, side by side with the free development of art. It will be difficult, indeed, to point to an era where the two were not mutually dependent, or to point to many names on the scroll of fame whose claims to recognition were not based upon incessant application and laborious study. It is to be conceded that most, the best of us, must be content with the meed of talent alone, happy indeed, should that prove our allotted share, and doubly content should it, with all our superadded industry, lead us through the straight but rugged road to excellence.

We believe we have not done injustice in concluding that, heretofore, the American artist has underestimated the preparation necessary to begin his career, and that the failure to attain the highest vantage ground is attributable, not to our inferiority as a people in artistic taste and spirit, but rather to that characteristic national haste which endeavors to bridge a path which can only be traversed by patient plodding. The American artist has yet to learn, that in no profession are so many difficulties to be encountered and overcome, so many hardships to be endured, so much study to be undertaken; and that, withal, in no profession is the final reward of all his diligence so hedged with doubt and uncertainty.

There are none so blind but recognize the value of the education which they have failed to acquire, there are none so confident but have had reason to deplore their undivided attention to pencil and brush, to the neglect of other lines of study. Had art been servile copying, pencil and brush were all in all; but the value of a work of art is measured by the thought that is put into it, and the pleasure it affords is in proportion to the spontaneous sympathy it elicits. It is incredible that the dictum will ever prevail which substitutes lifeless imitation for vital thought; were it otherwise the mechanical processes would long since have driven the higher arts to the wall. No more pregnant aphorism has Ruskin uttered than that "the greatest artist is he who has embodied in the sum of his works the greatest number of greatest ideas." If ideas are essential elements of a true work of art, the weakest reasoning will serve to show the intimate connection between a high education and a noble expression in art, and that a mind which has failed to rise to the comprehension of broad and humanizing thoughts can never be expected to express itself except in a narrow, shallow or vulgar manner. The faculty which to all artists, whether musician, painter or poet, is universally regarded as most essential, is the imagination. What memory is to the servile copyist, imagination is to the true artist; through the materials already stored up in the mind it summons up the images of things past, it analyzes and decomposes associates and unites, contemplates and studies. Without it the worker becomes a drudge seeing only through the eyes, representing things as they are, not as they might better be, dealing only with facts, enjoying, it may be, a transitory motion in the *presence* of beauty, quickly awakened to be as quickly lost, making at last his work a soulless thing which the camera would far better perpetuate, as indeed, were the secrets of the studios known, it not infrequently does. With it the mind rises superior to the work, reproduces at will the images which have moved it, clothing them with vivacity and spirit, and retaining them as permanent objects of contemplation. As the well stored mind is the source whence the imagination, the poetic faculty of the artist draws its inspiration and its themes, it is fruitless to anticipate any growth or development of that faculty unless the springs are duly fed from which it takes its origin.

While it is true that all study tends to excise and unfold the imagination the kind of stimulant necessary largely depends upon the end to be attained. One with a mathematical and exact bent of mind will scarcely require the same incentives as his neighbor of artistic proclivities. The latter demands, in the first place, as a fundamental basis, an education *equal to the average of the age in which he lives*; but in addition he should supplement that

education by whatever has a direct or indirect bearing on his special pursuit. It is an old adage that "the painter paints himself," and therefore, whatever the character of his mind it will be manifested in his work. Among the many studies which challenge the artist's attention are the natural sciences; every phase of nature should arouse thoughtful investigation, nothing comes amiss, the lowly and the sublime, the ugly and the beautiful, active forces and nascent powers, all coalescing in the profound consideration of humanity as the highest type of nature and the ultimate goal of art. Hence philosophy which lays bare the lines of thought and discloses the springs of human conduct, which rounds the human animal into the sentient man: and history, the summary of all he has felt and achieved, should not be neglected. A general course of reading in imaginative literature, and more especially poetry, should be encouraged, and the principles of archaeology sufficiently mastered to escape the charge of ignorance or indifference. And now, after having ransacked nature and the intellectual work of man, there still remains the history of art, the knowledge of what ground has been traversed; the work accomplished, its beauties and defects; what to emulate, what avoid, so that profiting by the experience of the past, the road to the future may be in the line of improvement and the germs of originality fostered.

Such, briefly stated, is the rough scheme of a course of study which fairly represents the artist's need. To what degree do our rising artists meet these requirements, if the yearly exhibitions are to be accepted as the criteria of our judgment? And to what shall we attribute the more or less pronounced failure in everything which indicates either originality of conception or poetry of imagination? Surely we can no longer plead our youth; a generation at least has already passed since our artistic career fairly began. And by the tentative efforts of that generation to what have we attained? Dexterity of hand, technique, and to some degree a sense of color, but in all else that constitutes the higher elements of art, bare mediocrity. Reflecting upon the character of the work accomplished, the ability and power displayed, the possibilities apparently within easy attainment, it is not unreasonable to assume that the hindrance to further advancement arises less from the difficulty of the road and the timid hesitation of the wayfarer, than from neglect to provide for the needs of the journey and ignorance of the path to be traversed. A true work of art combines within itself so many different elements, that to circumscribe it by any simple definition or measure it by any single quality seems altogether impossible. Neither idea, invention, composition, drawing, action, color or technique can be separately accepted, to the exclusion of the others. The sooner our artists have learned this simple fact, the better for them and for our native art; the sooner they have comprehended the extended requirements of their profession, the nearer shall we rise to the high level of the schools abroad, and American art, instead of standing dismayed at the prospect of free trade in foreign works, will proudly and confidently court the competition.

OBSERVER.

## TWILIGHT FANCIES.

I am sitting in the twilight, in a room in Gotham town,  
While an equinoctial's howling down the street;  
And I seem to see a maiden, in a chip hat and a gown,  
Picking buttercups and daisies at my feet.

She very gravely ties them, as she picks them, in a bunch,  
With a piece of far off Eastern cotton thread;  
Then I very gravely ask her if it isn't time for lunch,  
And she very gravely shakes her pretty head.

The tall grass in the distance rolls in undulating waves,  
The feathered bards and bees sing roundelays;  
And the Santa Clara softly, as the wind o'er nameless graves,  
Ripples, down the slope, of coming golden days.

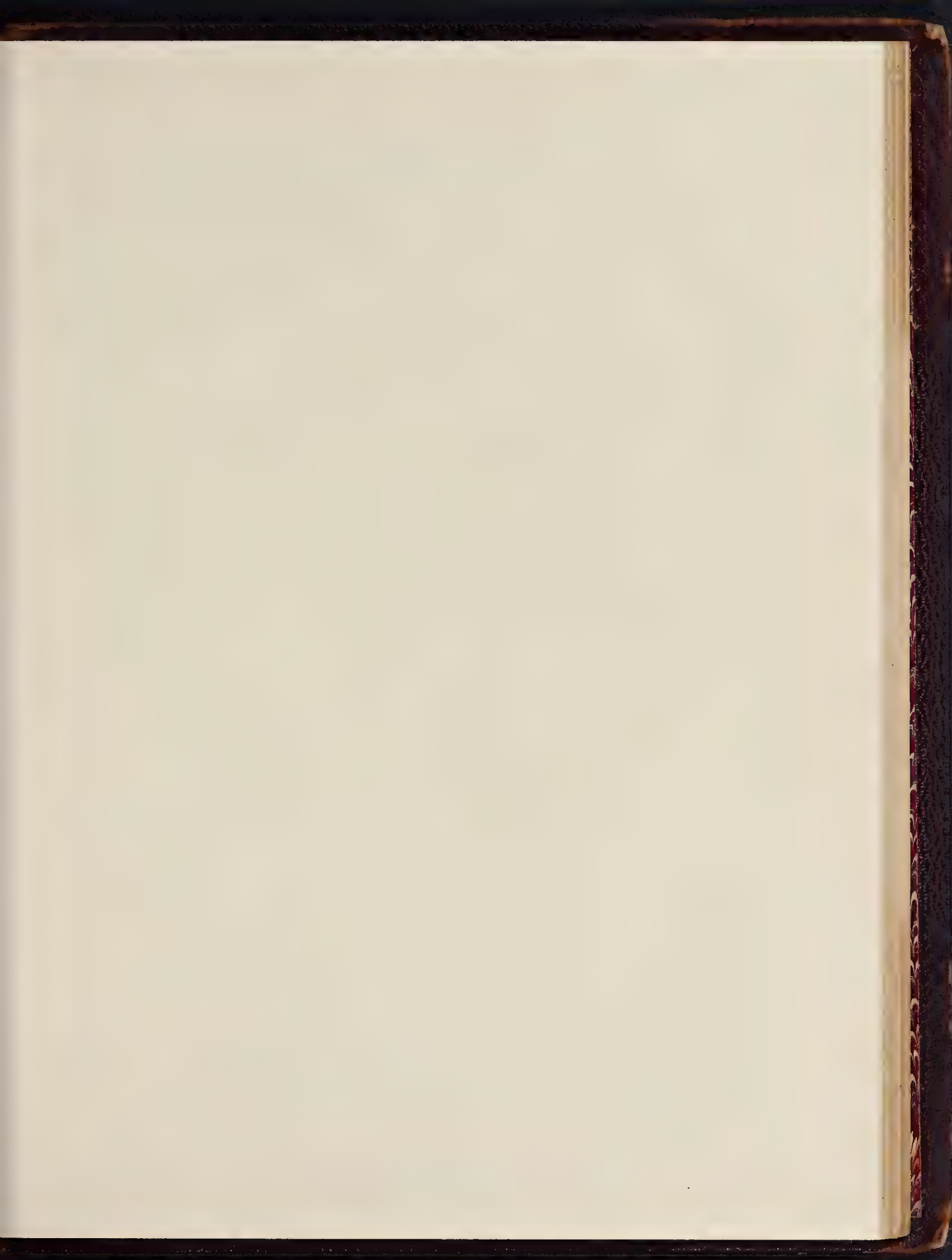
I watch the dainty maiden thro' an afternoon in June,  
And I romp with her thro' daisy-covered dells;  
Then I—Hark! my old Italian clock is chiming out a tune,  
And I swear I hear again the mission bells!

But the maiden, picking buttercups and daisies at my feet?  
How the gale sings thro' yon telegraphic wires!  
Making music as delicious as her voice—and low and sweet  
As the chanting of the old Franciscan Friars.

September 17th, 1885.

JOHN ERNEST McCANN.







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— "till one fair morn,  
I walking to and fro beside a stream  
That flash'd across her orchard underneath  
Her castle-walls, she stole upon my walk,  
And calling me the greatest of all knights,  
Embraced me, and so kiss'd me the first time,  
And gave herself and all her wealth to me."

"THE HOLY GRAIL"











THE END OF THE WORLD

There is a great deal of interest in the world  
 There is a great deal of interest in the world

—LORD BYRON—

THE END OF THE WORLD





## OUR ART CLUBS.

## III.—THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.



CHARLES F. ULRICH.

The new movement, as it has been called, was a declaration of new ideas and new methods, neither more nor less, the ideas and the methods being those of the great European school in which its champions had graduated. The result of the new movement was the formation, during the summer after the spring exhibition of 1877, of the Society of American Artists.

In its constitution the new society commences with the declaration, "The name of this association shall be 'The Society of American Artists.' Its location the City of New York. Its object shall be the advancement of the Fine Arts." There is something magnificent in the far-reaching and chivalric quality of this simply framed declaration of principles. If the society has, for causes which are not a subject for discussion here, failed to achieve the end it might, it still did much towards it, and will, with judicious government and application of its latent powers, do much more. It has given us some fine and always interesting exhibitions, and no time was ever as ripe as the present for it to reassert itself and resume the splendid work it set out to perform.

The first two exhibitions of the society were its best. In these it made a deep impression of technical advancement and executive power, and through them it commanded for its members such respect as is accorded by thoughtful men to men of new ideas. But the impression did not reach the general public, who understood but little of the aims and purposes of the band of young enthusiasts, and naturally sympathized but little with a phase of art that was above them. The society's displays were then, as they have been since, artistic successes, but not popular ones. This year the series was broken for the first time, no exhibition being given; but one is definitely promised for the coming season, and the indications are that the promise will be kept.

The roll call of the Society of American Artists is sufficient demonstration of the high quality of the art it champions. With figure painting and portraiture represented by such painters as Walter Shirlaw, Eastman Johnson, Wm. M. Chase, Frederick Dielman, Kenyon Cox, Gilbert Gaul, John La Farge, Will H. Low, Abbott H. Thayer, Charles F. Ulrich, F. W. Freer, Elihu Vedder, George de Forest Brush, F. S. Church, Edwin H. Blashfield, C. S. Reinhart, W. T. Smedley, C. Y. Turner, Thomas Hovenden, E. A. Abbey, J. Carroll Beckwith, T. W. Dewing, Frederick P. Vin-

ton, Frank Duveneck, John S. Sargent, Thomas Eakins, George W. Maynard, Douglas Volk, Frank D. Millet and Wm. Dannat, among others, there is not a modern school or a modern inspiration in art which does not find expression in the ranks of the association. When we turn to landscape, we find its claims upheld by such exponents as H. Bolton Jones, Walter L. Palmer, Bruce Crane, Charles Melville Dewey, R. C. Minor, W. L. Picknell, John N. Twachtman, Charles H. Miller, R. Swain Gifford, Homer D. Martin, A. H. Wyant, D. W. Tryon and J. Francis Murphy. The brothers St. Gaudens, Theodore Bauer, Olin L. Warner and W. R. O'Donovan represent the plastic art in its councils. Arthur Quartley, Wm. Gedney Bunce, Francis C. Jones, Birge Harrison, Francis Lathrop, William Sartain, Louis C. Tiffany, Theodore Robinson and J. H. Niemeyer are among the other names of approved merit on its list which we just now recall. If memory serves us faithfully, there are four ladies in the society—Rosina Emmet, Mary Cassatt, Helena De Kay Gilder and Sarah W. Whitman.

## JONES' MASTERPIECES.

HE was certainly an extraordinary fellow, a man of great talent and of equal ability, but undecided, weak-willed and absolutely without reliance on himself. But how could it have been otherwise? A life spent in art schools and studios is not likely to make the liver of it a man for emergencies or energetic deeds.

For two years he had not painted a picture, but he had been painting on one all that time. He had commenced it on a panel as big as the top of a table, cut it in half and made a recommencement on each moiety, only to divide them and cover each of the reduced planes with the same experiment. Instead of one large panel, he, at the end of two years, had eight small ones, all in about the same condition of completion and equally unsatisfactory to him.

"I don't know what it is," he used to say, "but there's something about that central figure I don't like, and that window is not what it ought to be, I'll swear."

If any professional critic had got sight of his work and criticised it half as mercilessly as he did, I believe he would have murdered him. But he continued tearing himself to pieces, subsisting by painting figures and ornaments on sign boards, locking himself up for days together whenever he had secured sufficient money to hire models, but coming no nearer the end of his work after all. It was in vain that we argued with him, in vain we swore the least complete of his pictures was superior to half the finished works exhibited. They did not suit him, and he pendulated steadily between hopefulness and what he proposed to do when he had made his



KENYON COX.

despair, to-day telling you hit, to-morrow threatening to pistol himself. The affair would have been ridiculous if he had not been a good fellow as well as a foolish one. As it was, we were uneasily suspicious that he might some day carry his threat out, and sacrifice his life as well as his labor to his unrealized ideal.

At last he walked into the studio of his neighbor, Smeere, one afternoon, and after the



J. ALDEN WEIR.



exchange of the usual greetings, he announced abruptly that he was going away.

"Where to?" demanded Smeere.

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"Well, upon my word," said Smeere, laying his palette aside, "this is your crowning lunacy! What do you mean?"

"I mean exactly what I say, old man," was the grave reply. "I have notified the landlord, and my month is up on Saturday. I want you to store my traps in your back room until I get back."

"But what the deuce are you going away for?"

"To learn to paint my picture. The more I work on it, the more I am convinced that I have not had sufficient experience in life yet to carry such a subject out; so I am going to hunt for the experience. Oh! you need not be afraid. I know what I'm about, and you'll say so when I get back."

Smeere tried to argue with him, but the discussion always gravitated to the same point. He had made up his mind and was going away. He had raised a little money painting a lot of Christmas signs of an unusually gorgeous and expensive character. When that ran out, he could earn more somehow, he was sure; but he was going to remain away until he felt himself strong enough for his great work. Upon that his resolution was inflexible. Exactly how his scheme was going to further the coveted end he could not say; but in a vague way he recognized the fact that he had been living too much in his studio, and that to paint a picture which would interest the world he must move in and acquire some sympathy with the world itself. Smeere, who was by no means a modest studio bird himself, admitted that there was a certain force in the argument, and after a supper of chops and old Burton at the Knickerbocker, wound up by endorsing his friend's decision.

But where was he to wander to? Personally, he seemed to possess neither an idea or a preference on this point; so, over their fifth pewter of

Burton they concluded to leave the decision to that useful compilation, the "Traveler's Guide." It opened, at random, at a list of vessels sailing between New York and South America, and a blind shot with Jones' pencil made a target of the following:

"For San Francisco, ship 'Three Sisters,' Pier 14, East River."

"That's a nice way to commence to make the acquaintance of, the world!" observed Smeere. "Four months on a packet ship! Why not try a trip around the globe?"

But his friend accepted the decision of the shipping list seriously. Next day found him at Pier 14, East River, and when the "Three Sisters" sailed forty-eight hours later, the pilgrim of art nestled in their collective bosom. Smeere packed the wanderer's belongings away in his spare room, and the studio was let to a landscape painter who finished half a dozen canvases a week for the auction rooms.

Smeere could not paint. Viewed from an artistic standpoint, he was as dead a failure as a spoiled mummy. But he was a good fellow, had the knack of turning out pleasing trifles with a facile hand, and was one of the most prosperous painters in New York. He knew every one, and gave the most unconventional and rollicking entertainments in his studio. It was said of him that he never gave a party, made a call, or even met a man outside of the profession in the street without getting rid of a picture. This was an exaggeration, of course; but his *bonhomie* and his large social connections did open an extensive and profitable market for him,

and people who would never have dreamed of buying pictures for their own sakes, bought them for his.

A couple of weeks after Jones had started on his search for inspiration, Smeere issued invitations for one of his studio parties. He decorated his room for the occasion, and finding that one of Jones' eight panels fitted an empty frame of his, he put it in it, and added it to the adornments of his walls, by way of lending them variety. "The fool," he thought, as he



F. W. FREER.



looked at it; "if I could paint like that, you wouldn't catch me turning tramp."

In the course of the evening, when the pipes and beer had mellowed the company into coziness, one of Smeere's guests remarked to him:

"What do you want for that little thing there?"

"Which one?" demanded Smeere, following with his eyes the direction of his guest's pipe stem.

"That in the bronze frame."

There were two bronze frames, one encircling a marine of Smeere's, and the other holding Jones' panel. They had been hung side by side to form a centre. Smeere gave the price for his picture.

"I'll take it," said his friend, "and as it's so small, I'll carry it home with me. I might as well give you a check now, if you will let me have pen and ink."

Smeere was a business man, and never missed clinching a bargain. He provided the required materials for the creation of solvent commercial paper without delay, and his guest carried one of the pictures in the bronze frames home with him when the party broke up in deference to the dawn. But it was Jones' panel, not the marine by the genial host himself.

When Smeere discovered his mistake—for he was certain it could not be his guest's—he was in a quandary. He did not know whether to recall the bargain, or to let the matter rest as it stood. Finally, he decided on the latter course. The price paid for the panel was a substantial one, for Smeere's own pictures stood high in the market, however low they averaged in the scale of art. "It's as much as Jonesy could get himself," he thought, "if he had the biggest kind of luck; and I'll lay my head that he'll need money before he gets through."

A few days later he came upon the following in the art notes of *The Herald*:

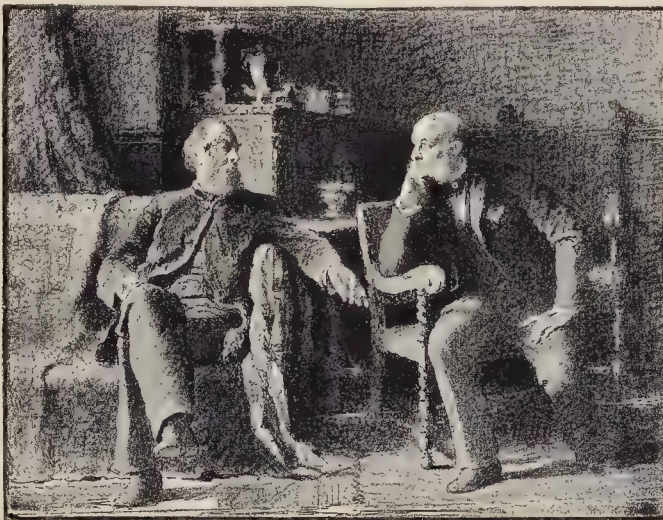
"The Hon. Samuel Boggs, the well known connoisseur, has added to his collection a charming little picture by a name known only to those familiar with our studios, that of Ernest Jones. Mr. Jones is one of our younger artists, whose pictures are rarely seen in the exhibitions. This is said to be due to the fact that they are all disposed of at private sale. In view of the



C. Y. TURNER.



J. CARROLL BECKWITH.



EASTMAN JOHNSON.

quality of the example in Mr. Boggs' possession, this is no wonder. It is—here followed a graphic and enthusiastic description of the picture and the critic's verdict that it took rank among "the first productions our art had given existence to."

Smeere dropped the paper with a whistle of amazement. Then he began to rub his chin and grin. It was too absurd. The picture poor Jones had run away from a masterpiece! But after all, why not?

He got out another of the panels—one in about the same state of advancement as that

which the Hon. Samuel Boggs had become the owner of—and studied it. Beyond a doubt it was a stunning picture. Its very incompleteness made it masterly. There was nothing feeble or uncertain about it. Jones had not worked on it long enough to elaborate the spirit out of it. "By Jove!" said Smeere to himself, as, having set it on his easel, he stretched out in his arm-chair and examined it. "What a fool Jonesy is, to be sure!"

The words were scarcely uttered when some one knocked. It was the Hon. Samuel Boggs, and when he saw the picture he uttered an exclamation of astonishment. Smeere began to feel uneasy, and wonder if he would want the check back.

"Well, this is remarkable!" said the Hon. Samuel Boggs. "Upon my soul, it is!"

"What?" demanded Smeere.

"Do you know what brought me here?" asked his visitor. "It was to see if I couldn't get that picture of mine duplicated. Where did that one come from?"

"It was the first one Jones painted," responded Smeere, rising to the situation with his usual promptness. "He didn't like it, so he started the other. Between you and me, yours is the better picture. It has a certain quality this one lacks. But this is a beauty all the same."

The Hon. Samuel Boggs examined the panel critically. It was, practically, the duplicate of the one he had, but Smeere's artful disparagement of it had given his own a superior value he was not slow to recognize. Having made sure of him in this way, Smeere asked him what he wanted another picture for.

"It's for General Jag-





DOUGLAS VOLK.

gers," said Mr. Boggs. "You know General Ransom B. Jaggers, of the Mining Board. He took a fancy to my picture and wanted it. So do I. But he has done me favors—let me in on the ground floor of two good things—and I'd like to oblige him. So I thought I'd see if the artist couldn't paint me a—a—oh, what do you call it?"

"A replica?" said Smeere. "Yes. Well, Jonesy's in California now, working up material for a historical picture—and



ARTHUR QUARTLEY.

it will be a great one, mark my words. But if you want to oblige your friend, you can have this picture, if you think it will suit."

It would suit, and the Hon. Samuel Boggs left another check and carried the duplicate of his bargain away with him.

The next time one of his critical friends dined with him—for Mr. Boggs was a collector in a small way, and cultivated the critics—he informed him, casually, that young Jones, whose picture he had lately bought, was in California making studies for a great historical work. General Jaggers, who was of the party, and whose acquisition of the second panel had inspired him with a sort of proprietary interest in the painter, added that he was going to buy that work and present it to the Forty-nine Club. Thus, by a natural process of development, the critic announced in his paper that Mr. Ernest Jones, the young and powerful American painter, had gone to California to execute a historical masterpiece for the millionaire mining magnate, General Ransom B. Jaggers. So, within a month after the accidental sale of his unfinished picture, Jones was a popular painter, and there was a demand for his works.

Smeere, as I have said, was a shrewd business man. When the call for his friend's pictures began, he lost no time deliberating over what he should do. "If Jonesy doesn't like it," he said to himself, "he will make just as big a row over those two I have already sold as over the whole lot. I'll make a clean sweep for him, if I can."

So he raked over Jones' stock, first packing the six remaining panels of the Hon. Samuel Boggs' subject away, for he dared not risk selling any more of them. There were a dozen pictures, all good in subject and excellent in execution, which the self-critical painter had set aside as unsatisfactory. There were also a score or more of studies and sketches



GILBERT GAUL.

of the more complete kind. Smeere cleaned them all up, and opened for business as the self-constituted agent of his absent friend. Long before Jones could possibly have reached California, the productions he set so little esteem on had found purchasers, and Smeere was the custodian of more money of his than he had ever dreamed of owning in one sum.

Six months passed, and brought no word of the man who had become famous without knowing it. Smeere had addressed a dozen letters to him at the San Francisco post-office, and had employed a lawyer there to institute a search for him, when the merchant to whom the "Three Sisters" belonged, and of whom he had also sought for information, notified him that the ship had been lost on the Chiloe Islands, all hands going down with her, as far as was known. It was the true irony of Fate—to make a man's fortune while removing him from the power of its enjoyment.

Having settled to the conviction that his friend had ceased to be such, in substantial form, at least, it was no wonder that Smeere experienced a shock when the post brought him a letter, in a dirty envelope covered with shabby stamps, which I here give:

"VALPARAISO, Nov. 10th, 187—.

"My Dear Old Boy:

"To commence with—for the love of heaven or anything else worth loving, send me a couple of hundred dollars to get away from this hole with.

"I have been here three months, and it seems three centuries. It took me three months to get here from the infernal gulls' nest we were wrecked on. It took me two months and seventeen days to get there and be wrecked. There you have the whole record of my time since I left New York.

"I am playing the fiddle in a café on the Calle Santa Isabel, and making lightning caricatures



on a blackboard, for a living, or rather for a dying—for I am perishing of *ennui*. This is a great country—for the natives and for foreign shopkeepers, but their patron saint preserve the artists safe at home.

"By the way, have we a patron saint? If we have, he must have been out with me when he sent me here.

"But send me that money. Sell anything, everything I left, if you can sell it. The best of those panels ought to bring something. Lord bless those panels! I'll make firewood of them if I'm ever lucky enough to get within splutting distance.

"More by the next mail, if nature endures the strain till then, from

"Yours, JONES."

A year after his abrupt and eccentric departure from New York, Jones walked into his friend's studio without the formality of rapping and with a lady on his arm. He wore a beard which would have been a credit to a pirate, and his appearance certainly did not suggest that he had undergone a serious siege of privation. "Mrs. Jones," he said, "this is my friend, Smeere, to whom we owe our passage tickets. Mrs. J. hasn't mastered our great and glorious tongue yet, old man, but she is doing her best in the grapple with it; and now," interrupting Smeere at the commencement of a speech, "don't tell me I'm a fool, for I know it; don't tell me I ought to be shot, for I deny it; don't tell me I'll starve, for I won't. The world owes Mrs. J. and me a living, and we're going to have it, if we take to the highway with revolvers and black masks. All I want of you, just now, is the loan of fifty dollars, for we've got to find a boarding-house before night."

Mrs. Jones, who had been listening to this, to her, unintelligible oration,



THOMAS HOVENDEN.

with a smile of helpless amiability on her pretty, dark face, managed to support her husband when he staggered back at the response his friend made. Having divided his embraces between Smeere and Mrs. Jones until both were upon the verge of suffocation, Jones demanded—

"But why didn't you tell me this in your letter?"

"Because I wanted to surprise you," replied Smeere. "It is tit for tat, for you have certainly astonished me."

"By introducing you to Mrs. J., eh?"

"No. By introducing me to a new man."

Jones is now called the most energetic and practical man of business among the painters of New York. He paints better than ever, and he wastes no time on his pictures, but he cannot paint them rapidly enough for his market; and, though he has executed many better ones since, he still regards the two examples in the collections of the Hon. Samuel Boggs and General Ransom B. Jagers as his masterpieces.

A. T.

Mr. Whistler is to honor us with a lecturing tour this winter. He will also honor us with an exhibition of his works. Mr. Whistler's local exhibition of etchings a year ago was not conspicuously successful in the commercial sense, but his exhibition of himself will, undoubtedly, pay him and his manager. It is a significant and appropriate coincidence that the same manager who jockeyed Oscar Wilde through the United States will perform that service for his artistic prototype.



G. RUGER DONOHO.

## A MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON IRVING.



ACTORS of America last Spring set up in the Metropolitan Museum a tawdry memorial to an author whose artificial and melodramatic genius makes the source from which his monument sprang exceedingly appropriate. Is it not about time that Americans who honor their native literature presented its loftiest and most amiable exponent with a testimonial that he has not been forgotten in the city of his birth and labors almost before he is a quarter of a century underground? The stage has given Edgar Allan Poe a monument.

Cannot the studio build one for Washington Irving?

If ever man merited a memorial in the most exalted place New York possesses to erect a memorial in, it is Geoffrey Crayon, Gentleman. He belongs to our city as completely as his literature belongs to our soil. From every flight he took abroad he returned to his natal nest to do it honor with his pen, and he laid down the burden of a busy and blameless life almost within hearing of Trinity's chimes. An honest gentleman in life and life's work, he confers a lustre on the land he sprang from, and the literature he did more than any other man to found.

Yet the only honor New York does her gifted son is to make the wholesale pirating of his works profitable, once the copyright upon them has expired. It is a compliment he well deserves, that his works are still sufficiently in demand to be worth stealing. But he deserves more at the hands of a public for whom he has done so much. He deserves substantial representation in a place of honor, where men can point him out with pride and speak his name with reverence and affection.

The fine artistic quality of Washington Irving's genius; his sympathy with the picturesque and the beautiful; the numberless inspirations his pen has furnished for the brush; and, not the least, his intimate personal relations with the artists of his time, render the erection of a memorial to him by the artists of America peculiarly just. Poe was neither an actor or a dramatist, nor was he ever closely associated by profession or ties of friendship with the stage. Yet the actors of America found an excuse for their homage to him in the fact that he was begotten of their profession, in which his parents held a most humble place. The artists of America need not test the elasticity of sentiment so severely in order to extenuate their tribute to the memory of the author of "Rip Van Winkle" and the "Tales of a Traveler." Their excuse is in the man himself, not in his ancestors.

THE ART UNION, on the part of the artists of America, extends its services to the good cause of providing Washington Irving with a fitting monument in the park where Poe and Halleck have already found a reception. We not only extend our services, but we propose to see that the monument becomes an accomplished fact. And we are confident that we shall not be shaken in our belief in the men and women in whose service our labors in journalism are consecrated. What we desire is, that the Irving monument shall be an artists' monument, built by artists, to reflect honor on them, both in its inception and its realization. It must not only be a monument to a man, but a model for popular taste to profit by.

Now let the artists of America be heard from. We have the winter before us, but the time is none too ample. Before the Christmas bells ring out over the snow, we hope to have enrolled upon the list of contributors to the cause the names of all the workers in our studios; nor need their patrons, with the true interests of American art at heart, be diffident of figuring in good company. The roll is open to all, and THE ART UNION Irving Monument Fund may be reached at this office. When we report upon it a month hence, it will be to show the public in round numbers that patriotism and public spirit are alive in other places besides the play-house and the counting-room.

A LOCAL paper, of devotional characteristics, has made an editorial demand for information as to "what good ever came out of whiskey?" About the best thing, artistically considered, that we know of as having "come out of whiskey" in America, is the collection of Mr. William T. Walters. Another pretty good "thing" in the same line is that of Mr. Gibson, of Philadelphia.

## ARTIST BIOGRAPHY IN BRIEF.

DURING the past three months the mail has brought us a number of inquiries as to the personalities of our artists. As it would be impossible to answer these individually, and as the topic appears to be one of general interest, we will hereafter devote a column to such personal items as our correspondents' letters may call forth. Those who have written us thus far will please take the following paragraphs for answer to their queries. To the many inquiries as to the addresses of the artists, we can only reply that we hope in the next number to open a department of studio cards, which will afford the information desired.

HARRIS, CHARLES X.—Born Foxcroft, Me., 1856. Brought up in Minneapolis, Minn. Went to Europe 1875, and studied under Cabanel. Visited Tunis, traveled on the continent and painted in London. Returned to America 1882. First ex. N. A. D. fall of 1883, S. A. A. 1883. He paints figure genres with spirit and fine finish.

MOELLER, LOUIS.—Born New York, 1856. Worked at decorative painting in this city, and went to Munich in 1875, where he studied under Dietz. Returned to America in 1881. First exhibited N. A. D. 1883. Took first Hallgarten prize at N. A. D. 1884 for picture called "Puzzled." He is a strong draughtsman of the figure and is a master of technique. His detail pictures are remarkable for minute execution and strength, and are highly prized. Elected A. N. A. 1884.

BRIDGMAN, CHARLES.—Born Tuskegee, Ala., 1841. Brother of Frederick A. Bridgman. Practiced lithography 1860. Served through civil war 1861-65. Drew on wood till 1870, and then went to Paris, where he studied under Bonnat. His specialty is the figure.

ALEXANDER, HENRY.—Born San Francisco, Cal., 1860. Seven years in Munich under Loeffitz and Lindenschmidt. First ex. Munich, 1879. Returned to America 1883. He paints figure genres, and his "Capmaker at Work," in N. A. D. 1884, attracted attention to him.

VAN BOSKERCK, R. W.—Born New Jersey, 1855. Pupil of A. H. Wyant and R. Swain Gifford. First ex. N. A. D., 1880. His specialty is American pastoral landscape.

COX, KENYON.—Born Warren, Ohio, 1856. Studied art in Cincinnati, at the Philadelphia Academy, and in Paris, 1877-82, under Carolus Duran and J. L. Gerome. Member S. A. A. He is a strong draughtsman of the figure, and paints with considerable force.

COPLEY, JOHN SINGLETON.—Born Boston, Mass., 1737. Began with portraiture, and in 1774, after a visit to Italy, settled in London. In 1783 he was elected a member of the Royal Academy. His portraits were popular and were well and carefully painted. His historical work is formal in composition and not brilliant in spirit. It is best represented by the death of "Chatham," in the National Gallery. Other of Copley's works are "King Charles Ordering the Arrest of the Five Members," the "Death of Major Pierson," the "Assassination of Buckingham," and "King Charles Signing Strafford's Death Warrant." Copley died in London in 1815. His eldest son, under the title Lord Lyndhurst, was Chancellor of England.

DAVIDSON, JULIAN O.—Born Cumberland, Md., 1853. Pupil of M. F. H. De Haas. Made a voyage round the world from 1870-72. Began his active career in art as an illustrator, and first ex. N. A. D. 1873. He has painted a number of historical marines, notably "The 'Constitution' Becalmed Amidst the British Fleet," and "The Battle of Lake Erie." He is a good draughtsman, and his execution is painstaking and correct. His pictures are full of historical interest.

BRADFORD, WILLIAM.—Born New Bedford, Mass., 1827. Educated for business and engaged in it till 1857 at Fairhaven, Mass. Began the study of art without a master, and received instruction from the Dutch marine painter, Van Beest, at Fairhaven. Has made seven voyages to the Arctic regions; spent four years in the practice of art in London, and seven in California. First ex. N. A. D. 1864. Elected A. N. A. 1874. His specialty is marine views, and his best work representations of Arctic sea subjects. His "Coast of Labrador" and "Crushed by Icebergs" are among his most important pictures, many of which are in the great private galleries of England and America.

EVERS, JOHN.—Born Hempstead, L. I., 1797. Came to New York as scene painter at old Park Theatre, under John Joseph Holland. Succeeded H. as artist for 18 years. His work was almost entirely of the scenic and panoramic order, but he developed a great proficiency in portraiture on a small scale, and painted miniatures and landscapes. One of the founders of the N. A. D. in 1826. Died Newtown, L. I., 1884.



## THE MORGAN COLLECTION.

I am assured by a member of the late Mrs. Morgan's family that one local dealer got out of her for pictures some \$700,000, another \$400,000, and another \$100,000. If this is the case it is the most monstrous example of extortion yet made in the record of that form of Dick Turpinism comprised by the trade in foreign pictures in New York.—*Tu-Day*.

THIS is probably an exaggeration, but there is no question but Mrs. Morgan paid upwards of a million dollars for a collection of pictures that will not bring much more than a quarter of that sum under the hammer, if indeed they reach that. The sale of Mrs. Morgan's orchids was an illustration of how tremendously a wealthy buyer buying without judgment is victimized. The collection of plants which cost her over \$200,000 sold for \$40,000, most of them being bought back by the dealers who sold them to her.

## ART IN PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, October 13th, 1885.

THE Fifty-sixth Annual Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, opens October 29th, and the public are given until December 10th to appreciate, and peradventure to purchase, such of the 800 entries as may satisfy its ideas of the beautiful. The Mary Smith and Charles Tappan prizes will be awarded, and there will be about \$1,700 of the Temple Trust Fund available for the bestowal of medals and purchase of pictures, if the Academy Board of Directors see anything that, in their estimation, is worthy to permanently decorate the walls of the building.

It is stating a fact not in anywise to be considered news, that, in previous years, the selection and hanging of pictures for the exhibition has not met with the cordial approval of the artists. This season, however, the Academy officials, not caring to be snowed under with complaint and protest, and with a desire to inaugurate the artistic millennium, proposed that the artists should choose from their own number six gentlemen who should be a jury of selection, and accordingly whatever fiery ordeal there is in the premises will be under the immediate control of Messrs. I. L. Williams, N. H. Trotter, G. C. Lambdin, H. T. Cariss, F. L. Kirkpatrick and Henry Thouron. It is additionally proposed that this jury shall select and appoint its own salesman. If all goes as smoothly as anticipated, it is further proposed to have the exhibitors of this exhibition vote for the selection of jurors for the next year, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

There is promised from Chicago some notable French works, and New York and Boston will also be worthily represented. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will send on their Vedder drawings and Mr. Kemeys will make the department of sculpture bright and variedly interesting by contributing a number of examples from his work. Altogether, Philadelphia will offer superior attractions.

The Artists' Fund Society has been taking a more than passing interest in calendars and made the discovery that a kind of golden wedding anniversary is in order. Being connubially linked to a half century of usefulness, and having risen placidly superior to the youthful extravagances of exhibitions, free art galleries, and the like, it now intends to issue a commemorative volume of text and plates that shall be an *édition de luxe*. About twenty-five pictures have been painted and these have been reproduced by the heliotype process, and very successfully. The Messrs. Lipincott have undertaken the publication of the volume, and the first edition of 500 will be exhausted in filling the orders already received.

About all the artists have returned from their vacations, and there is an air of earnest work about the studios. The art schools have begun the winter's campaign and it is to be hoped that the pleasant anticipations of students and teachers will have full realization.

The Secretary of the Academy, Mr. Corliss, is now the busiest man in town, and I have no doubt that he has his private opinion concerning newspaper men who call him from his work and ask questions. He does not express his conviction of what should be their fate, but no doubt thinks that "something humorous and lingering with boiling oil or melted lead in it" would be about the thing. EN ROUTE.

A CORRESPONDENT OF THE ART UNION writes to inquire why we do not publish a chromo now and then. Let our correspondent be patient. There is no telling what depth of ignominy we may descend to in due time.

The last number of THE ART UNION was the recipient of so many compliments for its beauty and concrete excellence, that we have been inspired to make this issue an even more beautiful one to look at and more interesting to read. To promise still further improvement in the future would bear the semblance of boasting, so we will modestly leave it to the future to speak for itself.

## THE SCENE PAINTERS' SHOW.

CHICAGO, October 12th, 1885.

THE first Exhibition of Water Colors by American Scenic Artists has

been open free to the public for some weeks past, in this city, and the eighty-four examples hung on the walls of Messrs. Louderback & Co.'s galleries include some praiseworthy and valuable works. Such a collection proves that the broad pictorial treatment requisite for adequate stage effects does not incapacitate a man for the finer and more delicate manipulation essential to good aquarelles, and shows, moreover, a healthy progressive spirit among scenic artists. The name of Matt. Morgan has long been gratefully familiar to us, and here he is represented by diverse and facile contributions. "Alone in the Forest Shade" (1), shows lumbermen with their load descending a wild ravine flanked on either side by towering pines. The feeling of solitude and gloom is forcibly conveyed and the tree forms and foliage broadly yet carefully handled. "The Lost Comrade" (27), and "Waiting for Death" (14), are strong and wierd aspects of prairie life, the former representing a horseman, lasso in hand, who has come upon the skeletons of a horse and rider among the pampas grass, and the latter a bull calf standing over the moribund body of a cow, striving with futile bellow to keep the advancing wolves at bay. A nude figure, "The New Slave" (71), standing expectantly against a rich low-toned drapery, is exquisite in drawing and color and charmingly beautiful in suggestion. Mr. Walter Burridge runs the gamut of landscape figure and decoration and is good in all. His "Spring" (9), "Autumn Leaves" (39), and "Old Mill" (49), are deftly washed-in landscapes, true to nature and aerial in quality, while "My Assistant" (16), a study of behind-scenes life, and a "Ninety Minute Sketch" (83), of his friend Mr. Ernest Albert, show character and a nice sense of texture. Mr. Ernest Albert's "Winter Twilight" (12), is full of the sentiment of the season and excellent in composition, and his "October Morning" (31), "Moonrise" (40), "Sunset" (79), and "Autumn" (80), are severally individual as transcripts and prove his mastery over the vehicle which he uses. "A Decorative Flower-Piece" (84), by the same artist, groups roses, pansies and forget-me-nots in a most artistic and harmonious manner. "Nobody's Claim, Col." (65), and "Near Racine, Wis." (76), by Mr. Thomas G. Moses, are among his best examples and are freely treated and with fidelity to local character and sky effects. Mr. Albert Operti gives us some reminiscences of his Lapland tour in 1884, which are realistic and worthy, and Mr. J. Hendricks Young, "A Busy Day on Chicago River" (38), which together with the local bits by Mr. Moses, Mr. C. E. Petford and Mr. Burridge, is of historical value as it is skillfully painted. "Rats, you Terrier" (59), by the same hand, is a "snappy" and bright treatment of a dog's head and fully catches the spirit of the English. Mr. Henry C. Tryon's "Source of the Au Sable" (34), powerfully conveys a sense of sombreness and grandeur, and though ample in detail loses nothing of the vastness and breadth which such a landscape motion calls for. Other works deserving of notice are by Messrs. George Dayton, Sr., George Dayton, Jr., the late L. Mal-moha, C. Boettger, Chas. Ritter, H. Buhler and John Howell Wilson, whose "Country Road" (76) is especially fresh, verdurous and bright. It is to be hoped that this is only the forerunner of many like exhibitions and it marks a decided growth in the national art spirit. JOHN MORAN.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE illustrations of this issue of THE ART UNION are specially rich in personal interest. Those to the article "Women who Paint" are, with only a couple of exceptions, the work of the ladies themselves; the members of the Society of American Artists contribute the pictures to the sketch of their association.

The Ives Company, of Philadelphia, is to be thanked for the fine plates from Mr. Kappes' drawing for the "Idylls of the King," and Mr. Charles M. Kurtz's "Academy Notes" have been drawn on for several of the cuts not provided by the artists themselves. Our initial letters are the work of Mr. Percy Moran.

FAR-AWAY Melbourne is winning consideration for herself in the field of art patronage. J. E. Millais' last picture has been bought by a local collector for \$25,000, and Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson's "Quatre Bras" has also found a resting-place in the Australian National Gallery. Over in England they are now rejoicing over the opportunity which is opening for them to get rid of the fine art they don't want to their antipodean brethren.

## IRRESPONSIBLE ART WRITING.

A WRITER in the *Chicago Tribune*, noticing the "Portrait of a Lady" in the Art Gallery of the Exposition, calls attention to "the subtlety of the foreshortening of the upper eyelids, each of which differs rightly from its fellow." Subtlety of fiddlesticks! This is Carlyle's critic-fly with a vengeance. Let us look at the chiaroscuro of a finger nail. The same writer goes on to speak of "a background of bluish silverness" (the italics here, as elsewhere, are ours), of the face that "looks out from the canvas with startling simplicity and an astonishing truth of effect," and, in the context, of "that pathetic value which is one of the rarest of all things in portraiture." Why simplicity should be startling, or truth of effect astonishing, this very gushing and bewildering critic does not condescend to explain, nor is it at all manifest why pathos should of necessity belong to portraiture. This sort of special pleading, especially when linked with the reckless and licentious use of words, can only do harm. When "life-like quality" and "the softness of a delicate skin" and "flesh-tints" are conspicuous only by their absence, calling attention to the fact by fulsome adulation, can simply mystify the uninitiated, and excite the contemptuous risibility of common sense. Clear, rational writing alone is of any benefit either to the artist or the public.

JOHN MORAN.

## TWO NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE development of native art as a factor in native trade finds its newest illustration in the reproduction by the skill of the engraver and etcher of the pictures by Francis C. Jones and Percy Moran, entitled respectively, "Stepping Stones" and "Alone." Among the many works by the younger painters of America, which have attracted attention at recent exhibitions in this city, these rank with the foremost. Mr. Jones' picture, exhibited at the Academy of Design last year, and then called "The Helping Hand," has been since rechristened by him. "Stepping Stones," Mr. Moran's painting, was shown at the same exhibition, under the title "The Rising Moon." This title the artist has since altered to the much better one, "Alone."

Mr. Jones' picture is a charming idyll of rustic life. Two sisters have been gleaning a harvest of autumnal treasures from the frost-nipped woods and are returning homeward, the elder extending to the younger a helping hand over the mossy stones that make a natural bridge across the little stream. The charming simplicity of its composition, the unaffected sentiment that pervades it, and its delightful color and technique, made Mr. Jones' canvas one of the gems of the exhibition, and won him a meed of well merited approbation from the press and the public. While the critic recognized its technical excellence, the people found in it a pure and beautiful reflex of a phase of life and nature to whose charms no heart is insensible. Mr. Moran's picture develops a subject of a different sentimental interest. The materials at his hand are simple—a strip of seashore, an ocean breaking on the strand in lazy rollers, a rising moon just tipping the waves with silver and lighting some stray gulls to their bivouac. And, gazing out upon the restless waters, a maiden, in Puritan garb, is reading her future and pondering her past, enchanted by the mystic influences of the place and the hour. As in Mr. Jones' case, Mr. Moran has created a delightfully complete and touching poem from the least ostentatious materials, and done himself a credit more ambitious efforts might fail to achieve for him.

The reproductions of these pictures demand a special commendation for themselves. Mr. Jones' canvas has been etched by James S. King, an etcher whose works have already won him credit at home and abroad, on a plate 21 x 30 inches, probably the largest etching ever completed in this country. The reproduction is successful in every sense, the translation of the subtle qualities of light and shade of the original being especially remarkable, while the picturesqueness and feeling of the artist's conception are admirably preserved. The picture of Mr. Moran has been engraved on steel by Charles Schlecht. The breadth and vigor of the original work have found as able a translator here as the daintiness and subtlety of Mr. Jones' found in the talented etcher. The size of this plate is 17½ x 24.

These reproductions are published by Messrs. Fishel, Adler & Schwartz, of this city.

## "THE CONVALESCENT," BY N. SARONY.

MR. Napoleon Sarony has become a regular contributor to our black and white exhibitions, with a line of art which does not receive nearly the attention or consideration it merits from us. The charcoal of Mr. Sarony are delightful examples of the possibilities of that medium. They are carried far beyond the spirited and powerful sketches our artists occasionally exhibit, to a degree of finish as remarkable as it is pleasing. "The Convalescent," which we reproduce in this issue, is taken directly from the original drawing exhibited in the last exhibition of the Salmagundi Society. It is a beautiful drawing, executed with wonderful delicacy and feeling. The reproduction gives a very fair idea of it, though many of the subtleties of the coal are, of course, lost.

## Correspondents.

68 LEXINGTON STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.,  
September 27th, 1885.

DEAR SIR:—There comes to me to-day a copy of THE ART UNION. I have often wondered if a more extended view of things than that contained in such papers would not be advisable. In all art publications, and I see a good many of them, we find the artists of New York get a large share of all notices, etc., both by way of notices and illustrations of their works. Indeed, so much so, that it is quite a common saying, "If you want notice get to New York." In such a paper as yours, professing to be national, would it not be wise to get, somehow, a share of illustrations and notices from other cities as well as New York. I think as good can be found, in most branches of art, in other cities as well. What I write is only by way of suggestion, as, through a tolerably long life spent in art, such has been the view which has come up constantly.

Respectfully,

HUGH NEWELL.

[The art and artists of New York receive the prominence they do in THE ART UNION because in New York centres the great productive interest of the country in art as in other professions. It is our purpose, however, to give publicity to all art matters of interest to the country at large, and we are now organizing a system of correspondence to that end. Any information or correspondence from our readers will be thankfully received and its matter noted whenever it proves available.—ED. A. U.]

To the Editor of THE ART UNION:

In your recent article on the collection of Mr. T. B. Clarke, I notice with surprise that none of the works of the older artists are mentioned. If my memory is correct, the collection contained some of the best examples of the older American artists, and I can only suppose that either Mr. Clarke has disposed of these, or that your article was necessarily too brief to mention them. F. A. SILVA.

[The article on the Clarke collection did not purport to give a catalogue of the works contained therein. It was simply a general commentary on the collection, and the only personal allusions made in it were made for the purpose of showing the strong influence Mr. Clarke had exercised in encouraging and developing the talent of our younger men. Mr. Clarke has preserved his original collection almost intact, and possesses fine examples of all, or nearly all, the representative painters of America, old and young. He is much more catholic in his ideas than many of our painters themselves.—ED. A. U.]

## Literary Facts.

SPREADING of the Grant memorial, there is an article upon it in THE ART UNION for September which deserves to be read and considered. THE ART UNION's views and suggestions are sound, which is a great deal more than can be said of most of the views and suggestions the matter has drawn into print.—To-Day.

MR. GEORGE R. HALM, an artist who in the field of decorative composition and design has no superior, if he has, indeed, a rival, on the American press, last May commenced the publication of a monthly called *Art and Decoration*. *Art and Decoration* has now reached its fifth number, and it should be a welcome guest to every worker in the field of decorative art. The selections of foreign material in it are made with admirable judgment, and the original contributions are mainly from artists whose names are a guarantee of the value of their work, while the annual volume will make, for the dilettante and the collector, one of the handsomest books of the year. No. 9 East Seventeenth Street, New York. \$2.50 per annum; 25 cents monthly.

E. A. ABBEY's illustrations to "She Stoops to Conquer" were resumed in *Harper's Magazine* for October, and were the artistic feature of the number. George P. Lathrop did Hartford up as handsomely in print as that handsome and historic city deserves.

THE CENTURY for October gives, among other attractions, an interesting article on the summer studios of American artists. It is written by Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney, and illustrated by many of the artists alluded to, the list including Percy and Thomas Moran, R. M. Shurtleff, the Innesses, father and son, William Sartain, Harry Fenn, Harry Chase, R. Swain Gifford, and many others.

THE ART UNION is now a monthly, but the subscription price remains as before, \$3 a year. For \$5 you receive THE ART UNION for twelve months, and an India proof of Walter Shirlaw's superb etching, after Eastman Johnson's "Reprimand."

THE November issue of *Harper's Magazine* makes the usual impression that it is the best number ever given out. Higher praise could not be accorded it.





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The Art Union is the OFFICIAL JOURNAL of the American Art Union, an association of nearly two hundred professional artists, whose contributions give it a character entirely distinct from that of other publications which present only the journalists' views upon art, while in THE ART UNION art is considered from the artists' standpoint.

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## Art Notes.

The studio now being fitted up and decorated for W. H. Lippincott, in West Fifty-fifth Street, will be one of the most splendid in New York—second only in picturesqueness to the famous atelier of William M. Chase.

EVERY artist in America should keep a set of THE ART UNION in his studio. The subscription price is \$3, twelve numbers a year.

ALOIS LOEHER, the well known sculptor, has organized a school in modeling in his studio in the Association Building. Mr. Loehrer is a competent master, and his venture deserves to be a success.

THE American Art Association now possesses seven galleries. The pictures and other works of art collected by the late Mrs. Morgan will be exhibited here following the display of the Salmagundi Black and White Society in January. If the preparations in and out of the studios are a sign, the Association is going to record a brilliant season for 1885-'86.

HENRY L. TATNALL died at Wilmington, Delaware, on September 29th. Mr. Tattall had been a prosperous lumber dealer of Wilmington. He had a fancy in the direction of art, and was fond of entertaining the painters of Philadelphia at his house. He painted a little as an amateur, and having laid by a respectable fortune, he retired from business to devote himself to art as a profession. His landscapes were creditable productions, considering his opportunities. Mr. Tattall must have left quite an interesting collection of American pictures, for he at one time possessed excellent examples of Thomas and Edward Moran, James Hamilton, P. F. Roethermel, and a number of other native artists of standing.

THE accidental omission of an advertisement of Professor Carl Hecker's school from the last issue of THE ART UNION, renders it only just that we should call special attention to it now. Mr. Hecker's studio has graduated some of the most talented and proficient young painters of the past decade, and merits all the good that can be said of it.

We are constantly in receipt of letters asking for the addresses of local artists. To answer these by mail or in the text of this paper would be impossible. We have set aside a portion of our advertising space as a Studio Directory, and must refer all correspondents to it. We cannot undertake to reply to such enquiries even when stamps are enclosed.

MR. CHARLES M. KURTZ was married on October 1st, at Harrodsburg, Ky., to Miss Julia Stephenson, a belle of the blue grass district.

MR. D. M. DEWEY, the leading art dealer of Rochester, N. Y., is now the agent for THE ART UNION in that city. Mr. Dewey will receive subscriptions for THE ART UNION and the premium etching.

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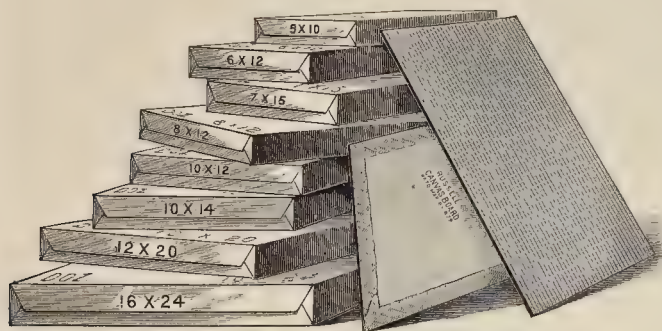
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OF

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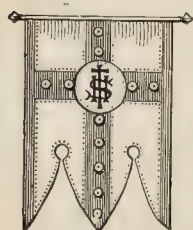
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# THE ART UNION

JOURNAL OF THE ART UNION OF AMERICA

Vol. 2

New York, 1854

## THE FUNDATION OF THE FINE

### PAINTING

CONTAINING THE HISTORY

OF THE ART FROM THE

PART I.

*Of the Fine Arts in General*

BY A. A. A.

**THE FUNDATION**

of the Fine Arts in General, and the History of the Fine Arts in Particular.

The Fine Arts in General, and the History of the Fine Arts in Particular, are the subjects of this work. The author has endeavored to give a full and complete account of the progress of the Fine Arts from the earliest times to the present day.

At the same time, the author has endeavored to give a full and complete account of the progress of the Fine Arts from the earliest times to the present day.

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# THE ART UNION

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN ART UNION

VOL. 2.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1885.

No. 5.

## AN ESSAY ON THE EDUCATION OF THE EYE WITH REFERENCE TO PAINTING.

BY JOHN BURNET, F.R.S.,

AUTHOR OF "PRACTICAL HINTS ON PAINTING."

### PART I.

(Continued from last month.)

#### MEASUREMENT.

TO teach the eye to measure the distance between one object and another ought to be the first proceeding; the forms of the lines which bound these spaces, the shapes contained or excluded by such lines ought to follow, for as the eye must have something tangible to work upon, it ought to be simple and evident. I should, therefore, commence by a series of dots or points, first two, then three, four and five; also, the angles made by drawing lines from each several point. A pair of compasses will enable anyone to compare their correctness with the original, for until a pupil can accomplish pretty correctly these preliminaries it is useless to hasten to more complicated matters. (Figure 1.)

#### FORM.

All forms containing more or less portions of a triangle, square or circle the eye must be taught to comprehend and imitate such objects in their simple forms, in order to fit it for the purpose of seeing such qualities when mixed and confined with more complicated figures. I would recommend these forms to be cut out in paper and viewed in various situations, being set upright, and also viewed in a horizontal position, that the eye may become thoroughly acquainted with the figures in all their variety of shapes and with the causes of their alterations in form. I would also recommend the pupil to draw from a cube and a ball, that the eye may become early accustomed to draw from the real

Fig. 1.



objects in place of flat surfaces, which will give him a power in drawing from nature, unattainable by any other method. (Figures 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.)

#### PERSPECTIVE.

Many have been deterred from attempting to learn drawing from the dread of encountering so formidable a department of the art as perspective; whereas, if it is stripped of its geometrical and mathematical intricacies it will be found a very simple matter and easy of comprehension.\* Perspective, as the word

Fig. 2.



\* "Long calculations or complex diagrams affright the timorous and unexperienced from a second view, but if we have skill enough to analyse them into simple principles, it will be discovered that our fear was groundless. Divide and conquer is a principle equally just in science as in policy. Complication is a species of confederacy which, while it continues united, bids defiance to the most active and vigorous intellect, but of which every member is separately weak, and which may, therefore, be quickly subdued if it can be broken. The chief art of learning, as Locke has observed, is to attempt but little at a time; the widest excursions of the mind are made by short flights, frequently repeated." Dr. Johnson.

denotes (being a compound of the Latin words *per*, through, and *specto*, to view), is the art of drawing the several objects as they appear when traced upon a glass or transparent medium; the art of drawing in perspective, therefore, is nothing more than representing the various objects subject to those laws which regulate their appearance in nature.†

#### LINES.

All lines are subject to an alteration in their appearance except two, a perpendicular line and

Fig. 3.

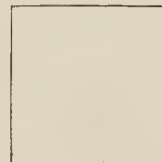
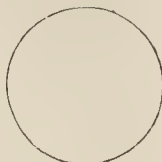
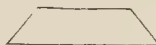


Fig. 4.



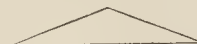
height of the eyes of the spectator; and as it is turned round it will describe innumerable points along the whole line; these are termed *accidental points*, and vary according as the lines run more or less at right

Fig. 6.



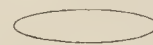
lines of its sides appear to run down to a point on the horizontal line. When underneath the eye, the upper cover will be seen, and the lines describing the sides appear to rise up to the hori-

Fig. 5.



angles from the base line. Lines also vary according as they are situated above or below the observer's eye; for instance, if a book is held up horizontally before the eye, the under cover will be seen when held above, and the

Fig. 7.



† "It was in the sixteenth century that *Perspective*, a new branch of optics, was revived, or rather invented; this is more a business of *geometry* than optics, and is indeed more an art than a science; but since it is derived from optical principles, and as the use of it is to give pleasure to the eye by a just representation of natural objects, I would do wrong not to give a short account of its rise and progress. The art of perspective owes its birth to painting, and particularly to that branch of it which was employed in the decoration of the theatre, where landscapes were principally introduced, and which would have looked unnatural and horrid if the size of the objects had not been pretty nearly proportioned to their distance from the eye. We learn from Artavius that Agatharchus, instructed by Eschylus, was the first who wrote upon the subject, and that afterwards the principles of this art were more distinctly taught by Democritus and Anaxagoras, the disciples of Agatharchus. Of the theory of this art, as described by them, we know nothing, since none of their writings have escaped the general wreck that was made of ancient literature in the dark ages of Europe. However, the revival of painting in Italy was accompanied by a revival of this art. The first person who attempted to lay down the rules of perspective was Pietro del Borgo, an Italian. He supposed objects to be placed beyond a transparent tablet, and endeavored to trace the images which rays of light emitted from them would make upon it, but we do not know what success he had in this attempt, because the book which he wrote upon the subject is not now extant. It is, however, very much commended by the famous Egnazio Danti; and upon the principles of Borgo, Albert Durer constructed a machine, by which he could trace the perspective appearance of objects. Balthazar Peruzzi studied the writings of Borgo, and endeavored to make them more intelligible; to him we owe the discovery of points of distance, to which all lines which make an angle of 45 degrees with the ground line are drawn. A little time after, Guido Ubaldo, another Italian, found that all lines that are parallel to one another, if they be inclined to the ground line, converge to some point in the horizontal line, and that through this point also a line drawn from the eye parallel to them will pass. These principles put together enabled him to make out a pretty complete theory of perspective."—*Friestley's Optics*.

Since then the *Jenault's Perspective*, Brook Taylor's, Malton's and others have rendered the most difficult and intricate diagrams clear and comprehensive.

zontal line.\* (Figure 8.) Before proceeding further, for the better understanding of the several lines already mentioned, and showing how they are affected, I shall give an explanatory figure. Figure 9 represents a cupboard with folding doors; being placed immediately before the eye, the sides appear to rise and descend to the point of sight, A; also the door, B, from its being opened at right angles with the base line, while the lines of the door, C, appear to run to the accidental point, D. This point will vary its situation according as the door is more or less opened, which explains what are termed accidental points.

#### DIMINUTION.

All objects diminish in size as the spectator departs from them, hence two parallel lines seem to approach each other as they recede from the eye; and this diminution will appear more or less sudden, according as they commence from a near point or one more removed; for example, if the hand is held near the eye it will intercept a larger space than when held out at arm's length. Objects diminish in an increased ratio until removed to a certain distance, when the diminution appears less violent; this may be made apparent by diagram 10. Let the line A represent the spectator, and the line B represent a line of pavement, the circular line, C, which cuts through the visual rays (imaginary lines reaching from various objects to the eye), as they approach the eye, will show the diminished ratio as the squares become more distant; and as they have to be represented upon a plain surface, their proportions will be as the divisions on D, they will therefore present the appearance of Figure 11 to the eye. When, therefore, objects are commenced too near, they appear out of proportion with the other objects in the work, and though true according to rule, appear false with regard to their effect on the eye of the spectator. This is termed violent or sudden perspective, to avoid which a point of distance is chosen that will look agreeable. The breadth of the squares being determined by the diagonal line running to the point of distance where it cuts through the lines of the pavement, which run to the point of sight, the farther this point is removed the more level the ground will appear, as represented in Figure 12.

#### ANGLES.

What we have hitherto said more immediately applies to parallel perspective, so named from all the lines which intersect those running to the point of sight being parallel with the base line. When,

\* The truth of this may be also clearly proved if a person holds up a piece of glass on which a series of lines are drawn, radiating from the centre; for, by looking through it either up a street, avenue or long room, he will perceive those lines of the pavement, buildings, etc., which are at right angles with the base line, fall in with and cover many of the lines so drawn upon the glass, for as they all run to the point of sight, they will of necessity converge, since the spaces between them diminish as they recede from the spectator.

Fig. 8.

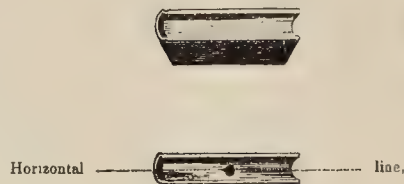


Fig. 9.

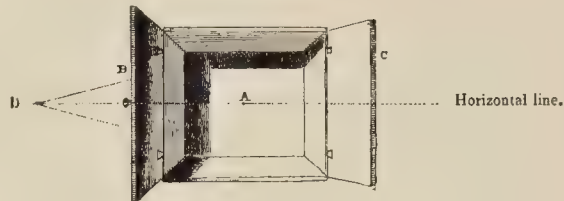


Fig. 10.

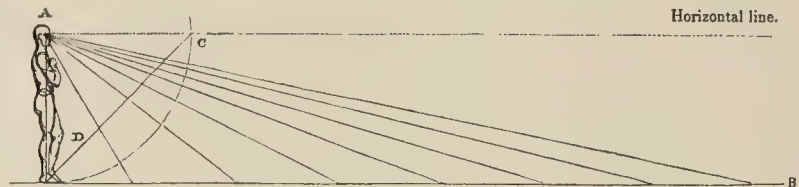


Fig. 11.

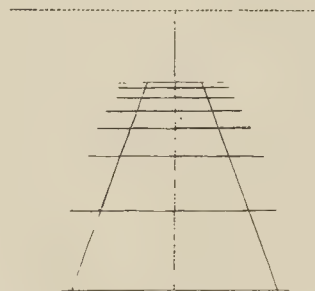
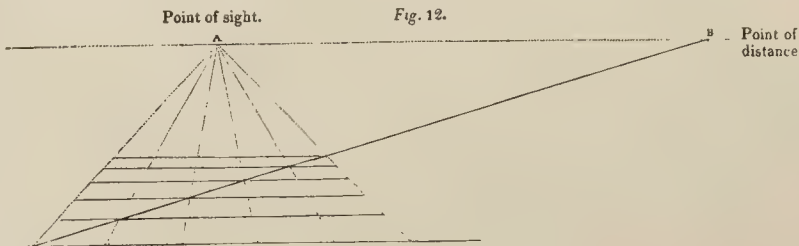


Fig. 12.



however, a square, or any cubical form, is viewed at the angle, the two sides will not appear to vanish in the point of sight, but run to two points on the horizontal line, called vanishing points; and this mode of treating the subject is called angular perspective. Now these two points are always at an equal distance from each other, which is one-fourth of a circle; therefore, if one is determined upon the other is easily found, for, as one departs from the point of sight the other appears to approach it, as any one may perceive by turning round a sheet of paper, or a book, from a situation where one side is parallel with the base line, until it is viewed upon the angle. The cause of this, perhaps, may be more clearly explained by Figure 13. Suppose the circle to represent the line of the horizon, which is the true representation of it when viewed out at sea, or where no obstruction intercepts it, for then the water, coming in contact with the sky, presents a circular horizontal line. If a person, therefore, was placed at D, and looking at the point A, the line C would be parallel with the base, being at right angles with A, and consequently occupying one-fourth of a circle; but if he turned in the direction of B, then A and C would become vanishing points, though still at equal distances upon the horizontal line, and would appear as in Figure 14. In a panorama, which is a circular canvas, viewed from the centre, this mode of measuring the various points is found to agree perfectly with the natural representation of objects.

#### CIRCLES.

If anyone takes a drinking glass or cup in his hand, with the mouth of it towards him, and gradually turn it from him, carefully watching it passing through all the elliptical forms, until the brim becomes a straight line in appearance, he will have a correct idea of how it is that columns or other circular objects assume an oval shape at the top or bottom, according as they are below or above the eye; or, if he holds the cup with the side downwards and turns the mouth gradually towards him he will perceive the cause why arches, or circular gateways, appear elliptical in a side view. It arises from parts of the circle being more foreshortened than other parts: that is to say, those parts which come more in the line of the visual rays. For example: let a circle be divided into equal parts, and suppose the eye of the spectator placed at A, in Figure 15, those parts which lie in the direction of the rays of vision, B, occupy less space on the line C, which cuts through them, and when drawn on a flat surface would present an appearance like D, Figure 16. Or, imagine a line drawn through the centre, parallel with the base line, and which accordingly retains its exact length, those portions of the circular line

which lie in the same direction are less diminished, while the other parts, lying in an opposite direction, naturally become subject to the greatest degree of foreshortening, as in Figure 17.

Having now gone through the several forms of a triangle, square and circle, I shall here recapitulate the influence of perspective upon



their various lines. We have seen that lines are shortened according as they fall in the direction of the visual rays, and retain their original length only when they cut them at right angles. Now this takes place wherever the objects are placed, whether near the foreground or in the distance; the eye of the spectator being a point from which imaginary lines radiate in any direction, and which are termed rays of vision, and along which imaginary lines all objects are received upon the retina;\* and though in painting we are obliged to delineate everything upon a flat surface, yet, properly speaking, the line which cuts through these rays at equal distance from the eye is circular. We have seen, also, that all objects diminish in size according to their distance from the spectator, and that this diminution is more or less sudden according to the closeness of the spectator to the object. Upon this matter the taste and judgment of the artist is shown, because, though true according to nature, yet it may be represented with a very bad effect, and one figure of a group or one column of a row may be rendered preposterously large, so as to offend the eye, which, though at all times pleased with the truth, yet will be more delighted when that truth is rendered agreeable.† When this distortion takes place in reality, we naturally change our position until the eye is satisfied; but in painting, the whole being a flat surface, we change our position in vain.

We have also seen that all horizontal surfaces of objects diminish in breadth as they approach the horizontal line, and regain their true width when they depart from it, either by being immediately above the eye or directly under it, as may be perceived by Figure 18. Now this rule applies to all flat surfaces, whether approaching the horizontal line, in consequence of their distance from the spectator, or from being placed at different degrees of height; for, if they reach the eye in the direction of an angle of forty-five degrees, which is equidistant between a perpendicular and a horizontal line, they will be diminished in apparent width exactly one-half; if they are viewed at a greater or smaller angle, they will increase or diminish in the same degree. This is also the cause why surfaces of objects whose lines, at right angles with their base line increase in length as they depart from the point of sight, either to the left hand or to the right, as may be seen by turning the diagram round, making the line on which the eye of the spectator is placed a horizontal line instead of a perpendicular. This may appear too much a repetition of what has already been said respecting the cause of objects becoming foreshortened; but as it is the base on which all rules for true drawing are founded, it must be viewed in every position that the student may thoroughly comprehend it.

When the mind of the student is informed of the various causes operating on lines so as to change their appearance to the eye, let him look abroad upon natural objects, and contemplate the various changes produced in their forms by their situation, so that his eye may become familiar with those alterations in form and his mind enriched by a variety of examples, thus making nature furnish him with a thousand diagrams, which he ought to draw and write down his remarks upon. He will, by this method, not only educate his eye, but improve his mind at the same time, the study of drawing being intimately connected with observation and reflection.

Having now endeavored to explain the leading principles of perspective, I shall proceed to put them into practical application; but I must premise that it is an essential requisite before proceeding to delineate an object, that we make ourselves thoroughly acquainted with its general character; otherwise the eye cannot convey to us its image distinctly, neither can the hand render it with energy or

Fig. 13.

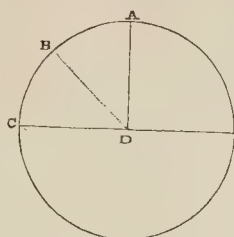


Fig. 14.

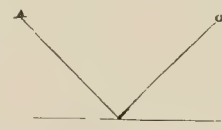


Fig. 15.

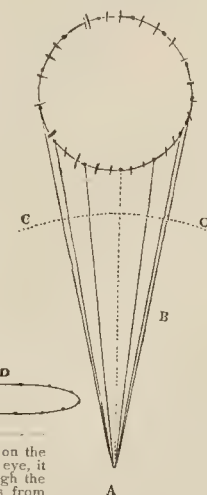
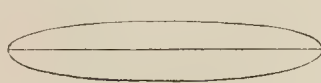


Fig. 16.



Fig. 17.



undulations from passing over the entire profile, but as these projections and recessings of the line are immediately under each other, they reach the eye in the same manner as if a string was held up before the mask in a perpendicular direction. If, however, the mask is viewed when turned half way round, between a profile and front face, as in No. 2, those parts of the line which recede or project will assume exactly one-half of their true character and projection; while, in profile No. 3, the line acquires its exact similitude from its being undisturbed by those laws which regulate perspective. If we were to proceed and examine every feature in the same manner, we should find that the same laws lead us into a correct view of the alterations which take place upon every alteration in position. To explain this more clearly: if we take the mask and hold it with the chin towards us, so as to observe the curve on which the mouth is placed, as in figure 20, we can easily perceive that a person viewing it in the direction of the lines A, B, which would give him a view of the face between a front and profile (or what is termed by artists a three-quarter), would see one side of the lip of its entire length, while the other side, lying in the direction of the visual rays, would be reduced to a very small space, as may be perceived by its breadth on the ideal line, C, which cuts such rays at right angles. Such, also, is the case with the nose, in the same view of the face; one side remains undiminished, while the other side forms a mere outline, being seen entirely under the influence of perspective.

In finishing this part of the Essay I cannot conclude without reminding the pupil of the extreme importance of the very first preliminaries of the work, teaching the eye the power of measuring the distances between several points, as it is the basis of correct drawing. In drawing a head, if the points where the eyes, nose and mouth ought to be placed can be correctly put down, one of the greatest difficulties will be conquered, and the detail of which each feature is composed rendered easy and effective;‡ and the same remark applies to the power of combining the several parts of the largest assemblage of objects. The eye marks the distance of one or two leading points, which serve as a station to start from, and by a careful combination of exact dimensions moves over the whole space with a species of ideal trigonometry. Being also educated to observe the variations of the several lines, according as they are more or less under the influence of perspective, acting upon their

† Mengs, speaking of design, which he defines as comprehending the outline or the circumference of things, including the proportion of their length, breadth and form, says: "this part is composed of two principal divisions, the knowledge of the proper form of a thing and the manner of seeing it; the one depending upon geometry, the other upon optics. The first implies a knowledge of their optical appearance from the view presented to the sight; this pictorial geometry is necessary to enable the student to delineate with correctness and feeling, and which can only be acquired by careful habit of seeing and drawing with attention. This is the fundamental basis of design, without which it will be impossible to render theoretic knowledge available; for, as in painting, we must express the forms which we see in nature as they present themselves to our sight, and as their beauty depends upon that little more or less which decides their character, so a knowledge of that variation enables us to give a true representation."

§ Reynolds, speaking of Franz Hals, says: "in his works the portrait painter may observe the composition of a face, the features well put together, as the painters express it, from whence that strong marked character of individual nature, which is so remarkable in his portraits, and is not found in an equal degree in any other painter. If he had joined to this most difficult part of the art a patience in finishing what he had so correctly planned, he might justly have claimed the place which Vandyck, all things considered, so justly holds as a first of portrait painters."

In another place he says: "the likeness of a portrait consists more in the preserving of the general effect of the countenance than in the most minute finishing of the features, or of any of the particular parts."—*Sixth and Fourteenth Discourses.*

\* Kepler, who, in 1600, was the discoverer of the seat of vision on the retina, says: "as to the images of objects being invented in the eye, it is the business of the mind to trace the progress of them through the pupil, and refer them to those places of the objects themselves from which they seem to have proceeded."

† Reynolds, in a note upon Tresnay's Art of Painting, says: "the rules of perspective, as well as all other rules, may be injudiciously applied, and it must be acknowledged that a misapplication of them is but too frequently found even in the works of the most considerable artists. It is not uncommon to see a figure on the foreground represented near twice the size of another which is supposed to be removed but a few feet behind it; this, though true according to rule, will appear monstrous. This error proceeds from placing the point of distance too near the point of sight, by which means the diminution of objects is so sudden as to appear unnatural, unless you stand so near the picture as the point of distance requires, which would be too near for the eye to comprehend the whole picture; whereas, if the point of distance is removed as far as the spectator may be supposed to stand in order to see commodiously, and take within his view the whole, the figures behind would then suffer under no such violent diminution."

form or size, a clear defined outline will be the result; not only unattainable by any other method, but even if attained, unaccompanied by the power of judging of its correctness.

(Continued next month.)

### THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM EXHIBITION.

THE fall and winter exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum opened on November 2d.

A fine and interesting loan collection has been got together, as well as some recent valuable gifts now for the first time shown. Mr. Joseph W. Drexel has given a collection of ancient musical instruments, the friends of the late W. H. Huntington, of Paris, a fine bronze equestrian statue of Washington, the British Museum two cases of casts of antique bas-reliefs, and the Hon. Levi P. Morton a fine set of medals commemorating the victories and campaigns of Napoleon I. The medals were struck off at Mr. Morton's request at the French national mint, and vary in size from two inches in diameter to the size of a five dollar gold piece. The Museum now owns quite a fine collection made and presented it by

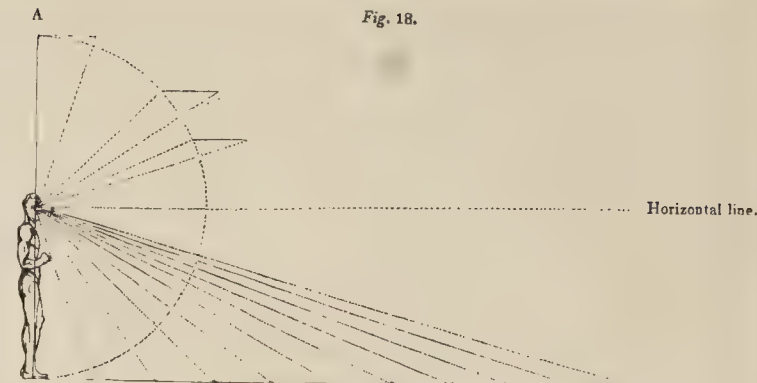


Fig. 18.

Mr. Huntington, which

like Mr. Bierstadt's "Donner Lake," Mr. William E. Marshall's colossal "Head of Christ" and the "Valley of the Var," by the late Henry C. Bispham, will be readily recognized.

Mr. Marshall also shows his portrait of Lincoln, the original of the well-known engraving. A painting by the late Hans Makart, "Midsummer's Night Dream," will attract attention, although it cannot be counted a favorable example. There are several pictures by the late W. M. Hunt, and portraits by the late William Page, George A. Baker and John Pope, the latter being represented by an admirable three-quarter length of Daniel Webster. Mr. J. Rolin Tilton, an artist of no inconsiderable reputation in the American colonies of Florence and Rome, sends a somewhat disappointing view of Grenada and the Alhambra. The principal lenders besides those already noted are Messrs. James W. Pinchot, S. Michelbacher and the estate of Professor Morse.

The Museum has received a bequest of \$10,000 for the purchase of casts of Greek sculptures. These will be set up in what is now the great hall when the additions to the Museum are completed.

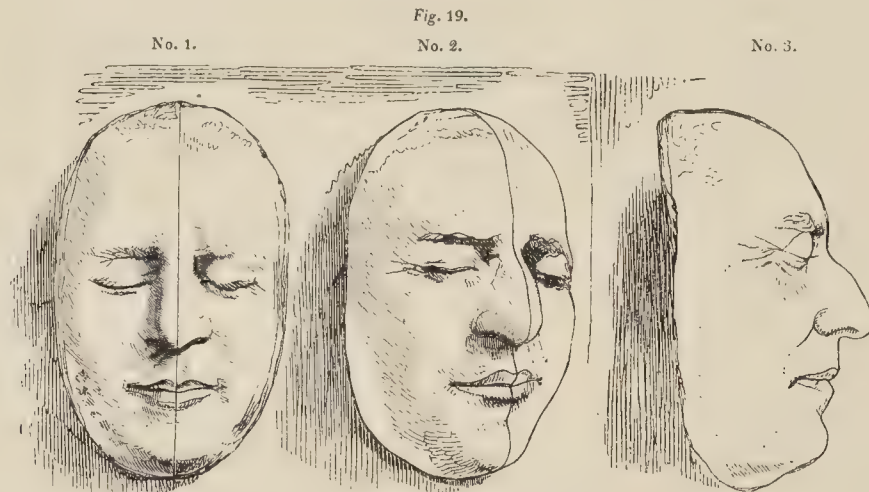


Fig. 19.

includes bronzes, prints and paintings. Among the latter is to be noted a portrait of Benjamin Franklin, painted by T. Elmer in 1782, and one of Washington by Charles Wilson Peale. The picture has historic interest. It was taken to France in 1788 by M. de la Boissiere, the aide-de-camp to Gen. Rochambeau, and was purchased by Mr. Huntington from a descendant of M. de la Boissiere. Two other recent donations are "The Entombment," by Alphonse Colos, a gift of Mr. L. A. Lanthier, and "Christ Healing the Sick," by Dietrich (1774), a gift of Mr. W. H. Webb. Among the pictures lent for exhibition are two Rembrandts, one Nicholas Poussin and one Spagnoletto. Mr. John Bigelow presents the Museum with 660 books and pamphlets relating to Benjamin Franklin, collected by Mr. Huntington. The trustees of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts send two cases of casts of bas-reliefs discovered at Assos. The Museum has received from Mr. R. M. Hunt a small painting by Albert Cuyp, and from ex-Governor John L. Manning a painting by Pannani.

A noteworthy exhibit is a collection of Japanese earrings in ivory, lent by Mr. Joseph B. Stearns. It fills two large cases, and is said to be the finest collection in the world. Japanese art is exhibited in all its grotesqueness and skill. Toads and lizards leer at you over the shoulders of the almond-eyed Jap, and dragons, with all the traditional appendages of that animal, are omnipresent. The tints of all the figures are wonderful. The ivory is made to look like the scale of a marine monster, the face of a man, or the wooden blade of a water wheel. The exhibition in the second gallery may almost be termed historical as regards the American paintings. An admirable portrait of De Witt Clinton, by C. C. Ingham, and "The Origin of the American Flag," by Henry Peters Gray, take us back into a past generation. The landscape by Regis Gignoux appropriately accompanies an evening scene by Mr. George Inness, who spent a short time in M. Gignoux's studio. Some of the largest pictures,

In response to numerous inquiries from subscribers who neglected to obtain Mr. Shirlaw's etching with their first subscription, we would like to announce that any one whose name is on our subscription books can, by the payment of \$2.00 more, obtain a copy of "The Reprimand." The price of "The Reprimand" to non-subscribers is \$7.00.

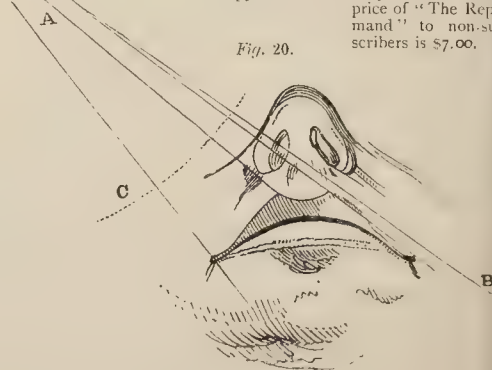
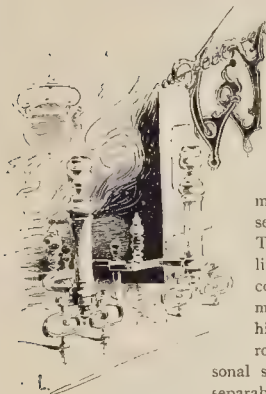


Fig. 20.



## ARTISTS AND THEIR STUDIOS.

I.—WM. H. LIPPINCOTT.



WHEN a rich man builds himself a house its splendors are duly chronicled by the press. The art and taste his money purchases for him are extolled as special personal gifts. An artist who out of his own judgment and innate feeling makes an appropriate home for himself deserves at least equal credit. There are some fine studios in America; little palaces in which art holds her court right splendidly. And, as a man shows in his works the bent of his talent, so does he show in his surroundings the direction of the personal sympathies with which his art is inseparably associated. Luxury probably does as much as poverty towards suffocating art,

but the happy medium between penury and extravagance has no little to do with the inspiration and the encouragement of good work. The man who lives in a bare garret because he has to is to be sympathized with; but if he can afford superior comfort our commiseration would be wasted on him.

The latest addition to the already numerous handsome studios of New York is that of William H. Lippincott. It is the chief room of an apartment in the newly-erected studio buildings at No. 106 West Fifty-fifth Street, buildings quaintly and handsomely planned and carried out in themselves and full of choice bits of picturesqueness in topography and decoration. The studio of Mr. Lippincott, however, is the most elaborate and noteworthy feature they present. A spacious apartment, lighted from the north by a huge studio window, the cunning of its tenant has decorated it upon a novel and striking plan. Entering by a little anteroom whose walls are covered with pictures, one pushes aside a rich portiere to look into what might be a part of some medieval mansion. The arrangement of the great studio light excludes the view of anything external but the sky—and skies are the same now as in the days when Rome was a wilderness. On either side of the great window is a little one, set deeply in the wall and with an odd individuality peculiar to itself. The light illuminates a mass of decorations and fittings so opulent in themselves and so perfect in their harmonious completeness that one requires the easels and the palette on the table to convince one that this is a studio, not a corner of the Hotel Cluny or some other treasure house of the storied past. Above a dado paneled in dark wood, the walls, colored a rich maroon, are hung with pictures, studies and the trophies common to the old campaigner in the field of art. Above these runs a frieze of dark wood, carved deep with Oriental tracery of the most graceful design. A fire of logs burns in a big carved fireplace whose mantel, loaded with bric-a-brac, is supported by grotesque caryatides of renaissance design. Superb specimens of ancient wood carving in the form of cabinets, chairs and other furniture are all about, old tapestries supply the place of doors and a profusion of Oriental rugs renders the sonorous surface of the hard wood floor noiseless to the tread. The prevailing impression of richness of tone without aggressiveness of color is inexpressibly agreeable and soothing.

Investigation of the details of this superb apartment more than confirms the promise of a first view of it in its entirety. It is gorged with those treasures the artist gathers here, there and everywhere, and which form the paraphernalia of his art as his library forms that of the literateur. Mr. Lippincott has spent many years abroad, and since his final settlement in this city, a lustrum ago, has made another trip across the Atlantic, bringing back a cargo of additions to his collection. A distinguishing characteristic of this assemblage of studio jewels is its substantial character. The firm and solid quality of the painter's art, an art of exhaustive study and honest labor carried to completeness over every obstacle, can be traced in his surroundings. There is a certain scenic quality perceptible to the skilled eye in the conception and arrangement of his splendid work-room.

This may be ascribed to the fact that years ago, when life meant toil by day and study when the lights were lit, Mr. Lippincott was one of the guild of workers whose art contributes to the embellishment of the stage. He was far too strong and individual a man to rest content in an inferior career in art, but some of the scenic painter's love for the stately and the grand in decoration remains with him, as his atelier attests.

Communicating with this studio is a dainty apartment with all the accessories of a bachelor's home fitted up in correspondence with its uses. Just as the studio has the richness and the gravity of a splendid work-room, so do the minor apartments present the lighter and gayer surroundings of a place of refreshment and of rest. The same harmony is preserved in their decoration and accessories, the irregular planning of the rooms lending itself admirably to the decorator's desires, and giving a delightful variety to the results accomplished.

The master of the house, or of this noteworthy portion of it, is a Philadelphian by origin. He laid the foundation for his study of art in the old Academy of Fine Arts in that city. Condemned from boyhood to maintain himself, he fought a sturdy battle for existence and advancement. After some years of struggle he secured a sufficient capital to permit him to throw aside the labor for bare bread, and on this he made the voyage to Europe. He settled in Paris and entered the Bouvat school. After eight years of Parisian life and study and labor he returned to America to take his place among the strongest men the art of our generation possesses. Thoroughly equipped as a painter of the figure his works attracted immediate attention in our exhibitions. In portraiture he likewise readily won an enviable place. As a painter of landscape he secured almost equal prominence. For a couple of years Mr. Lippincott has had charge of the painting class at the National Academy of Design, of which institution he was at the last spring exhibition elected an associate.



TOWEL RACK, IN W. H. LIPPINCOTT'S STUDIO.



MEDIEVAL HALL LIGHT, IN W. H. LIPPINCOTT'S STUDIO.

## "OLD MASTERS" TO ORDER.

THERE must be a veritable mine of "old masters" in the interior of this State. Only a week ago I chronicled a Syracuse Michael Angelo. Now a Rochester Rubens is on view here. It is exhibited, its owners say, for the purpose of giving the public an opportunity to enjoy and judge of the work of the great Flemish master, and no admission fee is charged to the show. To further demonstrate their liberality, the owners exhibit it in a dark room by the light of a couple of oil lamps. They make this additional sacrifice because, they say, the lamp-light mellows and enriches the color of the picture. They tell a brilliantly original story of the discovery of this masterpiece in a Rochester junk shop, buried in rubbish, and produce a Canadian professor of the fine arts to swear to its authenticity.

The evident purpose of this dark conspiracy is to secure for the battered and mutilated canvas a metropolitan advertisement which will be of use in marketing it in the rural districts, where a certain amount of besotted devotion to the "old masters" still lingers. The picture, even seen in the friendly half light of the oil lamps, shows none of the qualities of the great statesman-artist. It is a fragment cut from a larger picture, and is purely French in quality. The figures, which are held to represent Bacchus and Ariadne, with a Cupid thrown in for good measure, have the lean and nervous character of the conventional French decorative painters, not the robust presence of the Flamand's joyously animal types. Rubens never painted a lean and hungry Cupid in his life, and in his women especially developed his fondness for the fleshy and voluptuous type of the race.

Some years ago Dundas, Dick & Co. used to advertise their patent medicine by similar works of art, nailed on the housewalls of our street corners.—*From To-Day.*

## THE PURPOSE OF ART.

ART and poetry have their good mission, and great art, like great poetry, must necessarily have that in it which you do not have in every day life, or you might as well sweep them away altogether, leaving us only with the pretty picture of the dressed-up baby and jingling words to a song, while the soul remains untouched and the commonplace reigns around. No man is purer than Tennyson, and no one, I presume, would think to accuse him of obscenity, and yet he has written things in his finest poetry that you would not speak about in a drawing-room. And so might there be things that you would not call attention to in a picture, while all the time it is recognized as absolutely right that they should be there.

The greatest art is that which deals with types and which appeals to the imagination and not merely to the eye. We do not want to merely closely copy nature, whether the subject be children playing with flowers, or portraiture, or any other pictorial representation of the kind. The photographic lens will accomplish that better and far more accurately than I or any other artist can hope to do. But it is the soul that a man puts upon the canvas for the delight and improvement of his fellow-men that the lens cannot accomplish, and this cannot be done without full and proper and I may say the only study, for the expression of that art would only become ridiculous and grotesque if the structure were not properly and truthfully placed before the spectator.

To emasculate art by suppressing the study and representation of the nude—which is absolutely the highest form of pictorial art—is simply prudery, not delicacy, with the only result of setting narrow limits to our art and putting blinkers on our imagination, and such an emasculated art must fail to rise to the higher sensibility. I can say from my own very long experience, first, that I have never seen the slightest sign of any "degradation" whatever in any model I have ever employed. I have always found them quite modest in their manner and I have always treated them as I would treat any lady in the land, and as far as I know all artists do the same; second, I most distinctly state that I have never seen the least approach to or hint of any indecent remark, improper conduct, ribaldry or immorality from any member of any life school. But then I must admit that it never occurred to me to suspect or watch for any; and third, I would say that only a bad or singularly constituted mind would consider that the undraping of the figure for the purpose of art robbed a woman of her modesty or destroyed her respectability.

LONDON, October, 1885.

GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS.

## PUBLIC STATUES IN NEW YORK.

IN his address at the unveiling of the statue of the late William E. Dodge last week, Hon. Abram S. Hewitt directed attention to the fact that we have not yet erected statues to Fulton, who gave us steam navigation, or to De Witt Clinton, who made New York the commercial metropolis of the New World by creating the Erie Canal. "The highest honor or which can be paid to a citizen," as Mr. Hewitt described, "the preservation of the memory and features in bronze or marble for the reverent homage of future generations," might very appropriately be paid to these benefactors, and also to Washington Irving, a citizen of New York who figures in history as the father of American literature, and to Henry Hudson, who 106 years ago sailed up New York Harbor, the first white man to enter the mouth of the great river which bears his name. Four years hence the bi-centenary of his discovery will be celebrated, and the erection of a statue of him would be an eminently fit feature of the event. Christopher Columbus, too, should have a monument in New York, and the 400th anniversary of his discovery of America, to be celebrated seven years hence, will be a suitable time for that tribute to his memory by the greatest city of the world which he discovered. We need more statuary of the right kind, and if the ancient Romans could inspire lofty aspirations in their children by decorating their walls with pictures of their heroic ancestors, certainly the youth of New York may be benefited by the exhibition in bronze or marble of the features of men who have distinguished themselves in modern times by great achievements.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

LAST year William T. Trego, the able and worthy painter of military pictures in Philadelphia, was awarded a Temple historical prize medal for a picture shown at the local Academy of Fine Arts, his picture being the only one to receive any recognition. He claimed that he should have received the first prize of \$3,000, as his picture was, by the allotment of the solitary award, conceded to be the best shown in the competition. The Committee of Awards did not agree with him, and he sued them. Trego has been defeated in his claim. The Court of Common Pleas last week sustained the right of the Academy to decide what prize a picture is worth. The artist threatens to carry the case to the Supreme Court.

THE Society of American Artists will, in all likelihood, give its exhibition next spring at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It was the society's intention to make its exhibition of this year, but the Watt's pictures got possession of the gallery ahead of it and left it houseless.



## OUR ART CLUBS.

## IV.—THE TILE CLUB.



C. S. REINHART.

IT is nearly ten years since the Tile Club came into existence out of an informal gathering of friends in a Union Square studio. It dates its origin from early in the autumn of 1877, and its last public appearance was made in the handsome Christmas publication its members put out through the Harpers in 1884. Its organization has been kept up in a desultory way, however, and now and then it meets and gives a dinner to somebody. Its newest banquet is that which it is to extend to Mr. James McNeil Whistler as a send-off for his American lecture tour this winter. The Tile Club

dinners are not pretentious, but they are good, and they are seasoned by that sauce of joviality and good fellowship which does more than the cook towards the enjoyment of a feast.

There were no pretensions about the principles on which the Tile Club was organized. It held its meetings on Wednesday evenings in the studios of the members, one after another. The host of the evening provided a modest refectory and received in return the fruits of the evening's work. It was a club without officers and with a membership limited to twelve. There were no initiation fees or dues. The expense to each member was the entertainment for the night he served as host and the tiles the night's work was done on. How successful the new idea was, may be inferred from the fact that the first meeting of the club was attended by two persons. Each religiously painted his tile, however, and then gravely and solemnly destroyed it, so that the minutes of that initial meeting may be looked upon as lost.

The idea was too good a one to perish, however. The two first Tilers called another meeting, at which their number was doubled. Thereafter the membership grew until the list was filled. A musical variation was added to the entertainment of the evening, and several musical members admitted on an honorary basis. The commemoration of its labors and wanderings in *Scribner's Monthly* in 1879 brought it prominently before the public and for a time the Tile Club was one of the sensations of the town. The original members were Walter Paris, now in Washington and in whose studio the first meeting was held, and E. Wimbridge, a curious genius who has been spending his later years in India as a member of the Theosophical Society and a devout acolyte of Mme. Blavatsky. These two may be regarded as the founders of the club, though neither an active member of it now. Edwin A. Abbey and C. S. Reinhart were the next members. Both are now settled abroad, though the club feasted Mr. Reinhart this summer during his flying trip to America. Other members who came in at the succeeding

meetings were W. R. O'Donovan, the sculptor; F. Hopkinson Smith; W. M. Laffan, amateur and critic; Arthur Quartley, R. Swain Gifford, Winslow Homer, J. Alden Weir and William M. Chase. The personnel of the club has undergone such changes as are inseparable from club organizations. Old members have dropped out and new ones come in. The very informality

of its management and the elasticity of its rules renders these variations of membership natural to it. Among well known names which have since its origin been associated with it are those of Frederick Dielman, N. Sarony, Elihu Vedder, Frank D. Millet; Charles Parsons, the amiable and able English water colorist and illustrator; Earl Shinn, a talented Philadelphian, better known to the literature of art, to which he has made some valuable contributions, as Edward Strahan; C. G. Bush, the most expert master with the pen in America; Augustus St. Gaudens, the sculptor; the architect, Stanford White, George H. Boughton and George W. Maynard.

It probably needs no remark from us that a club with such a membership roll to point to, has no occasion to be ashamed of its existence. If it were not that their professional interest lead the members in diverse paths, there is no doubt that the club would be established on a broad and permanent basis among the social organizations of New York. Purely social in its primary idea, the Tile Club has proved of no little benefit to its members in closing that link between the artist and the public so necessary to the one and so valuable to the other. Its cohesion is maintained to-day, in its quaint little club house in West Tenth Street, by the spirit of good fellowship and of progressive and ambitious labor which has bound it together all along. In the happier day which is to come for American art, it will stand ready to assume its place, duly incorporated, as the chief art club of America. As an exhibition club it is not likely to compete with the associations already in existence. Its mission is a social one, and if it fulfills it, it will confer a benefit upon the art world which can now only be estimated in theory.



F. D. MILLET.



J. ALDEN WEIR.

INTERIOR DECORATION,  
GOOD AND BAD.

THE other day I called on a friend who lives in a fine house. His establishment is, however, restricted in space, as many of the finest houses in our American cities are. The parlor in which I sat was narrow and deep, and to render it more gloomy was decorated and furnished in the deepest and richest colors. The sense of oppression was so great that I actually opened the window and put my head out to catch a breath of fresh air.

The error of my friend in decorating his parlor is an altogether too common one with us. We decorate irrespective of circumstances. We pile up a wealth of splendor where it does not belong and are satisfied with the result for the sake of what it cost us. What we want applied in decoration is consistency and



common sense, and we rarely get it.

There are various influences to be considered in the scheme of decoration of any apartment. The height or lowness of a room, the amount of light it receives, the shape itself, whether wide or narrow, each in its way has a relation to the manner in which the room should be finished. The primary object in decoration is to make the place decorated show itself at its best. In order that this may come to pass, its capabilities must be studied with care and intelligence, and its favorable characteristics taken advantage of, while the unfavorable ones are as far as possible counteracted. Thus, if you have a dark and gloomy room, sparsely lighted, you will, if you are wise, make its decoration useful in rendering it brighter, while if you have an apartment flooded with light from all sides, it will be your care to render its illumination less garish. For a low room, decorative policy suggests a scheme of ornamentation that will give it the appearance of greater airiness and space, while for a high one arises the demand for a plan of embellishment in keeping with its loftiness.

In a general way it may be stated that all light colors have the quality of giving a sense of spaciousness, while the dark tints contract the space in which they are applied. Consequently, for decorating a small room it is advisable to use the milder tints, and for a large one tones which grow deeper and richer in proportion to its size. But this is only true as applied to space. Light has also a bearing on the matter. If your small room is copiously lighted, you may often employ rich colors on it with good effect. If your big room has few windows and little light, it falls your duty to make up as far as is possible for the defective lighting by the brightness of its decoration. Few houses are perfect in the methods by which they are lighted, and consequently no sweeping rule can be laid down for their decoration. An intelligent consideration of the special problem presented, and a knowledge of the aesthetic laws, will be found the best guide you can have apart from the direct advice of an expert.

The ceiling, like the walls, demands a consideration upon whose correctness depends no little of the ultimate effect of the work. It has long been the custom with decorators and decorative painters of the inferior order to concentrate their labors on the walls, putting the ceiling off with a coat of flat color, commonly white. Paper hangings are also often



R. SWAIN GIFFORD.



ARTHUR QUARTLEY.



CHARLES PARSONS AND E. A. ABBEY.

applied to the walls alone. The practice is without sanction in æsthetics and without excuse. The decoration of the room is not complete until the ceiling has been made part of the walls, harmonizing with them in color and design. An artist would have as valid a reason for painting a beautiful landscape with the white canvas untouched where the sky ought to be, as the decorator has for neglecting the roof of a room and finishing the spaces which support it.

Having studied your room, and decided upon the general tone of color its decoration demands, the style of the decoration itself becomes a matter for debate.

Even where the expense of painting is beyond your reach, artistic wall papers and wall coverings are readily available, and the effects produced by them symmetrical and satisfactory.

Dark rooms, as has been stated, demand decoration in light tones, and light rooms call for finish of a richer character. So, too, low rooms call for a treatment in design which will suggest a greater altitude than they really possess, and lofty apartments require a distinct character of ornamentation. To convey a sense of height, decorators employ vertical lines—that is, the paneling, where paneling is employed, of a low room, should be narrow and upright in its proportions, the lines carrying the eye upwards, and adding to the suggestion of height by detracting from that of length. The friezes should be narrow, and as few horizontal lines as possible employed. No low room should ever be decorated in dark colors, no matter how bright its illumination is. The tints should be light and airy, working up into a ceiling in light colors and with as little detail in it as possible, because all detail brings the space it is applied on nearer

to the eye, and you wish in this case to carry the space as far away as possible. What is true of the ceiling is true of the walls. The less detail you load them with, the better. Probably the very best finish for a low room is in flat tints, pale and gentle in color, with a frieze very little darker than the general tone of walls and ceiling, broken with a simple figure that will relieve it without making itself too apparent to the eye.

The grays are the only tints available in such a case as the above. There are cool and warm grays. In applying the grays it is advisable to keep them rather cool than warm in quality—that is, to prefer the pearl and blue grays to the



brown ones. All the colors you use should harmonize. That is to say, you should never put a hot color in contrast to a cold one. If the mass of your walls is tinted in cool grays, do not use any reds or browns in the figures on them. Use light blues, pale greens or reds reduced to pale pink. The effect, you will find, will be charmingly bright and refined.

The harmony of decoration is its chief charm. It is not only essential that the design shall fit the place and the color the design, but the colors must preserve their artistic relations to each other, or the least educated eye will be offended and shocked by vulgarity of contrasts. Whether the colors you use be light or dark, they must be harmonious.

Just as on a ground scheme of grays it would be an artistic barbarism to apply details in pure primary colors, so, in a decoration made up of dark, rich colors, it would be an equal violation of taste to set the opposite extreme of light and cool ones.

I have written of the decoration of a room merely as decoration. Of its additional adornment with pictures and furniture I shall have something to say next month.

DECORATOR.

### THE SALMAGUNDI EXHIBITION.

THE Eighth Annual Exhibition of the Salmagundi Club will be opened to the public on Monday, January 11th, at the American Art Galleries, Madison Square, New York, and will continue through the month. The galleries will open for the reception, by card, on Saturday, January 9th—Press: 10 A. M. to 12 M.; Connoisseurs and Amateurs, 2 to 4 P. M.; reception in the evening. The exhibition will consist of original examples of charcoal drawings, crayon drawings, India ink drawings, pen and ink drawings, sepia drawings, etchings, black and white oils, drawings on the block, pencil drawings, sculptures, proofs of engravings, etc., etc. In the selection of works for exhibition, preference will be given those offered for sale. Works will be received *only* at the American Art Galleries, from the 31st December, 1885, to 2d January, 1886. No works will be received before or after that date. The Club will collect and return all works in the city, at the expense of exhibitors, if the Secretary is notified when the entry blank is returned.

Blanks must be filled and sent in by the 26th of December. They may be obtained by addressing Charters Williamson, Corresponding Secretary.

A card must be attached to the back of each drawing, giving the title, price, artist's name and address, and where to be returned. All works intended for exhibition will be at the risk of the owners. A commission of twenty per cent. will be charged on all sales of etchings, and fifteen per cent. on other works. Exhibitors are advised that drawings appear to better advantage surrounded by a mat or margin not exceeding four inches, and in flat frames. Etchings and proofs of engravings must be framed separately.

For the catalogue drawings of important or interesting exhibits are solicited from artists intending to contribute, which will be reproduced at the expense



F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

cator it once boasted of being. It is merely a magnificent machine for the collection and presentation of news, and as Art news is of no particular interest to the general public, it does not put itself to any special trouble to gather it.

The time is ripe in this country for a paper which shall have an opinion on Art worth listening to, and an idea of Art news above the puerile gossip and chronicle of minor studio events. Such a paper should combine with its Art element other departments of sufficient interest to make it readable to the general public. Doing this, it would in time become a powerful link between the great world and the studio, and benefit Art directly by

its influence, as well as indirectly by its criticism, suggestion, and moral support.

The fatal error with all of the Art papers heretofore published in New York has been that they looked to the artists alone for support. The clientele is too small. The paper which reaches the great public is the only one which will last, and the only one which will do Art any great or permanent good.



WILLIAM M. CHASE.

of the Club. Pen drawings should be made with pure black lines, on white paper or Bristol board. These, or drawings made with crayon on the prepared board, are preferable. Contributors are urgently requested to forward their drawings to the Corresponding Secretary, not later than December 14th. Drawings should be marked with size and title of original, and where to return, if desired.

Exhibits from non-resident artists should be consigned to Grady & McKeever, 719 Sixth Avenue; Thos. A. Wilmurt, 54 East Thirteenth Street, or Louis R. Menger, 35 Dey Street, to be unpacked and delivered at the galleries.

### ART AND THE DAILY PRESS.

THE *American*, an interesting weekly published in Philadelphia, takes the daily press to task for the left-handed consideration to which it treats Art interests and events. As a matter of fact, however, the daily press is not so greatly to blame for this. It gives the public what the public craves for, and scandals, murders, brutalities and buncombe are just now what the popular taste feeds fat on.

The daily press could do a great deal towards educating popular taste for Art, it is true, but the daily press is no longer the edu-

cator it once boasted of being. It is merely a magnificent machine for the collection and presentation of news, and as Art news is of no particular interest to the general public, it does not put itself to any special trouble to gather it.

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An artist writes from Europe that the tendency towards out-door work is increasing so steadily that the unintelligible mixed school, which has long been distinguished as that of Munich, bids fair to become a thing of the past. The painters now make annual trips to Holland and into the outlying country around the Bavarian capital, where they set their easels upon the seashore and in the fields, and study light, instead of shade, as of old. The glass studio is also becoming a common feature of Munich itself. The reformation begins none too soon, and can come to fruition none too quickly to revive the fading fame of a great school whose inspirations were commencing to suffocate under the mantle of conventionalism.



## THE STORY OF "THE ACCIDENT."

I WAS looking at Smith's picture of "The Accident," in Moneybagge's gallery, the other evening. You remember the picture, of course, for it was the artistic sensation of the year '87, and translated Smith, who was living in a loft, to the finest studio in town, where he is now reveling in every form of affluence which comes to a fashionable genius in these days when there are fashions in brains as well as bonnets and French boots. Well, I was looking at his picture, with that sensuous enjoyment of the fine arts as a luxury that a good dinner is so wonderfully conducive to, when my host came in, crimson and heavy eyed from overfeeding, but exuding his usual post-prandial joviality, compounded of natural good nature and an unnatural accumulation of dollars.

"Hah," said he, "you remember her, hay? I tell you, she's a hummer, ain't she, now? I can take ten thousand for her any day I want to, and I figure that a hundred per cent, ain't so bad for a three years' investment. But she'll be worth more later on, and besides I haven't got any occasion to break up housekeeping just yet. But I say, X., those fellers get a living pretty easy, don't they now? Just think! All that chap had to do was to sit down and paint and get a cold five thousand for it. Why, I can remember the time when I worked like a dog—yes, like a dog—in a junk cart by—for a good deal less than half that much a year."

I have the greatest respect for my friend Moneybagge—in the first place, because he is rich; in the second, because he is a good fellow; and finally, because his dinners are the best I ever ate. But I must admit that his ideas of art are purely mercantile, not to say sordid, in character. He buys pictures because he has an idea that it pays. They represent money, not art, to him, and he never visits his gallery without reckoning up the profit it will bring him if he ever has a sale. I do not blame him for the frivolous view he takes of the profession of picture-making any more than I would dream of blaming little Ebenezer Moneybagge, Jr.'s, pet donkey for preferring thistles to rose buds for alimentary purposes. Little Ebenezer's papa, like little Ebenezer's pet quadruped, only follows out the hereditary instincts which have put him where he is. But there are instances in which Moneybagge's levity galls me, because it is too flagrantly ribald, and Smith's picture is one of these.

I am in a measure responsible for the existence of that work, and an aspersion of its seriousness as a production of human industry becomes a personal matter with me. I speak from experience when I say that if Moneybagge ever worked as hard for one of his millions as Smith did to realize his "Accident," he deserves every copper of it. I have no idea how hard his millions were to get, remember, and I make no doubt he earned them. Far be it from me to insinuate that a man who gives such dinners as Moneybagge doesn't deserve the capital he gives them on. I have too much respect for myself as a guest and Moneybagge as a host to hint at such a thing. It is for this reason that I propose to tell you the story of Smith's picture and let it speak for itself.

To begin with the idea for it.

We were together, Smith and I, late one winter night, in a drowsy little beer shop on Washington Square, much frequented by the artists who have colonized in the neighborhood since fashion abandoned it, and by the dingy denizens of the communistic foreign quarter close by. Smith was, to put it politely, a trifle under the influence of the soporific atmosphere of the place, which a roaring storm without and a roaring stove within combined to make a perfect toper's paradise. Do not, I implore you, permit me to suggest that Smith was at that or any other period of his career a disreputable or dissipated fellow. On the contrary, he was as nearly a model of propriety as a man can be who does not pay taxes. But he was a young man, and a poor one; he had many friends but more pride, and his coat was shabby. So he went among the shabby coats of these brother Bohemians and exiles, and felt at home.

He was on the occasion in question dreaming over his pipe and his flat beer, when I read him a paragraph from an evening paper describing, in a few lines, the return to his family in an East side tenement house of a poor laborer who had been killed in a street accident. The story was told in reporter's English, but there was a certain stirring vividness about it which led me to call his attention to it. He roused himself as I read, took the paper when I was through and read it over himself.

"My God! What a subject that would make!" he said. "What a picture, what a picture!"

He cut the paragraph out with his penknife, read it again and again, and finally put it away as carefully as if it was the finest of gold filigree, in a pocket-book in which there were no bank-bills to keep it company.

A couple of weeks later, coming up-town from my office, I made a short cut through one of the most wretched of our tenement districts, chasing an appetite for dinner with conquering feet. As I posted along I came up with Smith, walking slowly with his hands in his pockets and his thin overcoat dripping with the rain, his eyes alert to every passer by and to every house he passed.

"I'm going to paint that picture," said he, "the accident, you know, and I've been putting in the day making sketches."

He had a book full of them; it looked as if he had explored the interiors of half the district. He was full of his subject, talked nothing else and stopped twice in the rain to add to the stores of his sketch book. "I'll make a stunner of it, old boy," he said when we parted. "I feel it cooking in me. I believe I could go to work to-night, upon my soul I do."

A few days later I met him in a frame-maker's shop and asked him how

the picture was getting on. He was very blue and told me he had done nothing further towards it. "The fact is, X.," he said earnestly, "I'm afraid it is beyond me. Besides it is an awfully dismal subject. Suppose I was to paint it and it did not sell?"

I left him, grappling this dreadful possibility, in the throes of despair. Ten days passed, when, being in the University Building, I called on Smith. I found him black to the roots of his hair making pen and ink drawings for a juvenile magazine. "I've got her started, X.," he cried joyously. "Wait till I finish this. The boy will be here for them this afternoon and I'll put my bill in to-morrow, and then go to work in real earnest."

He looked little more substantial or human than a ghost as he dragged his treasures out to show them to me. Smith never was an Adonis. You who know him now in his dress suit, or that purple velvet coat he will persist in wearing, with his hair bristling up from his square head like a brush from which the rats have been lurching, and his gray eyes goggling at you from his nervous face, will admit that you have often wondered what made him so clever. Could you have seen him just now, with the ink-smears on his face, with his cravat twisted under his ear like a halter and his lean hand waving as if in incantation over the revelations he made, you would have made sure of the location of the door, and asked yourself what madman this was, who went frantic over these dirty sketching pads, these begrimed sheets of wrapping paper, these canvases defiled with incoherent smears. But to him this dirt and grime and smear meant something. It returned to him an echo of the story his heart kept telling to itself. He had run out of paper, and made sketches in color, in pencil, crayon, charcoal, anything that would mark, on the backs of old pictures, on screens and on the wall. Indeed, the composition he finally chose, and which you so well know, was sketched in billiard chalk over a half finished picture which hung above his easel waiting for him to recollect what he had felt like when he started it. He had filled a couple of fresh sketch books with types of character, and told me in high glee of certain models he had picked up. "I'll get to work on them to-morrow," he said. "I took that job there to raise money enough to go ahead on, and at nine A. M., sharp, the last bell will ring, you bet."

He brought out the canvas for the great work, and smoothed it over as lovingly as a mother would caress a sleeping child.

He told me in detail how he had settled on that size as the best, and why, and how he picked the canvas out, and what it cost. He had laid in a special stock of colors, too—real French colors, such as he had used in Paris, and he squeezed them out on his thumb nail to show me how pure they were, and compared them with those he commonly used.

"There's nothing like them," he cried, "if you want your work to last. Look at old Jenks' pictures now, though he hasn't been dead twenty years. He used to boast of never using foreign colors, and where will his work be when it's a hundred?"

From an inadvertent remark I believe that he had been living for some days with less than his usual number of meals in consequence of these investments, but he was as boisterously jolly as a school-boy at a fire, and I left him with his hat on the back of his head and his hands in his pockets, striding along, his coat flying in the bitter breeze and his eyes among the stars.

I was not astonished when I next met him, however, to find him under a cloud again. I knew him and his kind too well. This time the trouble was in the composition. He had tried all the twenty odd till he could hardly pick the outlines out on the canvas, but none suited him. He was walking in Central Park when he told me this, blue with cold, and with his very voice frost bitten, and still no inspiration had come to him. We went to see a com c opera together that night, and by the time we separated his spirits were soaring gaily up again into the heaven of dreams.

"Do you know, X.," he said, as we grasped hands, under the trees of the old park, with the moon riding high among the hurrying clouds, making a kaleidoscope of light and shade upon the snow, "I have an idea. I've been worried all along about selling my picture when I paint it, but, my boy, that's not the way to paint a picture, is it? I don't care now if I sell it or not. I'm going to paint it for John Smith, Esquire, and if any one wants to buy it when it's done, let him make an offer. I want it myself, don't you see? Some one may outbid me for it, but I'm going to have it if no one else does. Isn't that the true philosophy?"

I felt now that though his dream was intangible, yet it had a soul and could not help but grow, and I see his white face as I write, with the cold moonbeams playing on it, and his lean figure, all the leaner in his shabby coat, that looked thinner even than it was, and the bright eyes whose fire warmed me as I shuddered in the blast.

But I do not propose to follow him through all the inflections of his varying moods. It would make a long story, and a very dull and dismal one even for Smith himself. It is with the material vicissitudes of his work I have to deal. Indeed, I am writing of Smith's picture rather than himself, and if he turns up so often, it is because his picture is himself and the man is inseparable from his work.

He had been at it about a month, only leaving his studio for his meals, and stopping work to sleep, when his money gave out. I don't like to think how he lived towards the end of that month, but I know how he must have stunted himself to spin his slender store out to its extremest limit. It reached it at last, and one night I found him in the beer shop silent and despairing. "It's no use, X.," he groaned, "fate is against me,



I can't keep the fight up. I could have put a knife through it this afternoon, I swear I could."

"But you didn't?" I asked somewhat anxiously, for I had come to take a personal interest in the work myself.

"Well, no, I didn't," he replied slowly, "but I put it in a corner and scraped my palette off."

I saw him night after night now, but asked him nothing about his picture and he volunteered no information. He absorbed his beer, smoked constantly, and played billiards, dominoes or cards with any one who called on him for a game. One evening, finally, he did not appear, or rather was not there when I looked in for him. I asked the corpulent hostess, who divided her time between the cash drawer and the noisy parrot, if she had seen him.

"He was in early this morning," she replied. "But he won't be back to-night. He is at work on his picture again. He began to-day, I know, for he paid his bill and took in bread and cheese enough to last him till tomorrow. Do you know, sir," and she sunk her voice into a gressome whisper, "I believe if anything happened to that picture Mr. Smith would cut his throat, just like the cobbler round the corner last week."

You must know that the picture had by this time become an old acquaintance with every one Smith knew. He would talk about it, tell stories of his models, and in one way or another make it the topic of conversation in the end, no matter how distant a subject that conversation began. It was his one passion, and as long as he talked about it you might know that he was progressing with it. When he did not, it was safe to infer that the wheels of progress had become clogged. I found out, later on, how he had unclogged them this time. He had painted a lot of ornaments and figures on sign boards for a sign painter, whose advertisement he had chanced upon in the *Herald*. "And every time I went to work on one and all the time I worked," he said, when he made the confession to me, "I despised myself. I used to jump up and kick the infernal things around the room, and then get back to work at them as mild as cold tea. I know you think I'm a fool, but I'm not. I've only got too many nerves for a beggar. But I always had sense enough to think of the picture, and while I cursed the job and raved at it, I kept pegging away till it was done."

You would, doubtless, find the list of expedients of this sort which he resorted to incredible. Indeed I do not know myself all the devices he invented to feed the monster he had created for himself. There was scarcely one of the miserable creatures who served him as models who did not live in greater ease and comfort than he. Once I met him walking down town, with the slush ankle deep, to deliver a batch of designs for valentines to a publisher in Chatham Street; and at another time, when I had to hunt him up with a trifling commission in the way of a portrait of a prize bull-dog for a sporting collegian of my acquaintance, I ran him to earth in a sign-painter's cellar, painting portraits on political transparencies. He made caricatures by the dozen, of which he sold a couple here, and peddled a couple more there among the comic papers, the whole lot bringing him in about the week's wages of a 'longshoreman. He got a job at scene painting. He painted a couple of game panels for an eating-house. He decorated the walls of the basement in Washington Square with landscapes in oil, which transported the patrons of the house to the beery shades of their fatherland. I am willing to take oath that I recognized his hand in the realistic ornamentation of the French sausage-maker's wagon, where he used to lay in his supply of *cervelat*, for sausage and dry bread made many a dinner for him. He wore his overcoat far into the spring, and might have worn it into season again if a lucky streak of magazine illustration had not set him on his financial feet.

You can, of course, imagine that the picture did not progress very rapidly among these interruptions. But it went on now, steadily and surely, and as it advanced in substantial form, the painter grew leaner, more haggard and white-faced. It seemed as if he was transfusing his own vitality to his work. In truth, he was putting his whole heart in it, as all men must when great work is to be done. The summer sun transformed his studio to an oven. In the winter he had painted in his overcoat, with a recess now and then devoted to trotting the floor to revive his chilled circulation. Now he worked in his shirt, with a wet towel round his temples. He was three months in arrears with his rent, he passed his laundry on the other side of the way, he ate, when he did eat at all, in the little beanery on Union Square, where the actors dine when the season has been unpropitious. But he no longer lost heart.

"I know it's a good picture," said he. "I feel it, and I'll finish it, unless I drop dead with a brush in my hand."

I was more than once afraid this end might come to pass, and yet I dared not offer to help him, for the man's pride was as sensitive as a fresh wound. I bought a couple of sketches from him once, and when I gave him the few dollars the transaction involved, his hand trembled so that he could not take them up, and he walked into a dark corner and suddenly began to cry. Desperate as he was, it hurt him to tax the ready sympathy of a friend whose condition he suspected to be little better than his own. At another time I discovered that he had been to dinner at a relative's house. He had relatives in easy, if not opulent circumstances, but he commonly held no communication with them. It was a bitter stress of misery that sent him to eat of their grudging bounty, you may be sure.

Yet, while his condition was most desperate and his necessities most clamorous, he almost threw old McGilp down-stairs when that worthy and speculative individual offered him \$500, to be paid in weekly installments, pending its completion, for his great work. The offer meant a

comfort he had not known for months, but it was an insult to him, and he has not forgiven McGilp to this day. After "The Accident" made its hit, the dealer approached him for a picture a patron of his wanted. "If I couldn't sell a single picture again," said Smith, with an ugly glitter in his dreamy eyes, "except through you, I'd give up painting and take to driving a truck. Don't you ever come to see me again on business or pleasure." Poor McGilp, who had meant his offer for the best, and made it in the most friendly spirit compatible with business, speaks of Smith with tears in his eyes. "A great painter, sir," he will tell you—"a real old master, so to speak. Lord! the money I could make for him and me if he wasn't so sensitive."

The McGilp episode occurred in the latter stages of the picture. By this time Smith's nerves had been converted to fiddlestrings. He no longer slept except by snatches, and when he did sleep the figures on his canvas assumed life. He saw the battered corpse in the patch of moonlight on his floor, and the shrieks of the wailing women woke him, when he would light his lamp, try to read, pace up and down, and fall asleep at last when day broke, more ghastly and forlorn than the wan dawn which lent his face the color of death. There is a famous picture in the national collection in Paris, called "Glory." The scene is a garret, with the cold sky gleaming through its splintered shingles, and the dust-laden cobwebs hanging heavily from its sagging beams. Bare of all comfort, this mournful abode of misery and genius is hallowed by death. The hand of the great leveler has reached in through that window, beyond which you see the chimneys of Paris smoking up like the fires of a great altar, and torn the painter from his task. And the artist, abandoned like a stricken street cur, without even a grave, lies low among his rags, while Fame comes up the garret stairs and fills its desolation with a radiance which can no longer warm or dazzle the man who has won her tardy favor. That picture came back to me many a time while Smith was at his work. Like the painter in the picture, his was a lottery, for triumph or death. Would he draw the black bean or the white?

One morning, before even the milkman had sounded his reveille under my window, I was aroused by a tremendous battering at my door. It was Smith, livid, without a collar, with his hair all over his head like a ragged terrier's. He nearly emptied my not over full brandy bottle, and threw himself upon my lounge with a hoarse, unnatural laugh.

"Don't mind me, old boy," he said, "go to bed and leave me here, I'll get along all right."

"But what ails you?" I demanded, "are you sick or crazy?"

He brushed his eyes with his lean, transparent hand.

"I can't sleep down there," he cried, his words tripping one another up in their feverish haste. "It's like lodging in a family vault—nothing but ghosts and dreams. Do you know what I dreamed to-night, old fellow? I thought I had finished my picture, and was looking at it, and you all were there and a room full besides and it was a great success and—"

He paused for breath.

"And?" I repeated.

"And a stroke of lightning came and melted it all up into smoke before our eyes." He almost screamed this climax at me, reaching out his hand like a claw, and driving the fingers of the other through the stout plush of the lounge. "Into smoke, and there was a devil's face leering at me in its place. O God! I only wonder how I got into the street without jumping out of the window."

I wondered too, but I got him quiet and dosed him to sleep with a glass of judiciously doctored spirits. He woke late in the afternoon greatly refreshed, for it was the first protracted sleep he had enjoyed for weeks. I had in the meantime consulted a physician, though I knew beforehand what his decision would be.

"The man wants rest," he said, "perfect rest, and if he doesn't get it he will go mad."

I resigned myself to the prospect of having to help poor Smith into a strait jacket, for I knew the alternative was one he would not accept, when a singular chance arose to save him from the end to which I believe he was really being drawn. In the doorway of the University Building, half covered with snow, for winter had come around again, he found a poor starving cur. Disturbed in its final and merciful midnight stupor by his foot, the miserable brute licked the boot that had recalled it to the curse of existence. The man took into his arms this one living creature poorer and more despairing than himself, and carried it up to his desolate room. He built for it the fire he stunted himself, of, he shared his half loaf of stony bread with it, and it slept under his thin blanket with its battered head on his cold breast. He told me long afterwards, "I slept without a dream that night, and when I woke the poor creature had not moaned for fear of disturbing me. And, X." (there were tears in his eyes and voice that would have been an honor to any man), "it licked my face, and when I put my hand up to pat it, it held up its paw to beg me not to strike it. Strike it! I would as soon have thought of striking a baby."

The malediction of solitude was driven from the wretched studio by this poor, grateful cur. Henceforth the painter worked with company, and slept with another heart beating against his own. With its scarred and malignantly ugly head upon the man's knee, the brute would look sympathy into his eyes when the weary hand faltered at its lonely task. When he worked it stretched out on the floor and watched him. No voice could call it from its post, no bait could tempt it away. In every line of its gaunt and ragged body, in every gleam of its big tearful eyes, it bespoke its affection for and its devotion to the one human being it probably had experienced the tenderness of true humanity from. Its fidelity was so



close and so unswerving that the boys christened it "Smith's Shadow," and as Shadow it is known to this day. The name fitted it then in a realistic as well as a figurative sense, though people often wonder now why it was applied.

Smith and his Shadow put the finishing touches to "The Accident" at last, having literally divided their last crust at the same time. The picture was shown to a few of the elect, and pronounced the masterpiece it was. If you could have seen the painter and the place on the day he first exhibited that masterpiece to his friends you would have rubbed your eyes and asked yourself if it was real. Picture a room with the plaster rotting from the ceiling, veiled in cobwebs and lost in shadow; a few blotched and tattered sketches and prints on the damp, mouldering walls, for everything salable had long since gone; a grate full of ashes, and the snow a foot high on the sill. And in the bleak and bitter white light of the lofty window through whose loose frame the snow blew in powdery puffs, the thing wrought into life by the genius of that shabby spectre, with the gaunt cur squatting at his side and following every motion of his nervous and excited hand with vigilant eyes. When we entered that room we had shivered, for it was colder than the street. But there was that in it which warmed our blood with the fires of enthusiasm. It stood upon the rickety easel, and in it were embalmed a year of an honest man's life and all his heart.

Shall I tell you how we congratulated Smith, and shook his hand, which was hot with fever, though he was shuddering, and how he broke down, and the Shadow came between his knees, as he sat in his big chair, and looked up at him, weeping, with the tears making two ridiculous channels down his own hairy face! B-r-r-r! How the wind howled, and the loose doors in the great desert of a corridor banged like cannon, and the Shadow, despite his grief, giving a growl at each detonation. But cold as it was, and with not a scrap to make a fire out of, we cracked a merry bottle, and admired and criticised, and admired again, till night came, and we groped our way out and got lost in the black passages, and were found again by the dog. We had a roaring dinner that night. For once Smith's refusals of an entertainment he was too proud to accept, because he needed it, availed him nothing. As for the Shadow, I have his master's assurance that it took three days and nights of sleep to digest his feast for him.

We escorted Smith home, in the dead small hours, and sent him up to sleep in his garret with his two companions, the ideal and the brute, and with a fire which we had got the janitor to build, while we were banqueting, to take the ban of winter off their slumbers. Perhaps you will find such details as these ridiculous, but life is not made up entirely of dignified facts. Its most solemn and pathetic episodes, indeed, have often that touch of the absurd about them which poor Smith's probation of misery displayed, and these touches redeem them from absolute horror, and render them human where they would otherwise be revolting.

The picture was done now, but the work was not. It had yet to be framed, and that meant a cash outlay of at least \$50. You will pardon the vulgar detail, I am sure. I wish to show you how slight a trifle may interpose an almost insurmountable barrier between merit and its reward. It was on New Year's Day that Smith showed "The Accident" to us, with his signature in the corner. He had two months to spare until the pictures for the Spring Exhibition were collected. It was not until ten days before the carts came around that Smith and the Shadow picked out a moulding in a framemaker's shop, and went forth prepared for the final ordeal. In order to pay for the frame for the picture, for which Moneybagge gave him his "cold five thousand," Smith had painted a couple of hundred bar-room show cards, those familiar Tom and Jerry bowls, and steaming tumblers of punch and overflowing beer glasses of gigantic stature, with pigny toppers scaling them by ladders to partake of their lofty nectarian delights, which have become a necessity to our bibulous civilization.

How he and the Shadow managed to live between this period and the opening of the exhibition, they alone know. But twenty-four hours after the galleries were opened to the press their troubles were over. Moneybagge purchased "The Accident" on reception night, and the painter, who could not decently go to see his own picture on that occasion, slept worth a fortune, and without a supper. He says he nearly fainted when the salesman, who knew his condition, came to his studio and announced the sale early next morning. He had set the price Moneybagge paid for it on the picture, with the absolute conviction that if he was lucky enough to sell it at all, it would be after a bargain, and at so large a reduction that mere speculation on it made him shudder. The catalogue figure had been meant to be impressive, not immovable. He found me dressing for breakfast, and I found him so white and shaken that I was afraid the end had really come. But joy does not always kill. He took my hands in both his own and said:

"Old man, Shadow and I are hungry and dead broke, so we will take breakfast with you, if you please. We'll take you to dinner, for I've—my God, X, I've sold it!"

And he threw his arms around my neck, and his sobs and the Shadow's sympathetic howls made up the chorus of victory.

So, if you ever dine with Moneybagge, which I sincerely hope, for your own sake, you will, and he gives you his views of art, as an easy and profitable trade, as he is certain to do, remember the genesis of Smith's great picture, as I have told it you, and ask yourself, is it the only pearl our art has cast before our Moneybagges, or is it but a type of its kind? You need not tell your host what you are thinking about, however, for he will not understand you, and you might lose another dinner by your indiscretion, which would be a pity.

A. T.

## ARTIST BIOGRAPHY IN BRIEF.

### II.

**BOLMER, M. DeFOREST.**—Born Yonkers, N.Y., 1854. First exhibited N. A. D. 1877. He paints American landscape, in a quiet key, with good color and treatment.

**CRANE, BRUCE.**—Born New York, 1857. Pupil of A. H. Wyant. First ex. N. A. D., 1878. Studied abroad 1878 and 1882. Member S. A. A. He paints American rural scenery with spirit and pleasing effect.

**BRICHER, A. T.**—Born Portsmouth, N. H., 1839. First ex. N. A. D. 1868, A. N. A. 1879. Member Am. W. C. S. He paints landscapes and coast views, and resides at Southampton, L. I., but has a studio in this city.

**CRAIG, THOMAS B.**—Born Philadelphia, Pa., 1849. Member Philadelphia Society of Art sts. His specialty is American pastoral landscape.

**CLARK, ALVAN.**—Born Mass., 1804. Self-taught engraver and portrait painter. Abandoned art for scientific pursuits and made many valuable improvements in astronomical instruments.

**DONOHU, G. RUGER.**—Born Church Hill, Miss., 1857. Pupil of R. Swain Gifford. Went to Europe in 1879 and studied in France. He paints landscapes with breadth and vigor.

**BLASHFIELD, EDWIN H.**—Born New York 1848. Went to Europe 1867, and became a pupil of Leon Bonnat. First ex. N. A. D. 1873. Royal Academy, London, 1876. Paris Salon, 1876. He paints the figure, and has given out many interesting and valuable historical and decorative compositions. His "Suspense," N. A. D., 1882, attracted merited attention. His historical works relate chiefly to the American Revolution. His decorative paintings rank among the finest in conception and execution made in the United States.

**BAKER, WILLIAM BLISS.**—Born New York. Pupil of Albert Bierstadt, M. F. H. De Haas and N. A. D. First ex. N. A. D. 1879. Took third Hallgarten prize N. A. D. 1884. His specialty is American pastoral landscape, which he paints with much fidelity and a high degree of realistic truth.

**BECKWITH, J. CARROLL.**—Born Hannibal, Mo., 1852. Pupil of Ecole des Beaux Arts, Carolus Duran and Adolphe Yvon, Paris. First ex. Salon, Paris, 1877. Member S. A. A. He paints the figure in a large, free manner, and has been most successful with portraits of women.

**BELLOWS, ALBERT F.**—Born Milford, Mass., 1829. Began the study of Art while in an architect's office, in Boston; afterwards in Paris and in Royal Academy, Antwerp. First ex. N. A. D. 1856. Elected A. N. A. 1859; N. A. 1861. His specialty was landscape, and he was most successful in New England scenery, which he rendered in a somewhat conventional but pleasing manner. He painted European landscape, and figures, and was eminently successful as an etcher, and a water colorist. He was one of the most prolific of American artists. Died, New York, 1883.

**BENJAMIN, S. G. W.**—Born Argos, Greece, 1837; a son of an American missionary to the Levant. Studied for two years in Constantinople, under Carlo Brindesi and Farrier; afterwards with S. L. Gerry and William E. Norton, Boston, Mass. First ex. Boston, 1872, N. A. D. 1878. His principal work has been done in Art literature. In 1883 he was appointed resident minister at Teheran, from which post he recently returned to this city. His pictures consist of marine views and landscapes.

**SCHUCHARDT, JR., FREDERICK.**—Born New York, 1856. Studied with William Morgan and J. G. Brown, 1875-78. First ex. N. A. D. 1877. He paints in the same line of subjects as his masters, and his works betray their influence strongly.

**SMITH, CALVIN RAE.**—Born New York, 1850. Pupil N. A. D. *Ecole des Beaux Arts*—Carolus Duran, D. Maillart, and Adolphe Yvon, in Paris and Italy, from 1874-79. First ex. Salon, Paris, 1878. He paints figure genre. Is interested in photography, and has made some valuable inventions.





BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

*Illustrated by Walter Shirlaw.\**

"TO a good cat a good rat," saith the merry old French proverb. To a good poem a good setting, is a permissible paraphrase. In the edition of Oliver Goldsmith's "Hermit," which the Lippincotts give us, the proverb applies to the letter. Among all the special works the holiday season has called into existence in this country, since holiday books first became a fashion, none touches this one in artistic quality or in the completeness of its execution. To do justice to "The Hermit" of Mr. Shirlaw would require the publication of every one of the twenty-four designs he has contributed to it, for their variety is equivalent to their number. In presenting, through the courtesy of the publishers, the three examples which we do, we give but a hint of what should, in its entirety, prove a rare gift to every reader of the ART UNION.

We possess, in Mr. Shirlaw, undoubtedly the most masterly artist in the loftier field of decorative art in America. The subtle sensitiveness to the most exquisite combination and balance of design, and the almost instinctive feeling for grace of form and grace in the assemblage and application of form, which constitute a great artist in the highest walk of art, are perceptible even in the least significant productions of his hand. In many of his compositions for "The Hermit" his art exhibits itself in the completest development possible to the subject and the compass to which it is restricted. Certain of the originals of these designs, painted on a moderate scale in black and white, are veritable gems.

The drawings may be generally divided into two classes: the compositions illustrating the poem, and the purely decorative designs applied as head pieces, finials and initials. But in the case of the more important illustrations, the decorative idea is carried out in the borders, which are in every instance made symbolical of the lines illustrated, and with wonderful completeness and delicacy of treatment also contrived to carry out and give rounded finish to the actual composition which they frame. At first glance these drawings make a suggestion of the noble compositions woven in antique tapestry, whose dignity of color they possess, but with a grace of composition and of line entirely their own, or rather their creators. But as one studies them one traces through them a vital spirit of allegory, carried from the lines which inspired them into the pictures themselves, and from them melting into the environing framework, where the sentiment of the delightful conceit of the poet is reflected in suggestions as tender and complete as his own simple and graceful verse.

The minor designs—which are only so in the sense that they supply a decorative finish to the pages rather than constitute essential elements in the illustration of the work—are equally intimate in their application to the text and in its elucidation. Not one has been created for the mere purpose of embellishment. Every one is part of the poem, completing in itself the work of the poet. To describe the volume as briefly as it can be described, its first impression is one of striking beauty, from the standpoint of pure illustration; its final and permanent one is of astounding sympathy between an artist who lives and a poet who is immortal, a species of transmigration of the poetic into the artistic soul, so rarely found as to be almost unique. The most splendid of these splendid monographs which our generation has produced is usually an illustrated book, whose pictures may be suggested by the text, but add nothing to it. In this instance we have a work in which the artist has completed what the poet began, and given it something he left it barren of—a definite vitality.

The execution of Mr. Shirlaw's designs, which are engraved on wood, has been confided to Frederick Juengling, an artist of whose rare ability

the ART UNION has had occasion to speak already in terms of amply merited commendation. In his present labor Mr. Juengling has excelled himself. Higher praise would savor of flattery.

## WILLIAM PAGE.

WILLIAM PAGE was born at Albany, New York, on January 23d, 1811. After some small schooling he was, at the age of fourteen, placed in a lawyer's office. But he had previously shown an inclination for art, and already had had a prize given him by the American Institute for a drawing in Indian ink. Fortunately the lawyer, Mr. de Peyster, was President of the New York Academy of the Fine Arts, and so in some measure prepared to understand the artist tendency of the boy. He showed the lad's drawings to Trumbull, who is reported to have said, after learning that the lad had brains—"Tell him to stick to law," as the better paying occupation. The usual advice, under such circumstances, had its usual reception. Genius takes its own course, careless of worldly prudential reasons, undeterred by even the records of unsuccess. Page gave up the promise of a prosperous career and entered on the path of fame. For a time he learned what he could in the service of an obscure portrait painter named Herring, and then had the advantage of lessons from Morse, the inventor of the electro-telegraph and first President of the new National Academy of Design. As student there Page, in his seventeenth year, obtained for his drawing the silver medal, the first prize given by the Academy. Soon after this, his religious feelings disposing him to become a minister, he began to study with that end in view, first at Andover, then at Amherst, supporting himself by painting miniatures; but unable to confine his mind within the bounds of prevalent orthodoxy, probably also the sense of his higher calling strong upon him, he had to abandon the priestly intention, and resumed his artistic destiny, taking a studio at Albany and rapidly rising into good repute. Thence removing to New York, he was elected a member of the Academy (of which he afterwards was sometime President) and won a high position both as a colorist and for the faithfulness of his portraits, his work, however, not absolutely confined to portraiture. From New York he removed to Boston, painting there for several years, up to 1847, when he returned to New York, remaining till 1849, in which year he went to Europe. Eleven years were spent in Rome, Venice and Florence, and in 1859-60 he came back to America. For four or five years he lived at Englewood, New Jersey. Since then his home has been on Staten Island, near to Tottenville, though his working life was at the studio in New York City. Seven years ago, stricken with paralysis, he was disabled from following his art, since suffering all the sadness of compelled inaction (though with loving care from wife and children). He died at Staten Island on September 30th.

Such are the simple biographical facts. The list of his paintings I cannot fully give. Of what may be called his inventive works, the most important are his "Venus," "Moses on Mount Horeb," a "Flight into Egypt," the "Antique Timbrel Player," an "Infant Bacchus," his portrait (which was something more than a portrait) of "Admiral Farragut," a head of "Christ," and a full length figure of "Shakspeare." Of portraits may be mentioned some of many, Governor Marcy, John Quincy Adams, Josiah Quincy, Mrs. Crawford (the wife of the sculptor), Lowell, Wendell Phillips, Colonel Shaw, Ward Beecher, Tilton, Moulton, Miss Cushman, Browning (not named here in any order), all excellent in character and admirably painted. Best of all his portraits, perhaps, are two three-quarter length figures, life size, painted at Rome, of himself and wife, portraits that in all the higher qualities of art, may fairly rank with even those of Titian, of whom Page was an enthusiastic admirer. His last work was in sculpture, a life-size head of "Shakspeare."

I must leave abler pens than my own to point out his special excellencies as a painter, and to speak of his work with fairly appreciative criticism. One thing I may not hesitate to say. He was never content with only pigments; he mixed his colors with brains, his drawing had always thought behind it. He never painted only to produce a passing impression or provoke a foolish popularity. His art was to him a religion, to be approached with reverence, to be worshipped with careful conscientiousness. Where he failed, from some lack it may be of pictorial invention, his failures were yet above the successes of other men. His "Shakspeare" (either picture or sculpture) may not satisfy every one; his "Christ" may displease and be objected to; but when criticism has gone through his works, the qualified critic (a painter, that is) will own that he stands highest among American painters, and recognize that his influence has been great and beneficial upon American art. I think I am not speaking only of my own impression, but that I express the feeling of most of his contemporaries. If the outside voice does not assent to this, it is because he never cared to paint to please the carelessness of ignorance. The future will do him justice. His best pictures will be valued in coming days.

Of the man I am better qualified to speak. I may refer to Lowell's love for him; a love always fervently reciprocated by Page. Lowell's dedication of his poems to him forty years ago, speaks finely of their early friendship. And many are the artists who can tell of his ready and kindest helpfulness upon all occasions. Large-hearted, generous, of most religious, or (more exactly to express what I would intend by that word) most reverential nature, a poet in his soul, not without utterance of that in the imaginative portion of painting, he stood not only high among artists, but

\* Published by J. B. Lippincott &amp; Co., Philadelphia.



head and shoulders, like Saul, above the ordinary stature of even thinking and capable and true-hearted men. Enthusiastic, poetic, eloquent, he attracted and charmed those who came within his circle. And, beyond all this, he was of the very few whom to know is to love, the closer intimacy with him rendering that love more fervent and more fully satisfied. During fifteen years that I have had the honor and the happiness of Page's friendship I have never found a flaw in his noble nature nor ought to lessen my profoundest admiration and regard.

W. J. LINTON.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., November, 1885.

### A VALUABLE ART INDUSTRY.

MR. CHARLES VOLKMAR, who has been for five years making a desperate and unflinching effort to establish the artistic production of Limoges underglaze in America, has, in the face of the most distressing difficulties, won his way to at least the promise of victory. At his pottery Mr. Volkmar now has some underglaze panels of a quality which, upon their exhibition this winter, will create a decided sensation unless the public taste is absolutely brutalized. A Baltimorean by birth, the son of a painter of repute, and a pupil of the great French landscapist, Harpignies, Mr. Volkmar devoted himself to the study of underglaze while residing and studying abroad. He went so far in his zeal as to serve as a laborer in one of the great French potteries in order to acquire its secrets. For some years he produced ware of the highest order at Paris, and could have remained and built up a permanent establishment there, but he conceived the idea that the field in America was a richer one to work, and came home to work it. The result was a heroic battle with adversity, handicapped as he was by lack of a business opening for the products of his art, which passed into the hands of connoisseurs who appreciated their value at prices highly advantageous to the buyer. But widening connections and enhanced facilities for production have overcome the original difficulties which beset him. His recent productions exhibit a degree of decorative beauty and a perfection of glaze exceeding the best of his earlier work, and only lacking the foreign stamp to pass commercially current for acknowledged masterpieces.—*The Art Age*.

### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE illustrations to this number of THE ART UNION begin with a frontispiece drawing by Mr. Wm. H. Lippincott, provided along with the other illustrations to the article describing his studio especially for this issue of our Magazine. Mr. Lippincott affords complete and worthy examples of his art in these drawings. The Tile Club is illustrated by its members, as is the article on the Artists' Fund Society. Mr. Ranger contributes the spirited sketches to the note upon his exhibition, and the magnificent specimens from Mr. Shirlaw's illustration to "The Hermit" are published through the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. T. B. Lippincott & Co. The illustrations to Burnet's invaluable essay are reproduced in *fac simile* from those in the original volume.

### SOME LOCAL EXHIBITIONS.

ONE of the most interesting individual exhibitions of etchings ever held in this country, is that of the works of Herman Haig, given this month in the gallery of Messrs. Wunderlich & Co. The display includes all of the great architectural etchers' work that can be got together. The earliest of Mr. Haig's etchings are dated 1877. There is one, a small plate, entitled Holyrood, bearing that date, and marked by him in pencil as his first etching. It is an insignificant and amateurish work, but within two years, in 1879, we find him making studies on the same ground full of vigor and with excellent finish. Holyrood, Melrose and Jedburgh furnished him with material in the years 1877, 1878 and 1879, in which his advancement in technique and power may be progressively noted. In 1879 he was on the Continent, making the first of those architectural studies for which he is now famous. From 1880 began his series of magnificent translations of historic architecture which have themselves become historical. He sought for material everywhere, from his native Sweden and the Hanse towns down to France, Spain and Italy, and wherever he found his subject the alchemy of his art gave it a lease of immortality. Over forty plates are catalogued for the exhibition, and impressions of the destroyed plates are also shown.

ACCORDING TO *To-Day*, there is in preparation by Frederick Keppel & Co., of this city, an exhibition of the etchings of Charles Méryon, sailor, engraver, and the greatest etcher of his time, which ended with his death in 1868, at the age of forty-seven. Méryon's etchings are to-day more precious than gold. Yet, neglected by the public and abandoned to despair, this artist, whose works now represent a fortune, went mad and starved himself to death in the Charenton Asylum. In the frenzy of his lunacy Méryon destroyed many of his finest works. What remain of his plates give us the old Paris, which was being Haussmannized out of existence even while he beat the walls of the madhouse with his despairing hands, and in historical as in artistic value are almost priceless.

The Art Students' League gave a very interesting exhibition of pictures, sketches and studies by its professors, on the evening of Saturday, Oct. 31st. Messrs. Shirlaw, Chase, Eakins, Beckwith, Cox, Alden Weir, Blashfield and Sartain were well represented. The attendance was large, and almost as interesting as the display itself.

On Friday, Oct. 30th, an interesting exhibition of black-and-white drawings, obtained through the courtesy of Mr. Charles Parsons, of Harpers, was made at the Gotham Art Students' rooms. Messrs. Abbey, Reinhart, Parsons, Pyle, Church, Millet and others were represented at their best, in a field they have made essentially their own.

### THE AMERICAN ART GALLERIES.

THE fall exhibition at the American Art Galleries opened on November 2d with an exhibition of works by American artists at home and abroad. The pictures number a few over 400, and there are four works of sculpture, which include a couple of portrait busts by Samuel Thompson and a bronze of a Pompeian Water Boy, by J. Edwin Elwell, an original figure, spirited and well worked out, with, however, more picturesqueness than grace. There is not a great picture in the galleries, but there are a number of good as well as a number of extremely poor ones. The strongest of our older painters are strikingly conspicuous in the display by their absence, and much of the work shown, while it may not have been exhibited before, might have just as well remained in modest retirement. The first gallery is given up principally to pictures sent from the American colony in Paris. They are important as to size chiefly and in most cases a great deal of canvas has been wasted on very little subject. The four \$250 prizes to be awarded to the water colors have not drawn forth as extensive a response in the way of exhibits as might have been expected. Still, this branch of the exhibition holds some strong and interesting works. The addition of the galleries made since last spring give them some picturesque nooks and corners, and a charming large gallery, broken by a Moorish arch, in which the water colors are shown. The exhibition is catalogued in a tasteful pamphlet, without illustrations or prices.

### THE PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION.

PHILADELPHIA, November 7th.—There are 645 numbers in the catalogue of the present exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. These include works in oil and water colors, black and white, etchings and sculpture. The "Omar Khaiyyam" drawings of Elihu Vedder form part of the display. Altogether this, the fifty-sixth annual exhibition of the Academy, is held under more favorable auspices and promises to be more successful than any which have preceded it for a number of years. The differences which had existed between the Academy directors and the artist fraternity have ceased to exist—the grievances of which either side complained having been adjusted and put aside—and we are treated to the remarkable spectacle of an Academy exhibition managed by a committee composed entirely of artists. This is a notable circumstance, and, as marking the spirit in which the former differences have been settled it deserves emphasis. The directors have removed, by this plan, the last vestige of a grievance which it was possible for the artists to entertain, while the artists, by abandoning their separate exhibition and devoting their entire energies to the promotion of the interests of the academy, have accomplished all that professional influence could to attract to its walls the best work of the studios of other cities, as well as Philadelphia—for naturally, during the period of the differences, the sympathies of the profession at large were with the Society of Artists.

What strikes the observer in the galleries is the fact that not only is the general impression extremely good—very little fault is to be found with the hanging—and not only is the general average of merit rather high than otherwise, but that nearly all of our own painters here at home are seen at their very best. Mr. Lane, for instance, never did better than in this small picture with two figures, full of the softness of summer twilight and the tender glow of the new moon, or the study portrait of a gentleman, further on. Nor Mr. Craig, than in this large, strong landscape in the farther room, with its dark, rich masses of foliage against a sky of wonderful brilliance. Nor Mr. Sword, in these rocks at Newport, nor Miss Cecilia Beaux, in the exquisite portrait of a woman and child which hangs close by.

Mr. Alexander Harrison is sure to come in for a fair share of the visitor's attention, as he has done at every recent exhibition. This huge canvas stops you at the very threshold, and demands a hearing before you tire yourself out with the other pictures. The painting, as painting, is very masterly, more masterly, I think, than anything Mr. Harrison has ever shown here before, but he is not quite at his best in it after all. The skill with which the infinitely subtle gradations of color are managed in the waste of stretching sand would excuse indulgence in a good deal of canvas, but really there ought to be a limit somewhere. Mr. Harrison has imposed none at all in this acre of picture.

Mr. Bruce Crane never appeared to better advantage than in the fine autumn landscape in the western gallery, perhaps the best landscape in the collection, and Mr. Hovenden has seldom shown finer qualities than those which characterize his "And the Harbor Bar is Moaning," which hangs nearly opposite. Simple and solid in its mastery technique, deep and true in the passion which it embodies, there is no better work here than this. The sitting figure in the foreground is not up to the rest; the dependence on the model is a little too apparent; the passion of the picture hardly extends to her; but the standing figure, with its unconventional vigor, and the one crouched in the dark beyond—there could hardly be anything better than these. And there is beautiful work by Charles Sprague Pearce and two bright performances by Bridgman: strong, healthy painting, which marks a decided improvement over any of their former work, by Harry Poore and James P. Kelly and Leon Delachaux, and some capital cattle by Mrs. Hovenden and by C. L. Pierce; work characteristically brilliant by Kirkpatrick, and Lippincott and Blashfield; and some very artistic things, marking perhaps the extreme of cleverness, by Walter Shirlaw and J. McCutcheon Hamilton.

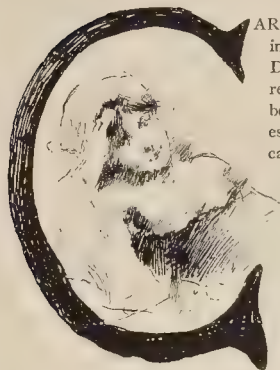
It is impossible at this writing to do more than call attention to the conspicuous merit which distinguishes the contributions of several, to me, quite new men, notably that of Mr. M. A. Wolff, whose "How it all Happened" is perhaps the best piece of story-telling here; and those by Mr. William Bailey Faxon, and Mr. G. R. Barse. Of the vigorous work of Mr. H. T. Cariss, Mr. Burr H. Nichols and Mr. Clifford P. Grayson; the water colors and pastels, especially those of Miss Cassatt and Mr. Robert Arthur; of the very beautiful etchings of Mr. Peter Moran, Miss Blanche Dillaye, Miss Edith L. Pierce and others; as well as of the designs for illustrations by Mr. F. B. Schell, and other work in the black and white room, a department unusually strong this year—the original drawings for Vedder's superb illustrations of the "Rubáiyat" occupying one entire wall—I hope to speak in a later letter.

The works of sculpture include several portraits by Katherine M. Cohen, Augustus St. Gaudens' fine bronze bas-relief of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Wiehaus' portrait bust of President Garfield, and the collection of Indian and animal sculptures by Edward Kemeys, originally exhibited in New York a couple of years ago. Mr. Kemeys' art has a rude and picturesque vigor, without overmuch finish. But his creations brood the rugged and the savage spirit of the wildwood, which with more polished execution they might lack.

X. Y. Z.



## THE ARTISTS' FUND SOCIETY.



CARELESSNESS of the future is becoming more and more a social crime. During several years past it has been remarked that professional men have become more and more active in establishing societies which, in some cases, are purely benevolent in character, and, in others, are similar to life insurance companies. Thus, we have the Actors' Fund, the Produce Exchange, the Stock Exchange and Post-Office societies; the lawyers, I believe, are organizing, and in the Navy there is one. One of the oldest and soundest of these institutions is the Artists' Fund Society of the City of New York.

It has been said that infants born during a storm become men of energy and renown. If this Society was not ushered into the world under these troublous atmospheric conditions, its infancy was, at least, passed in the midst of revolution and convulsion. The Society originated in misfortune, or, to speak more accurately, grew out of it. Mr. Ranney, the artist, died, leaving his family destitute. The painters of New York, then a small and disorganized body, made a collection of their own works, which were sold at auction for the benefit of the survivors of their unfortunate brother. F. E. Church contributed a small picture called "Morning in the Tropics," which brought \$625, the largest sum that, up to that time, had ever been given for a picture under the hammer in America. The proceeds of this fund were given to Mrs. Ranney; and, some of the artists, realizing the necessity of such a society as would prevent, in their cases, a recurrence of the event their charity commemorated, formed an organization to that end in 1859.

Some time was occupied in making a constitution and properly organizing for work. A great deal of trouble attended these preliminary movements. It was found, at first, impossible to harmonize the elements composing the new society. The President-elect resigned, the Vice-President declined to enter upon his duties, some five members withdrew, and the treasury was in debt. But the most hopeful of the pioneers did not despair. The constitution was revised, new officers elected, and, finally, in October, 1860, as twenty-five members had agreed to contribute, arrangements were made for the first exhibition.

The National Academy of Design gratuitously furnished three of their rooms for the use of the Fund. On the 6th of December, 1860, the exhibition opened, with forty-four contributions from forty-one members, together with 126 works by American artists, loaned for exhibition, the whole valued at \$20,000. After two weeks the rooms were cleared, and the sale took place on December 22d, in a building at the corner of Tenth Street

and Fourth Avenue. The result was encouraging. Picture buyers were sentimental in those days, and for the purpose of giving the Society a chance to start in life, made an effort to bid fairly for the works offered.

Every one who remembers the events of 1860 can understand what I refer to by the Society being born amid revolution and convulsion. The stormy presidential campaign of 1860 had just ended. Abraham Lincoln, the candidate of the Republican party, had been elected, and the Southern States were already arming and seceding from the Federal Union. An alarming and unprecedented state of affairs had burst upon us, and a general spirit of distrust and gloom pervaded the entire community. Exhibitions and sales of pictures contemplated by other parties had been abandoned or postponed. The Artists' Fund's venture was almost a forlorn hope. The amount of money expected and needed had not been received, but the result showed that the public stood ready to encourage the Society, and that it was destined to live; so, on the 13th of April, 1861, the Society was incorporated by the Legislature.

The year '61 was the most eventful, perhaps, in the history of the country, for with the first breath of spring came the shock of artillery, and soon the whole nation was engaged in the most terrible war of modern times. Still, the Society went on successfully, and at the end of the year stood favorably known to the public, out of debt, and with fifty members and a fund of \$5,000. The sale of 1862 realized \$3,376.50, an average of \$73.39 for each contribution. The average for the first year was \$50.82; for the second year, \$62.68. The sale of 1863 showed an average of \$76, and the Society now had over \$13,000 in its coffers. The war made money plentiful, and the artists, like other people, profited by the inflation. In 1864 the average at the sale was nearly \$85, and the balance in the treasury was \$20,349.80. This year Prof. Samuel F. B. Morse gave \$2,000 to the Society, an example which was afterwards followed by Mr. Edwin White, another artist, who left \$1,000 by his will, and Mrs. A. T. Stewart, who gave \$2,500. The Morse fund was made a separate investment, the donor desiring that no member of the profession needing assistance should be excluded from its benefits.

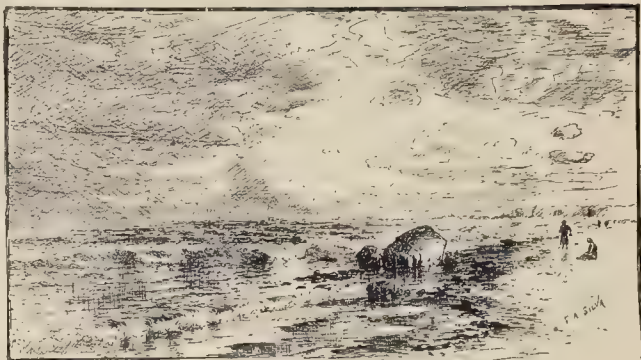
It had been customary to borrow a number of pictures in order to make as large and interesting exhibition as possible. An admission fee was charged, which went a long way towards paying the expenses of the Society; but after a few years this plan was abandoned, and the regular



M. F. H. DE HAAS.

free exhibitions of an auction sale took place. The Society undertook, in its early days, to pay to the family of a deceased member the sum of \$1,500. As the Society grew richer this was increased to \$2,500, and then to \$4,000. Besides this, there is a Benevolent Fund for the relief of artists not members of the Society, and a Relief Fund for the assistance of members in distress.

As the country emerged from its trouble the Artists' Fund Society began to rank as one of the moneyed institutions of the United States; but the depression which fell upon the country after the war, when gold was high and values unsettled, gave rise to some apprehension. The sales were not so satisfactory; members grew discontented; and, in fact, from that time there has been more or less discontent in the Association. Some of this must be charged to the account of certain works selling at so much less than their true value at the annual sales. In former times certain loans of art were wont to make a pool of money go to the sales and buy pictures, to divide among themselves afterwards, and they bought liberally. At that time picture auctions were rare, and foreign art had scarcely invaded the market. To-day, the important sales of fine pictures which are constantly occurring—sometimes five sales in one week—and the bewilderments afforded by the collections of the dealers and public exhibitions, all combine to dwarf the Artists' Fund sale in importance. The old collectors, too, have passed away. People no longer go to help the cause, but to drive as hard a bargain as possible with the auctioneer. But, in spite of these changes, the average of merit and of price at the sales have increased, and the Fund grew until it became a fixed fact that the Society was safe. It was noticed that in the fluctuations during the return to specie payments, after the war, common merchandise suffered a reduction of thirty to fifty per cent., while pictures—luxuries, as they are termed—fell only



FRANCIS A. SILVA.



J. FRANCIS MURPHY.



ARTHUR PARTON.

twenty per cent. They were dark days for the Society while the country was slowly recovering from the effects of the great war, and using so much money in bridging the great West with steel rails to wed the Atlantic with the Pacific and connect our commerce with the Orient. But the interest of the Fund had increased its capital steadily, and death had spared its members to such an extent that there had been but a slight drain upon its treasury.

Within the last few years there has been considerable discussion in the Society in regard to the question of sales. It was proposed by some to abandon them altogether, to allow no more members to enter the Society, and to use the funds to pay the insurances as fast as deaths occurred. Others proposed to divide the funds among the members, in proportion to the amounts they had contributed. After several experts had given their opinions, and different committees and individual members had investigated and reported, and many meetings had been held, it was resolved to keep on as before, as that was considered the wisest plan.

A reporter in one of the daily papers, referring to some of the transactions of this Society not long ago, wrote that "artists and art societies are as children in matters of business." This young man was only following the popular but erroneous idea, that to be an artist disqualifies a man for all of the serious affairs of life. It is a fact that the three principal art societies of this city, *viz.*, the National Academy, the Artists' Fund and the Water Color Society, are very ably managed—better than many of the financial institutions of this country. The Academy is sixty years old, is out of debt, has a fine building and funds in bank. The Artists' Fund is the richest art society in the world, and more thoroughly solvent than any life insurance company in this country; and the Water Color Society is in a very independent condition. Whenever laymen have attempted to assist in their management





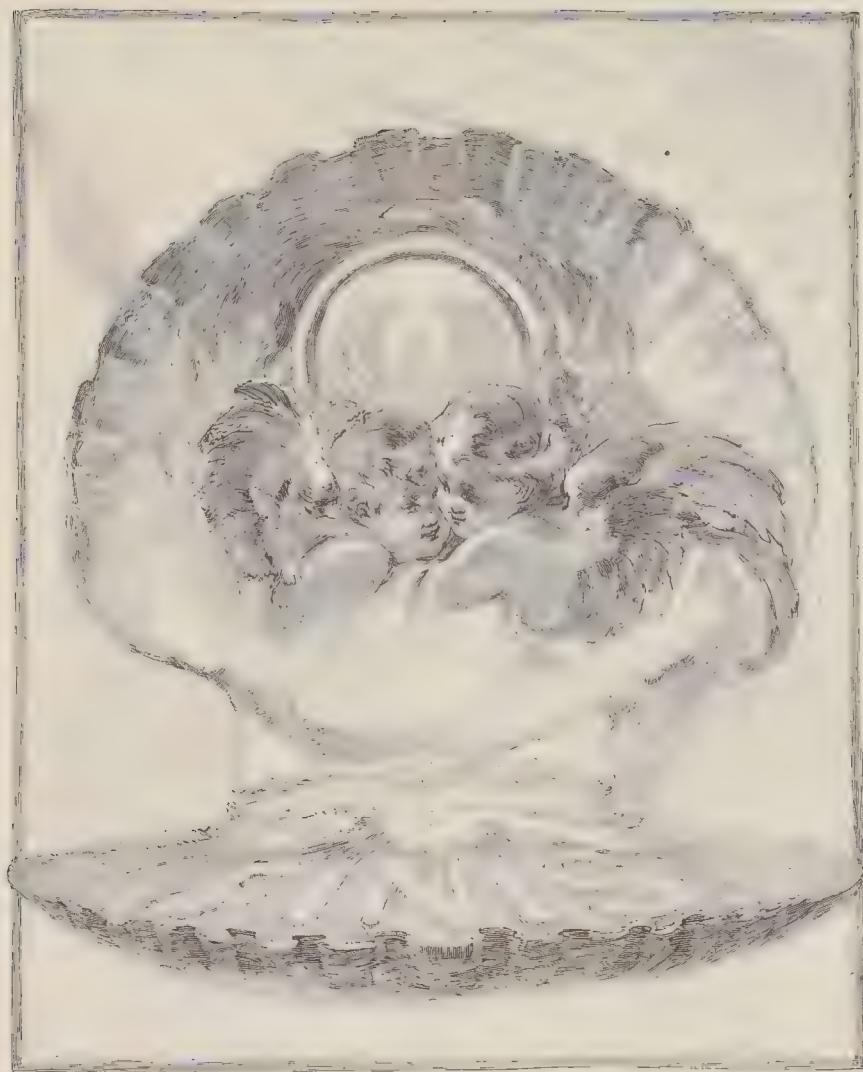
















trouble took place, but when the artists controlled all went safely. Artists, as a rule, are exceedingly cautious, and unwilling to take the risks business men so often assume and come to ruin. It would be difficult to find any institution in this country that has been so ably and carefully managed as the Artists' Fund Society; and, strange to say, it has been since its start mainly in the hands of the same set of men, and still it has not developed into a "ring." The Society has passed its sentimental age, and has become a cold, serious business institution, as much—and more so—than many of our banks. Each member must be ready with his contribution at the date ordered, or pay his one hundred dollars in cash, or lose his membership. Each is obliged to contribute for twenty-five years, and then go on the retired list. Several of the old members go out this year, and their works will no longer engage the auctioneer. Meanwhile, new blood must come into the Society; and of late years it has gained in membership some of the strongest young painters of this city, and its condition is as sound as it is possible for human institutions to be. May it live long, and prosper!

FRANCIS A. SILVA.

### A NEW SKETCHING GROUND.

MESSRS. Reichard & Co. last month held an exhibition in their Fifth Avenue gallery of thirty-two water colors by Henry W. Ranger. Mr. Ranger is a native of this State, and, like a great many American talents, young and old, owes his place in art entirely to his own efforts. He is the son of a Syracuse photographer, and began his active career in life in his father's gallery, where he became known as an artistic and expert poser. His natural predilection for art, fostered by his surroundings, impelled him to throw up the business after some years, in which all of his spare time was devoted to study from nature, and he launched himself upon his present career with the opposition of his family and the encouragement usual to a beginner in art in this or any other country.

His first work of any importance was done in black and white, and was noteworthy chiefly for photographic fidelity and minuteness of detail. A

chance meeting with the late A. F. Bellows during a summer at Glen Haven, some eight years ago, set him on the right track. His work in water colors began to find a sale, and in 1881 he came to New York. Here he established himself, painting in water colors, and exhibiting with increasing success. A couple of years ago he began summering in Canada, utilizing the quaintly picturesque material so abundant in and around Quebec to excellent results. A marked change in his style, due to his study of the Dutch water colorists, gives his later work added interest and value. Thanks to this and to the novel material

afforded him by his summer sketching ground, his recent exhibition proved an exceptionally attractive one to the public.

Its interest was enhanced by the revelation it made of a new and hitherto unexplored region, one of those odd corners of the continent which seems to have been specially preserved, if not created, for the artist. A number of his sketches were drawn from the Isle de Grue, which, in the pretty catalogue prepared by him for his exhibition, he calls "a bit of old France," and thus quaintly describes:

"Crane Island (Isle de Grue) is in the middle of the St. Lawrence River, fifty miles below Quebec, and ten miles from either shore. It was one of the early Seigneuralty grants by Louis XIV. in New France, and was peopled by the honest Breton peasants, whose habits and houses remain here unchanged by modern progress. The people live and die in the belief that Quebec is the centre of the world, and that London, Paris and New York are more than half myths. Only two important events have happened in its local history: the wreck of the French frigate 'l'Eléphant,' in 1729, and the visit of a wandering peddler who, in 1822, called at the



THIBITOUT'S DOCK, QUEBEC.



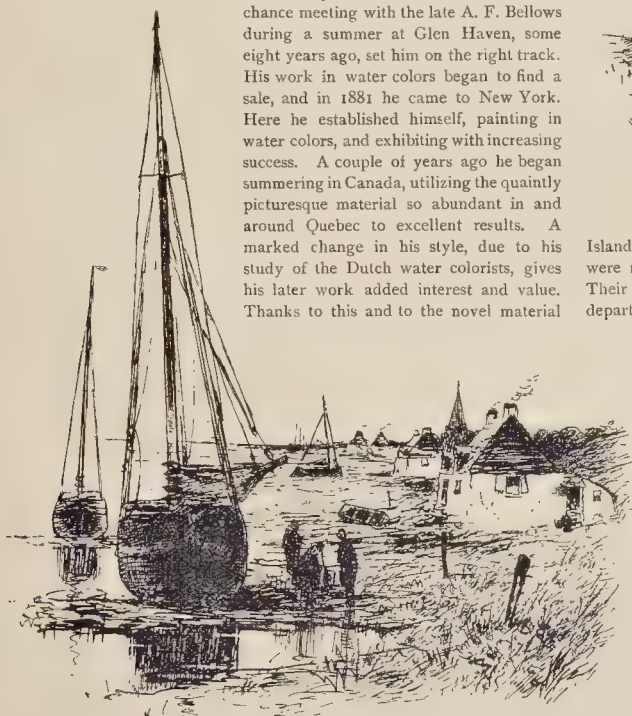
CRANE ISLAND'S ONLY ROAD.

Island with a stock of red paint. The artists who explored these shores were regarded as harmless lunatics, whose vagaries should be humored. Their labors were watched with deep and mystified interest, and their departure hailed with a kindly, old-fashioned farewell."

It is likely, after the revelation Mr. Ranger has made of its possibilities, that Crane Island will become better known to our exhibitions in the future.

WHILE I believe that dilettantism is the curse of art, I also believe that the steady spread of the fancy for artistic study among our better classes is a sign to be hailed with gratification by all lovers of art for its own sake. You cannot expect people to appreciate pictures until they understand them, and the nearer they come to discovering how they are made, the nearer they will come to a comprehension of what is good in them. All this muddling of colors on canvas and paper, and bedaubing of papier maché pots and clay vases, is part of a liberal education. It is not likely to develop many talents, but it will develop an appreciation of talent by which the real artist will be benefited. — *To-Day*.

C. KLACKNER has published a large and handsome etching by James S. King, after a picture by Clement R. Grant, called "Waiting." The sentiment of the subject is charmingly worked out, and the etching is executed with skill and delicacy.



FISHERMAN'S HOUSE, CRANE ISLAND.

## ART PATRONAGE GONE ASTRAY.

"THE Rembrandt Club, of Brooklyn, is a peculiar organization. It has an artistic name, and numbers a good many picture buyers and collectors in its membership of seventy or so, but what its mission is no one has yet been able to discover. The members meet occasionally, somebody reads a paper about something that might as well go unread, everybody else wags his head wisely as he dozes through it, and then they part on the best of terms with themselves individually and collectively. The Rembrandt seems recently to have been stimulated by some occult force to a vigorous effort to do something. It has appropriated a sum variously stated from \$1,000 to \$1,500, to purchase an etched plate, from which each member is to receive a proof, after which the plate is to be solemnly destroyed. From all that appears it does not matter what the etching is or who it is by as long as it is a real etching. A prominent member who unfolded this luminous scheme to me with great pride informed me that the Club's idea was to encourage art. If it really wishes to encourage art, why doesn't it donate the money raised to some exhibition, to be used for prizes for the best pictures, or send some talented young fellow abroad to study on it for a couple of years? There is an old proverb of a fool and his money. The members of the Rembrandt are all too wealthy to be fools, but they ought to have a financial adviser to tell them what to do with their cash."

The case of the Rembrandt Club, as above noted by a local critic, is not an uncommon one with us. In his blind groping after something advantageous to art, the modern art patron is far more likely to go astray than to secure the end he seeks. The most inspiring and healthy aid that can be given to our art, next to its practical encouragement by liberal purchase, is an assistance which holds forth an inducement to labor and advancement to the student on the threshold of his career. The couple of prizes already competed for in the Academy of Design have shown how excellent the result of such contests is when they are fairly conducted. In time to come there will, it is to be hoped, be many more and more substantial ones to cheer and strengthen the young and ambitious worker on his hard and sterile road.

## THE PRIZE WATER COLORS.

THE four prizes of \$250 each were awarded to the Water Colors at the American Art Galleries, on Saturday, November 14th. The award was made by the votes of the visitors, each of whom received a card on entering, which was filled out in favor of four of the exhibitors, and deposited in a box at the door. The choice fell to Messrs. George H. Smillie, F. K. M. Rehn, H. F. Farny and W. Hamilton Gibson, the pictures securing the prizes being a marine, a coast view, a landscape, and a figure piece.

## OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

THE Christmas *Harper's* is a magnificent magazine. From its frontispiece, engraved by Closson after Raphael's "Madonna del Granduca" to Charles S. Reinhart's concluding sketch in the Editor's Drawer, it is a mine of pictorial richness. Among the names of the illustrators are to be mentioned George H. Boughton, E. A. Abbey, Howard Pyle, Alfred Fredericks, Frederick Dielman, W. T. Smedley and W. H. Gibson. Of especial interest is Philip Burty's biographical sketch of the little known French wineshop keeper and water colorist, Leon Bonvin (the name is, by the way, a fitting one), to illustrate which the collection of Mr. William T. Walters has been lavishly drawn upon.

THE November *Century* contains the conclusion of Edmund Gosse's article on "Living English Sculptors," the first paper of which was given over two years ago. There is a good story, by Mary Hallock Foote, beautifully illustrated by herself. Robert Koehler's "Socialist," from the last Spring Academy, is engraved as a full page. Artistically considered, the November *Century* is by no means up to the mark.

THE best of a number of good things in the November *Magazine of Art* is Jonnaards' page cut of John S. Sargent's superb portrait composition of the Misses Vickers. The St. Louis Museum of the Fine Arts is also illustrated and described.

THE *Art Amateur* for November illustrates the art of Henry Mosler, and gives the usual technical instruction in the various walks of art, as practiced by amateurs. In its special line, the *Art Amateur* is a periodical without a peer.

THE current issue of the *Decorator and Furnisher* is exceptionally interesting for an article of "Yacht Trophies," illustrated by direct reproductions of some of the famous yachting cups contested for in our waters. The best designs, in the sense of originality, appropriateness and artistic feeling, are the two made by Charles Osborn.

THE *Art Age* begins with this month the publication of a series of heliotype prints from the pictures of well-known native artists. The opening picture is from M. F. H. De Haas' noble coast marine, now on exhibition at the American Art Galleries. The plate for the December number will be after a picture by James M. Hart. Some beautiful designs for stained glass windows, by J. & R. Lamb, and a full page sketch, by Wm. J. Baer, are additional features of the current number.

## GENIUS' TRIBUTE TO GENIUS.

THE life of William Page was a life of spiritual enthusiasm and untiring devotion to the high ideal of his art. It was truly the artist's life as it is felt and described by Browning:

"I could have painted pictures like that youth's  
Ve praise so—"

Fascinated by the great works of the great painters, he sought long and unweariedly the secret of that superb color, that divine glow, which has been the inspiration and the despair of generations of artists. How much of that mellow brilliancy which is the splendor of the Venetians he caught and transferred to his own canvas, those best know who are most intelligently familiar with his works. But he never rested. He was Emerson's "endless experimenter," and some of his finest portraits, painted according to his method of the moment, have gradually darkened and are practically extinct.

But the noble enthusiasm to which the reverend pursuit of expression in art is a religion and not a trade, if it kept him always poor, made him always young, and was as fresh at threescore and ten, and in the feeblest of illness, as it had been in the youth of the pupil at the Academy. He walked hand in hand with poetry as with painting. Familiar with the sonnets of Shakespeare as with the portraits of Titian, he lived among men rapt in that high ideal world.

"Whose light doth trample on our days."

If it was pathetic to see how far he fell short, in his own estimate, of the excellence that he revered, it was inspiring and re-assuring to human nature to watch a devotion so absolute, and so invincible a faith. But of Page it is true, as of so many men of the finest nature, that his works, however beautiful and valuable, are but glimpses and gleams of a genius which leaves no adequate expression.—GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, in *Harper's Magazine* for December.

## TWO ARTIST-POETS.

## COMPASS VARIATIONS.

When the rude mariner with anchor free,  
And bark, fresh laden, speeding from the land,  
Takes the long tiller in his horny hand,  
And wrestles with the buffeting of the sea,  
He sometimes notes the compass tremblingly  
Yield to some secret and supreme command—  
Some ore in the hold unseen, nor may withstand  
His skill their mystic sacrament to agree.  
Thus finely poised natures gently bend,  
Amid life's energy of waves, to greet  
The sudden revelation of a friend,  
Deep freighted, not to mar, but to repeat  
The star's exalted influence and lend  
Augmenting power to make life's daring course complete.

A. G. HEATON, in *To-Day*.

## AT THE GRAVE OF KEATS.

TO G. W. C.

Long, long ago, in the sweet Roman spring,  
Through the bright morning air we slowly strolled,  
And in the blue heaven heard the skylark sing  
Above the ruins old.

Beyond the Forum's crumbling grass-grown piles,  
Through high-walled lanes o'erhung with blossoms white  
That opened on the far Campagna's miles  
Of verdure and of light;

Till by the grave of Keats we stood, and found  
A rose—a single rose left blooming there,  
Making more sacred still that hallowed ground  
And that enchanted air.

A single rose, whose fading petals drooped,  
And seemed to wait for us to gather them.  
So, kneeling on the humble mound, we stooped  
And plucked it from its stem.

One rose and nothing more. We shared its leaves  
Between us, as we shared the thoughts of one  
Called from the field before his unripe sheaves  
Could feel the harvest sun.

That rose's fragrance is forever fled  
For us, dear friend—but not the Poet's lay.  
He is the rose, deathless among the dead,  
Whose perfume lives to-day.

C. P. CRANCH, in *Harper's Magazine*



## CARICATURE IN AMERICA.

A LOCAL weekly, commenting on caricature in America and England, observes: "The maker of funny pictures in America has from time immemorial had a hard fight for existence. The best caricaturist America ever possessed nearly starved to death. His name was John McLanan, and he belonged in Cincinnati. He was to America what John Leech was to England. His talent was quite as human, brilliant and versatile. His best work was done for the Harpers and on *Vanity Fair*, and no work has since been done to equal it. He spent all of his working life in art in New York, and died here, in poverty and misery, about fifteen years ago. The last time the writer saw him he was sitting on a doorstep down Broadway in a pelting sleet storm. He had rheumatic gout and had been overcome by it while on his way to a valentine publisher's in Chatham Street with some drawings he had to deliver in order to get a few dollars to keep his wretched household in Brooklyn alive on. He died penniless, and the artists of the newspaper press made an auction of his sketches among themselves to raise a little money for his family."

There is a grim truth in this statement. The humorous artist, in New York at least, finds life anything but a bed of roses. A few exponents of the art do fairly well because they hold salaried positions on one or another comic journal. With the exception of these, A. B. Frost is probably our only caricaturist who approaches a competency by his earnings, and he gains it less as a caricaturist than by his more serious illustrations in black and white.

"Mr. Frost," says our contemporary, "is the best humorous artist we have had since John McLanan. He is a better draughtsman and a more completely equipped artist than McLanan was, but their veins of humor are very similar. McLanan belonged to the boisterously Bohemian era of our literature and art. Frost belongs to that of good clothes and fine studios. The geniuses of McLanan's day drank nothing weaker than whiskey, scorned the tailor and abhorred the barber. It was their misfortune, but it was part of the time, when a certain social stigma rested upon all irregular professions. Since society has taken to making a lion of the *Littérateur* and the artist they have been taught the value of personal decency. I often see pictures by Mr. Frost in our exhibitions, and they show that he has resources capable of making a painter of him as well as a mere pictorial humorist. But he suffers from a defect of vision which prevents his appreciating color at its true value, and will, consequently, be known to posterity by his work in black and white. His series of sketches illustrating the misadventures of the pet cat that took rat poison will be immortal."

Frank Bellew is probably the oldest of the comic artists of New York still in active life here. He became identified with humorous literature in the days when John Brougham published his *Lantern*, and has contributed countless drolleries to our press. An indefatigable worker, fecund of ideas, and ready in their execution, he still is far from enjoying the prosperity that should belong to a talent as diligent and deserving as his. The fickle public, ever eager for novelties, has grown to demand newer servants to its amusement. The present taste seems to be either for the broad burlesque, best represented by the effective and unpolished skits of Fred. Oppen in *Puck*, or the inanities of humor, illustrated with the politest care, such as form the chief attractions of *Life*. Indeed, the tendency of all the papers just now is to raise caricature from the mere illustration of an idea into the dignity of a serious drawing. In the past the idea was everything, and it atoned for the grossest crudenesses of execution. Now execution is everything, and the idea merely an excuse for it.

ALFRED KAPPE'S "Rent Day" has been purchased by Mr. Thomas B. Clarke, whose collection consequently includes another thoroughly representative American work.

The art department of the revived New Orleans Exposition opens next month. The art director, Mr. Wendell Stanton Howard, has returned from Europe with a number of striking works collected during the Summer. They constitute about half of the display, the rest being supplied by native productions. The exhibition will only be about half the size of its predecessor, which was altogether too large. Eight acres of the fine arts would test even the capacity of New York; applied to New Orleans it acted like a club. It simply stunned its victims.

GEORGE W. BRENNEMAN'S studio will be illustrated and described in the December ART UNION. Mr. Brennenman possesses one of the quaintest and most picturesque studios in New York, as his pictures of it will demonstrate.

THE Palma Club, a social organization in Jersey City, opens its new Club house on the 17th of this month with an art exhibit under the management of the well known connoisseur, Mr. Wm. T. Evans.

THE Society of American Architects has issued its circular of invitation for contributions to its exhibition, in connection with that of the Salamagundi Club next January. The arrangements for the reception of works are the same as for contributions to the Salamagundi itself, and will be found elsewhere in this issue of THE ART UNION. The local committee consists of Messrs. H. O. Avery, C. L. W. Eidlitz, Richard M. Hunt, R. H. Robertson, William B. Tuthill, Prof. Wm. R. Ware and F. C. Withers, and the address of F. A. Wright, the Secretary, is 149 Broadway, New York City. Sub-committees have been formed in Boston (6 Beacon St.), Chicago (115 Dearborn St.) and Philadelphia (302 Walnut St.), where local inquiries may be made.

## ST. LOUIS ON THE PRIZE PICTURES.

THE chief local interest in the collection is naturally attracted to the large painting by Alexander Harrison, "Le Crépuscule," one of four which were awarded prizes and which by lot fell to the St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts. It is the only one of the prize pictures about which no question can be raised in regard to the wisdom of the award. "The Last Sacrament," by Henry Mosler, is also a prize picture, and I will warrant that no one could have been more astonished than the artist who produced it when he learned that it had received a \$2,500 prize. A priest with two boy assistants is descending the stone stairway leading from a humble house after administering the last sacrament to a departing soul within. The work is hardly equal to the standard of Mr. Mosler's reputation. A still greater mystery is the picture by F. M. Boggs, "Off Honfleur," also one which drew a prize. The conviction would seem almost inevitable that Boggs received the \$2,500 because Boggs painted the picture. Mr. Boggs is a young artist of power and has met with astonishing success, and in this instance at least he has presumed upon his reputation rather than upon the quality of his work. He first exhibited at the Salon in 1880, and the following year his "Place de la Bastille" was bought by the French government, an honor not calculated to diminish the conceit of a young painter. The following year the government also bought his contribution to the Salon, and this evidently turned the Boggs' head, and instead of striving for a higher ideal, he painted out of his mind, and then the Salon jury feeling over kind to our countrymen, administered a rebuke which it is hoped has had a salutary effect, and instead of recommending his work for honors, skied it. The Prize Fund jury would have shown better judgment had they skied this picture instead of awarding him \$2,500 for it. The merit of Mr. Gifford's picture, which also received a prize, consists in the luminosity of the sky, which is admirable. The lower half of the cross is extremely commonplace, and the blasted tree, dark against the light, is a trick as old as painting itself. Mr. Gifford is one of the very best of American painters and his prize picture is not up to the average.

A second Prize Fund Exhibition will be held next spring, and if practicable, it is proposed to extend the number of prizes to ten, of \$2,000 each; and what is better still, these sums will be awarded by the vote of the artist exhibitors, a plan much better than the one adopted at the initial exhibition. Ten medals will also be awarded by the same process to other pictures, each medal having a value of \$100. American sculptors will also be eligible to compete both for money prizes and medals.—*St. Louis Spectator*.

## THE BIBLIOPHILES' FEAST.

OLD books, and bindings old and new, are displayed in bewildering and tempting variety and splendor on the shelves and tables of E. F. Bonaventure since his return from Europe. Since he entered the field in which he is now the admitted head in America, no collection as extensive and valuable has been in Mr. Bonaventure's hands. In addition to these acquisitions made for himself, he purchased for the collections of Mr. Robert Hoe, Mr. Brayton Ives and others of our bibliophiles whose trusted agent he is, many works of rare quality and unique value. His present acquisitions have been gathered in France and Germany, which are now the chief sources of supply for fine books and bindings. A catalogue of them has just been published.

The gem of Mr. Bonaventure's present collection is a small quarto, oblong in form, a book on lace, made up of woodcuts and printed by Casar Vecellio in 1592. The book itself is an extremely rare and interesting work and perfect in condition. The binding, however, is the jewel of the casket in which the dealer preserves it, sacred from dust and moth. It is of mosaic design, tooled by hand on a warm-gray morocco, and as beautiful in its simpler double as in its external dress. The tool-work on this cover is, literally speaking, a work of art. The binding is from the hand of the famous Thibaron Joly, among whose masterpieces it belongs. Another magnificent work is a massive copy in two quarto volumes of the celebrated Curmer edition of the *Evangelists*, bound in silver, engraved in renaissance design to match the inside pages. On the ground work of ivory of each volume appears a fine line engraving of Christ in the first and the Madonna and child in the second. The massive clasps and back are also of silver. A copy of Dorat's "Les Baisers," perfect in condition, is more than perfectly bound by Loric. The certification label sets its cost at 3,000 francs, unbound. Finer still in binding is a "Daphnis and Chloe" of 1745, covered in mosaic by Padeloup. Mr. Bonaventure also has a "Manon Lescaut" of 1753, with a charming binding by Petit, two volumes valued at 1,800 francs, and a "Caesar's Commentaries," in an excellently preserved binding by the immortal Grolier. A ponderous folio, the "Chronicles of Nuremberg," dated 1493, shows the three blank leaves so precious to collectors, and is embellished with illuminated initials and emblems. One can readily accept the dealer's statement that it is the finest copy known and the only one possessing the illuminated capitals. A copy of Durer's "Little Passion," with thirty-seven wood-cuts, and a magnificent folio manuscript missal, are among the other trophies of his summer's trip to Europe. A specially interesting feature of the collection is a folio set of 124 portraits, by Vandyck, fifteen of which are impressions from the plates etched by Vandyck himself and left unfinished by the engravers who completed the others.

## THE SOUTHERN ART UNION.

New Orleans, Oct. 28th.—A meeting of the ladies' executive committee of the Southern Art Union took place yesterday to perfect arrangements for the classes during the winter. Miss Ida Haskell, of Chicago, who taught the art classes so successfully last year, has been re-engaged, and will arrive this week, beginning work next Monday. Miss Haskell awakened much interest and enthusiasm among her pupils last year, so that they look forward with much pleasure to a renewal of study with her. She is also to take a limited number of free pupils. The library of the Art Union is constantly growing in size and value, and nearly all the new books donated by Miss Maud Howe have been placed upon the shelves.



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#### FINE ART IN WALL PAPERS.

IN the noisy neighborhood of the Grand Central Depot, the passer-by's attention is arrested by the exquisite wall papers displayed in the windows of an extensive but unpretentious establishment, which seems to shun the notice the dealers in such products generally court. The productions of the firm of Warren, Fuller & Lang are much more widely known, however, than those of their numerous inferior competitors who advertise themselves more loudly and expensively. On the principle that good wine needs no bush, so does the artistic work of this house speak for itself. The firm in question was the first in America to give the manufacture of wall paper an artistic character. Its superb designs by Sam. Colman, L. C. Tiffany, Lockwood De Forrest, and other equally eminent workers in the field of decorative art, won instantaneous and permanent celebrity and favor. Much of this success is probably due to the taste of Mr. Fuller, who is an art patron of liberal and enlightened views and fine critical judgment.

ONE of the most curious commercial products of our utilitarian generation is the business founded and built up by Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer. Mrs. Ayer, from having been the most efficient sales agent in the employment of the leading bric-a-brac and curio house of this city, some two or three years ago established herself independently as an expert purchasing agent in all lines of artistic and decorative furnishing. From filling a house with works of art and furniture to match, down to purchasing a calico dress on commission, Mrs. Ayer's business is the completest and most perfectly organized in the country. Her invariable promptness, and the efficiency with which her orders are carried out, aided by the very reasonable charges made by her, have drawn to her an enormous and constantly growing clientele of customers, in and out of the city, who, unable to do their own shopping, or unwilling to rely on their own judgment, entrust the duty to her. Mrs. Ayer's house is in itself one of the noteworthy residences of New York, thanks to the furnishings and the superb collection of artistic and decorative objects her taste has filled it with.

To-Day is the name of a weekly paper published in this city, which has now reached its eighth number. It is in every way the most original and brilliant publication of the kind ever given from the press in the metropolis. Its art criticisms and news are the best and completest of any current publication, and its survey of the busy field of every-day life is unflagging in spirit and unrivaled in interest. To-Day will be found a welcome visitor to every studio and refined home in the land. The subscription price is \$2.50 per annum.

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The articles are all short, gossipy and interesting. As a record of observations and experiences in the Babel of Gotham it is, in its way, without a peer.—*New York Daily News*.

To-Day makes a very creditable start toward deserving its name (and success) by containing plenty of interesting chat, written in a pleasant style, and printed on good paper.—*Chicago News-Letter*.

The articles upon art, drama and society—incisive, spicy, and above all, written with knowledge, are sure to command readers in every State. In To-Day the only pity is that the articles are not signed.—*The San Francisco*.

To-Day is a new weekly publication, which chats with much keenness and spirit about the clubs, society, the play-house, Wall Street, artists' studios, and other topics. The gentlemen who control it have the experience and ability to produce a journal which pleases by its appearance and entertains with its brisk paragraphs, and they ought to find a profitable field for their enterprise.—*New York Tribune*.

One of the brightest and cheeriest publications of the dawns the paper called To-Day. It is filled with live matter. It is only four weeks of age, but it is more vivacious and healthy than many of the oldest and most popular journals.—*New York Morning Journal*.

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A thoroughly bright and interesting accession to the journalistic circle is To-Day, which has just entered upon the fourth week of its existence. The artistic, literary, financial, dramatic and social gossip of the week is discussed in an entertaining way, and it has already become famous for its storylines on men and things. We wish for To-Day many prosperous to-morrows.—*Town Topics*.

The new weekly, To-Day, has improved with every number. Its crisp comments upon all matters connected with art, music, the drama, the clubs and finance, are full of intelligence.—*N. Y. Evening Telegram*.

There is a new weekly known as To-Day, that seems to give a better promise of success than usually accompanies the opening numbers of a paper. It indulges rather in fair criticism than laudation, and relies rather on vinegar than on sugar to attract a clientele. Its paragraphs upon society are written in breezy style; its editor can put very interesting words to very dry facts, has the faculty of unearthing novelties in gossip, and will thus make his paper vigilant and vigorous as well as vivacious. We like To-Day, think it well worthy of prosperity, and hope it will thrive.—*Decorator & Furnisher*.

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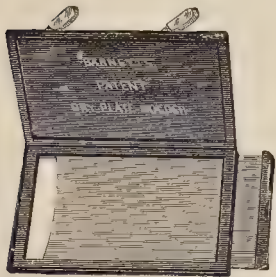
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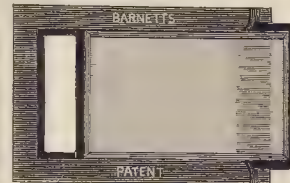
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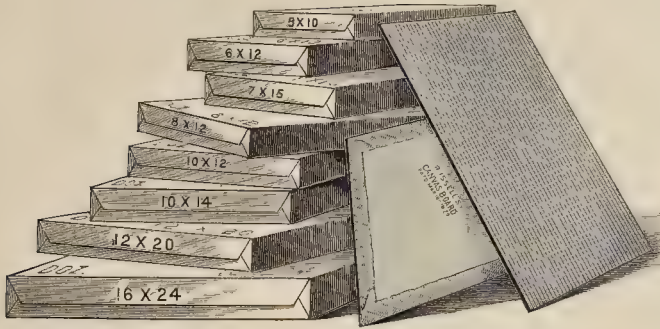
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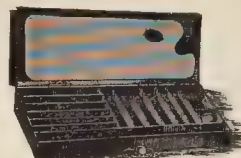
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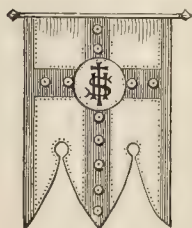
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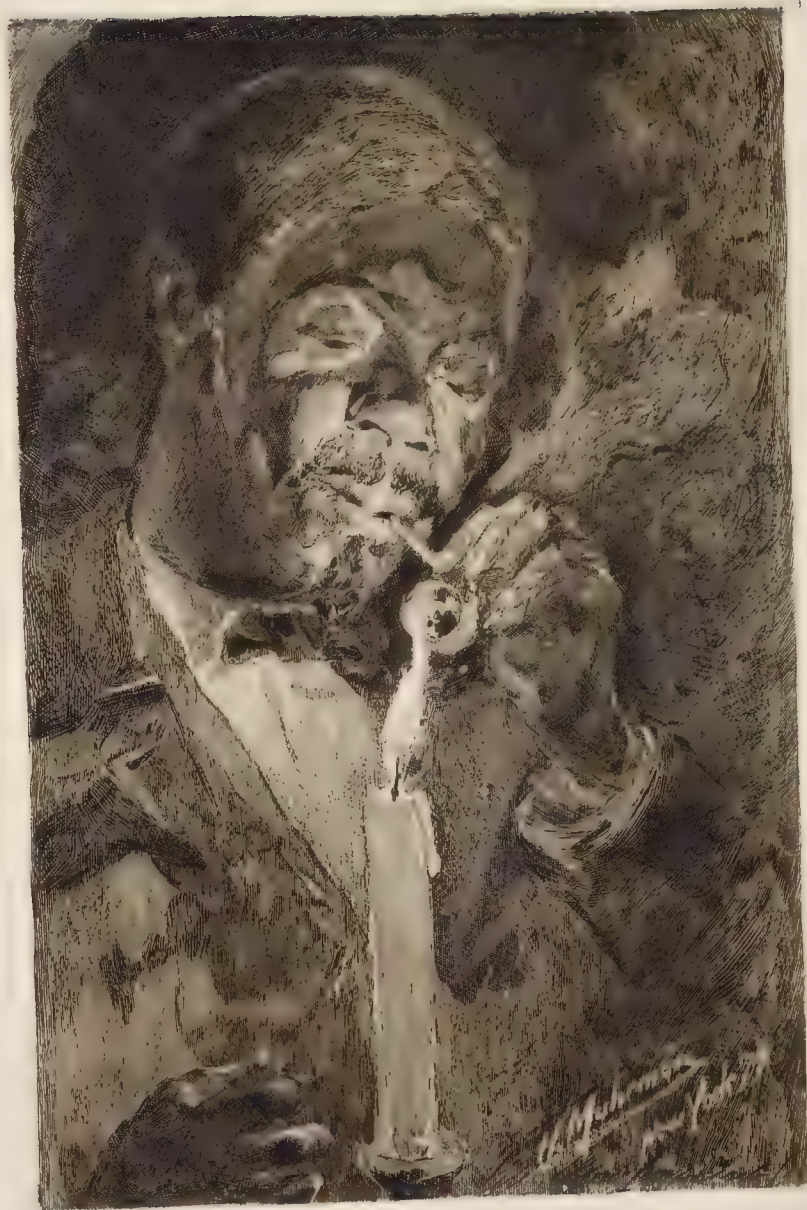
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# THE ART UNION

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN ART UNION

VOL. 2.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1885.

No. 6.

## THE FALL ACADEMY.

GOOD work is a striking characteristic of the Fall exhibition for 1885 at the National Academy of Design. The members of the Academy, who, four years ago, began the revival of the long abandoned Fall exhibitions at that house, have reason to congratulate themselves upon the last example of their good work. A show of nearly 700 pictures at

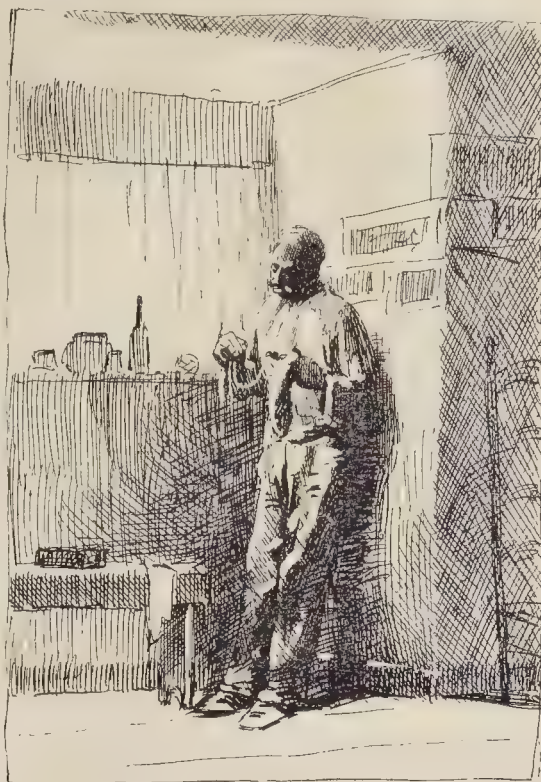
this season, and of as many pictures worth showing, is certainly a victory worth winning. Last year the exhibition at the American Art Galleries seduced a great many of our painters from their allegiance to the old house, but they

seem to have thought better of it since, and to have done their best to make atonement for the past. Even those of the exhibitors who were represented at the American Galleries seem to have reserved their best pictures for the Academy. The general level of the exhibition did not reach that of a Spring display, it is true, but the walls were covered with good, strong work, in every way gratifying as an exhibition of the diligence and advancement of our younger artists and the sustained power of our older ones.

The most striking picture of the collection was probably that contributed by Winslow Homer. It is made out of some sea and sky, a dory, and a couple of herring fishers hauling in a seine. Another strong canvas of a large size was Edward Gay's "Washed by the Sea," a spacious, broadly and firmly painted marsh landscape, by far the best and most important work he has yet shown. George Inness, who had several pictures, was specially represented by a superb "Pastoral Landscape," the property of Mr. George I. Sency, in the west gallery, and J. Francis Murphy by several examples of his beautifully tender and sympathetic translations of nature. Alfred Kappes repeated his success at the Spring Prize Exhibition with a less important but much more refined and brilliant study of light and values which he calls "Mending His Ways." Frederick J. Boston's studio study of a tinker was a very vigorous and commendable effort, and there was a great deal of crude force in the vulgar and repulsive head of the grinning street boy, by Joseph H. Boston. There were several new names well worthy of mention in this exhibition, notably that of Wilson de Meza, a pupil of the Art Students' League, recently returned from abroad. George W. Brenneman, Louis Moeller and Charles X. Harris, three painters who have become especially identified with miniature work, showed each a characteristic example. Mr. Brenneman's old man contemplating his "family relics" was the best work of its kind he has yet shown. An illustration of it from a drawing by the artist after the original is given herewith. Among other of our younger men whose works demand mention are Joseph Lauber, a portion of whose excellent picture, "The Confessional," we are enabled to give, Gilbert Gaul, Francis C. Jones, Charles Harry Eaton and C. Morgan McIlhenny; W. H. Lippincott, the brothers Leon and Percy Moran, M. V. Birney, Hamilton Hamilton.

President Huntington was, as usual, represented by some fine examples of portraiture. J. G. Brown exhibited one of his sound and spirited episodes of street life and character, an urchin decorating a comrade with a moustache through the medium of a blacking box and a stick. Thomas

Moran, who had been spending the summer in his new studio at Easthampton, had not been rendered indolent by the luxury with which he had surrounded himself. He sent to the exhibition three pictures, which illustrated his power with the brush and his versatility of execution in a striking degree. M. F. H. de Haas again lent his brush to perpetuating the stony history of Marblehead Neck. William Morgan's "Hope of the Family" held some of the best painting he has done, and was widely admired. "The Bronze Horses of St. Mark," by Charles Caryl Coleman, was closely studied and soundly painted. A little tenderness in the presentation of his middle distance would have made Mr. Coleman's picture a better one, however. A strikingly realistic study from nature was shown in the South Room by Otto Bacher. From the porch of a cross-road tavern you look out over a typical American rural prospect—roads blazing under a blue, hot summer sky, the country store and the res', all barren of pictorial interest, but painted so truly that they make an interesting picture to look at. Charters Williamson, a painter who had heretofore been known at the Academy chiefly by his excellent work in portraiture, appeared in a canvas which marked an advancement so decided as to be well worthy of note. The same cannot be said of William



MENDING HIS WAYS, BY ALFRED KAPPES.



Bliss Baker, whose landscape was the same old photographic transcript as ever. There were a couple of strong marines by F. K. M. Rehn, who improves without interruption. His style is becoming more rounded as his acquaintanceship with nature advances and his sympathy with her grows. Walter Satterlee exhibited several of his usual characteristic and decorative canvases, one of which, as well as one of Mr. Rehn's, we reproduce from the original drawings. Francis A. Silva sent the customary coast views, quiet and unostentatious in character, but full of honest labor and of the bright, breezy freedom of sea and sky. Frank D. Millet and J. H. Witt were characteristically represented in their respective walks, and F. S. Church exhibited probably the most important picture in oil which he has yet produced. But a recapitulation of the list would be but a repetition of names familiar at every exhibition. The representations of the older painters was marked by the sterling art they have accustomed us to—an art which has built the Academy up to what it is—the leading art institution of America. The hanging was excellently performed, and the results of sales larger than those at any previous exhibition at this season.

"THE SMOKER." BY  
H. MUHRMAN.

Reproduced in Electrogravure  
by

FREDERICK JUENGLING.

OUR frontispiece with this issue is furnished by a superb reproduction in electrogravure of a bold and effective drawing by one of our cleverest younger artists, H. Muhrman. The process employed is strikingly analogous to etching—indeed the plate may well be accepted as an etching of the highest class. Its reproduction has, however, been made by a new process, discovered by Mr. Frederick Juengling, an artist and engraver, of whom we have already had occasion to speak in words of well earned praise. This process Mr. Juengling has named electrogravure. It consists in the cutting of the drawing on a box-wood block with a graver or needle in indented lines. An electrotpe is made from this block, and the printing accomplished on a plate press like that of a regular etching. The block used is that employed in wood engraving and the tools are the same. The difference is, that while



SPANISH MANDOLIN PLAYER, BY WALTER SATTERLEE.

the lines which appear black in a woodcut are raised those which come black in an electrogravure are depressed, just as those in an engraving on metal are. The advantages in speed and accuracy which this process guarantees over that of etching will be manifest to all acquainted with the requirements of that art.

In a conversation with the editor of the ART UNION Mr. Juengling described his discovery, of which our frontispiece is the result, as follows:

"Some time in 1879 I tried, with more or less favorable results, to bite unsatisfactory passages upon electrotypes of wood engravings. I laid a ground in the same manner as you would if re-biting an etching, and used the acid in the same way. Biting suggested to me the idea of taking a proof from the electrotpe as from an etching, that is, bringing the lines that would be white in a wood engraving, which is printed in relief out black. The results were extremely interesting, and Mr. S. K. Koehler had some printed in this manner to help illustrate his well known lectures on etching.

"From printing woodcuts, or electros of the same, *à la* etching, I got the idea of laying on etching ground on a copperplate, and drawing in the lights instead of the darks—stopping out the darker I wanted it, instead of stopping out the light as you do in the regular process of etching, and so producing a relief plate for printing on an ordinary type press. This idea was developed through reading Hamerton's chapter on the comparison of wood engraving with etching in his 'Etching and Etchers.' The taking of proofs from the electros and from the relief plate etching, which was done to keep track of the work of the acid, led to the idea of trying the method by which 'The Smoker' has been produced.

"One day in the fall of 1884, after having deliberated upon the idea all summer, I took a block and in less than fifteen minutes time produced, with the graver, a sketch from nature—right out of the window of my studio. It was printed from the wood, and no trouble was found in the lines leaving the paper pure where wanted—though trouble in that respect was anticipated. The next step was to accommodate the new method to the machinery in existence.

"Electrotypes were made, which not only entirely answered the requirements of the machines and the



EVENING IN THE HARBOR, BY FRANCIS A. SILVA.





DECORATIVE ART, BY J. G. BROWN.



FAMILY RELICS, BY GEORGE W. BRENNEMAN.

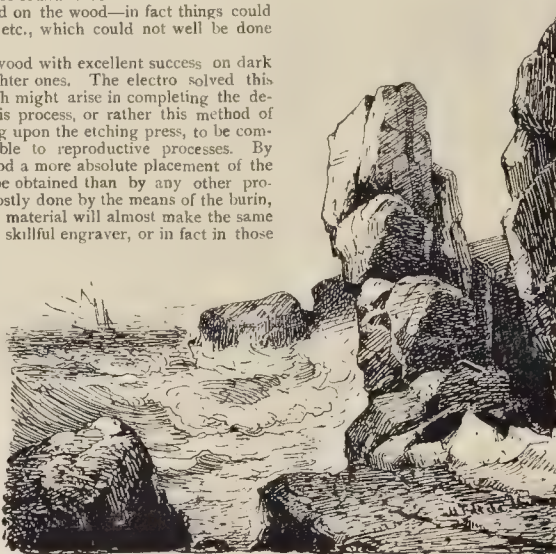
men who work the same, but it was also found to be an excellent means of continuing what had been commenced on the wood—in fact things could be accomplished, such as burnishing, etc., which could not well be done on wood at all.

"Though I had used dry-point on wood with excellent success on dark passages, it did not seem so well in lighter ones. The electro solved this difficulty, as well as any question which might arise in completing the design on the wood entirely. I claim this process, or rather this method of producing an intaglio plate for printing upon the etching press, to be complete in itself, and particularly adaptable to reproductive processes. By means of the photograph upon the wood a more absolute placement of the design than on the etching plate can be obtained than by any other process known to me. Though all, or mostly done by the means of the burin, the freedom possible upon the soft material will almost make the same equal to the needle in the hands of the skillful engraver, or in fact in those of any one capable of experimenting in etching.

"All my experiments were made in the company of my friend, Mr. William Miller, and the first attempt to lay grounds on electros from woodcuts for the purpose of adjusting faulty passages by biting, were made under guidance of J. S. King, the well known etcher. At the end of last month I received a letter from Mr. T. Cole, dated Florence, and stating that he, too, was experimenting in the same direction, and so similar is his conception of this method to my own, that the incident of the discovery of the same at so near the same time is not only remarkable in itself, but

also good guarantee that this method will prove to be one having sufficient vitality to assist itself and preserve its vitality."

It looks as if Mr. Juengling's discovery had a future to it. The quality of the work produced, its accuracy, cleanness of line and force of color, render it a strong candidate for consideration among the reproductive processes. What has been done in the size of our frontispiece can be done in the size of the largest engraving ever published. The future of electrogravure will be watched with interest.



AT MARBLEHEAD NECK, BY M. F. H. DE HAAS.

A COLLECTION of fifty-five water-color drawings by Walter Paris was held last month in the gallery of J. Eastman Chase, in Boston. The works displayed were varied in subject and full of merit and interest. Mr. Paris, who is settled in Washington, pursues his art with all the old devotion and spirit, and it is a pleasure to record his recent exhibition and its success.





AT THE CONFESSIONAL, BY JOSEPH LAUBER.



### THE WATER COLOR SOCIETY EXHIBITION.

THE nineteenth annual exhibition of the American Water Color Society will be opened in the National Academy of Design on the 1st of February, 1886, and will close on Saturday evening, February 27th. Original works which have never before been publicly exhibited in the City of New York will be received for the exhibition from the 11th to the 13th of January, inclusive (after which no picture will be received), and the blanks must in all cases be carefully filled, and sent to the Secretary by the 5th of January. A commission of fifteen per cent. will be charged upon sales. Works in black and white, etchings excepted, will not be received. The Society's porters will collect and return works for the exhibition in the City of New York, below Sixtieth Street, at the expense of exhibitors, if the request is made in the blank, and it is sent to the Secretary by the above specified date. No exhibits in packing boxes will be received. All such works, with lists, must be sent in time to be delivered within the specified dates to some consignee in New York to act as agent for the exhibitors, to receive and unpack their cases, send their works duly to the Academy, and call for them at the close of the exhibition. For the information of exhibitors unacquainted in the city, the following parties are mentioned as among those who attend to such business, *viz.*: Grady & McKeever, 719 Sixth Avenue; Louis R. Menger, 35 Dey Street; Thos. A. Wilmurt, 45 East Thirtieth Street. No work can be removed until the close of the exhibition, and no change in the hanging will be permitted. All works received for exhibition will be at the risk of the owners. All rules customary in the Academy Exhibitions will be considered to apply equally to the Water Color Exhibition. Exhibitors are cautioned against using the following frames and mats, *viz.*: Oval, architectural, or with projecting corners or ornaments, bronze, velvet, positive colors, dark or part-colored woods, gold with black lines or markings, or measuring in thickness more than two and one-half inches. Mats or flats must not be of positive colors, cold, or blue-gray, or exceed four inches in width. The Jury of Admission reserves the right to reject any work framed in violation of the above rules. For additional details address Mr. Henry Farrer, Secretary, 51 West Tenth Street, New York City.

### THE BOSTON ART CLUB EXHIBITION.

THE thirty-third exhibition of the Boston Art Club, embracing oil paintings only, will open Friday evening, January 15th, 1886, with a reception by the members to their friends, and close Saturday evening, February 13th, during which period no works named in the catalogue can be withdrawn from the gallery. At a recent meeting of the Club the following vote was adopted:



AFTERNOON ON THE COAST, BY F. K. M. REHN.

person will be in charge of the gallery for the sale of works belonging to artists, and a commission of ten per cent. will be charged on all sales made from the exhibition. William F. Matchett is Chairman of the Exhibition Committee, which otherwise consists of Messrs. Arthur Rotch, John A. Lowell, J. B. Millet and Edgar Parker.

### AN ENTERPRISING PUBLISHER.

A FEW years ago there was no such thing as a trade in the publication of purely native art. Mr. C. Klackner established himself as a publisher of American works upon a decidedly humble and experimental scale. His business is to-day one of the most important on the continent. He has published, in particular, a number of etchings of which no European publisher would need be ashamed, and, with few exceptions, the plates he gives out merit the highest commendation. His success has inspired a rivalry among dealers who took none of the chances he took, but who are profiting by his experience. Their competition is not likely to affect him as long as the present quality of his publications and the ratio of advancement they demonstrate is preserved. But every work they put out is a help to our art and sheds a reflected credit on his venture as a pioneer. Mr. Klackner's recent publications are among the most important given out in this country. Special mention is due to the fine large etching by King, after Clement R. Grant, called "Watching and Waiting." It is a subject replete with tender sentiment, beautifully conceived and carried out, and reproduced by a master hand. A couple of charming plates, thoroughly American in character, and executed with finish and power, are B. Lander's "Looking for the Cows" and "The Willow Bank." Mr. Lander is one of our best etchers, and these are two of his best works. Hamilton Hamilton, an artist and etcher, best known by his figure work, has finished for Mr. Klackner a picturesque and delightful landscape, "The Old Farm Road," by name, which belongs in the first rank of publications of its kind.



THE SEINE AT BAS MENDON, BY C. HARRY EATON.



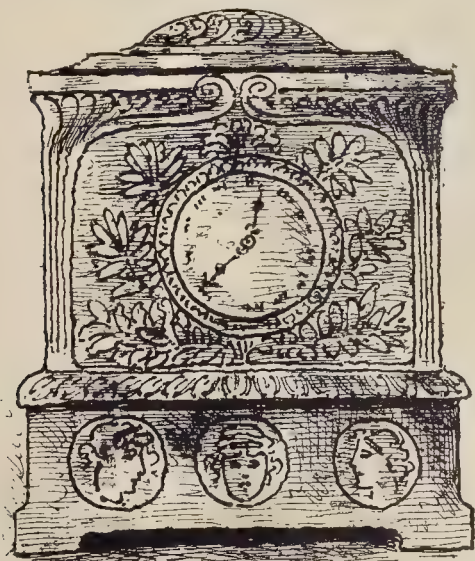
## THE ARTIST AT HOME.

A FRIEND of mine who buys pictures now and then said the other day: "I often feel as if I would like to go directly to the studios and see what the artists have there, instead of getting at them in a roundabout way at the exhibitions and the art stores." When I asked him why he did not gratify his longing, he said he didn't like to, as he knew none of the artists personally. I wasted half an hour in the interest of local art, assuring him that he needed no better introduction than the desire to purchase something if it pleased him, and am now waiting and hoping that my self-sacrifice will bear fruit for somebody. His is quite a common weakness with our public, and I do not know but it is the artists' fault that it is so. If people could be brought to understand that the painter's door is on the latch on certain days and that visitors would be welcome, the results would, I am convinced, be to the painter's profit. The invitation would attract many idlers, no doubt, but it would also attract some substantial patrons. With most of our painters Friday or Saturday are a species of reception days; but this fact is known only to the initiated. People do not hesitate to enter a shop to price what they want or to look for something which they may want. But they pay the artist the compliment of placing him on a higher level than the shopkeeper, and respect his studio as a private apartment, to be intruded upon only on a special invitation. It is one of the paradoxes common to people who live in a very small world of their own that the average artist goes to no trouble or expense to bring his public into direct communication with him, yet is always ready to fly into a passion at having to allow a profit on his work to the dealer who invests his capital in a store and in a staff of attachés and sells the pictures he paints.

—To-Day.

## HIGH ART IN CLOCKS.

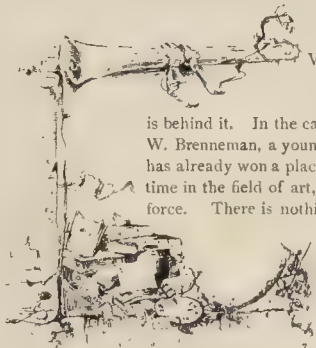
WE can measure time nowadays on truly artistic principles, and without having to send to France to do it. With the aid of the New Haven Clock Company Mr. J. G. Low, of the famous Low Art Tile Works, Chelsea, Mass., is producing some tile clocks of truly remarkable decorative beauty. Having conquered Father Time, Mr. Low is now at work in the interest of King Coal, constructing tile stoves of the most luxurious, artistic and calorific quality. The example of Mr. Low's clocks given herewith is only one of many styles, and not by any means the handsomest, beautiful as it is.



TILE CLOCK, MADE BY J. G. & J. F. LOW.

## ARTISTS AND THEIR STUDIOS.

II.—GEORGE W. BRENNEMAN.



EVERY house is said to have a physiognomy of its own, but every face does not betray what is behind it. In the case of the studio of Mr. George W. Brenneman, a young painter whose admirable work has already won a place for him among the men of our time in the field of art, this remark holds with especial force. There is nothing to suggest its existence or to hint at its character until its door has opened in response to your rap, when it bursts upon you with a suddenness that almost takes your breath away with surprise. This revelation of the picturesque is

located on the upper floor of what was once a private mansion, a few doors from Fifth Avenue on Seventeenth Street. It is assuming no risk to describe it as one of the quaintest and most completely picturesque studios in New York. Out of a couple of the ordinary rooms common to every dwelling house, Mr. Brenneman has constructed an *atelier* in whose possession any painter might be happy; a romantic little nook in our every-day world in which an artist might dwell forever, remote from the knowledge of the current crowd which passes beneath its windows.

The studio is entered through an ante-room, once a hall bedroom, the side wall of which has, however, been removed to form a wide doorway which transforms it into a sort of alcove to the studio. This ante-room is fitted up in paneling, in the German renaissance style, held in a rich harmony of browns and rendered complete in its *vraisemblance* by a curious gathering of old books, manuscripts, furniture, arms and pictures gathered by the artist during his European experience. With its little deep set window and its appropriate furnishings, the room might readily pass for what it purports to be—a part of a picturesque civilization long since passed away.

The studio itself is crammed in every nook and corner with the rich paraphernalia of a fortunate collector. The industry with which the painter studied his art abroad was almost equaled by the industry with which he devoted himself to the exploration of the curiosity shop. The decoration of the ante-room is not carried into the large apartment, for the simple reason that it would be useless. The walls are so completely covered with rugs and tapestries, pictures, trophies of arms and of the chase, old embroideries and the like, that their existence can only be guessed at. The shelves and tables are loaded with odds and ends of curious interest, chief among which are a number of rare old family manuscripts and ancient books picked up at random in out-of-the-way corners of Germany and America. Without any particular effort at arrangement, everything arranges itself. The chaos is full of picturesque order, and no matter from what point of view the room is observed it presents a picture ready to be painted. It is such a studio as would inspire a man to work by furnishing through an eye alive to the suggestions of nature a sharp stimulus to the imagination.

Mr. Brenneman was born in this city of German parents, as his name would suggest, in 1856. His earlier lessons in art were taken under a private tutor, after which preliminary preparations, he entered the antique school in Munich. He worked his way up through the antique and life classes into the Dietz school, and after between five and six years of severe application, returned to New York one of the best grounded talents European study had sent back to us. His earlier works exhibited with us betrayed his Munich schooling very strongly both in subjects and treatment. They were good without rising to a high order of excellence. But with every season the artist's hand has grown stronger and his conception more original. His works to-day exhibit a new and individual character and vitality, a refinement of color and a fine feeling for the deeper spirit of his art, than ever heretofore. A patient, earnest and honest talent, working for results upon a definite plan, and making all work a study and a pleasure as well as a task. The man's work reflects the man himself, and does justice to his talent and his labor, as his labor and his talent do justice to his art.

## MATT MORGAN.

MATT Morgan, the famous scenic artist and cartoonist, the founder of the Cincinnati Art Students' League, and the creator of the mammoth lithographic show printing now in general use in the theatrical profession, announces his retirement from the art management of the house of Strobbridge & Co., which his brilliant talent built up. The loss will be the Strobbridges', for they will find it impossible to secure a successor to Mr. Morgan. His versatility and ingenuity of ideas, his brilliant quickness of invention and his power of organization and direction are rare and valuable gifts. Mr. Morgan will, for the present, be employed on an important battle panorama at his studio and residence near Cincinnati.

THERE died at Henley on-Thames, a few weeks ago, Mrs. Harriet Jane Leslie, widow of the once celebrated American painter and Royal Academician, Charles R. Leslie. Mr. Leslie achieved fame by his work—the best of it, perhaps, in the illustration of Shakespeare—in the days when Cooper and Willis and Washington Irving were also making their European reputations. While studying in London Leslie met Miss Stone—one of three beautiful sisters called by Washington Irving "the three precious stones"—and the artist's marriage to this gentlewoman influenced him in his determination to remain in London. Mrs. Leslie survived him to be an active octogenarian, happy in the society of her sons and grandsons. George D. Leslie, R.A., noted for his graceful delineation of fair women, is Mrs. Leslie's youngest son. A grandson, Henry, a clever draughtsman and water color artist, is settled at Cape Town, South Africa, where he is engaged in the establishment of a government school of art.

## HOLIDAY CARD DESIGNS.

THE attention of artists is invited by the advertisement of Obpacher Bros. on another page. Messrs. Obpacher desire to open a connection for designs for Christmas and other holiday cards for next season. They wish only the best work, and lay particular stress on Christmas cards.









## OIL PAINTING.

BY GEORGE C. LAMBDIN.

M<sup>R</sup>. GEORGE C. LAMBDIN, N. A., delivered a lecture, entitled "The Invention of Oil Painting, and its Development," in the lecture room of the National Academy of Design, on the evening of Dec. 17th. It was substantially the same as when delivered in Philadelphia last spring before the students of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, but with some alterations made for the purpose of more fully showing the way in which the art, invented in Flanders, was the same, in all its methods, as that perfected in Venice. The lecturer said that when he was an art student, the French painters had not risen to their present position as lawgivers to the young artists of America, and the studies of young men in that day were chiefly devoted to the great masters of the Italian Renaissance. They learned to know all the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo, Titian and Tintoretto, and tried to divine their secrets and their hidden meanings. They acquired a very distinct knowledge of all these great men and of their works; nor at that time no one had arisen to show the position that each of them, as well as their patrons, the Emperors, Popes and Princes, held in relation to one another and to their time. The study of the Philosophy of the History of Art now made it possible for every one who chose, to take such a view, and to discover that all these men, mighty as was their genius, were but the inevitable product of the civilization surrounding them. They were the inheritors of all those "streams of tendency" which had their rise in Greece, in Rome, in mediæval Italy and in the spring-time of the Renaissance. When the summer-time of that movement had come, these, its brightest flowers, were produced, and their works remain its only now visible achievement.

The art of painting in oil color had its birth in Flanders, and the knowledge of it was brought to Venice at the exact moment when it could be turned to best account. It was one of those happy conjunctions of circumstances, like the rediscovery of the earliest antique statues, or the first translation of the Greek authors, which gave a new enthusiasm to the already eager pursuit of Art in all parts of Europe, but chiefly in Italy.

The lecturer then gave an extract from Vasari's Lives of the Painters:

"In the year 1423 a present arrived in Naples for the King. It was a small picture on panel, containing many figures, finished with an extreme delicacy, such as had never been seen before, and of account of the beauty of the figures and the novelty in the coloring it was greatly valued by the King, and all the painters in his dominions went to see it. Among those who saw it was Antonello of Messina, a young man of an unblemished spirit and very sagacious, moreover not unskilled in his profession, having studied many years in Rome. He having made interest to see the picture, was so much charmed by the vivacity of the color and the beauty and harmony of the painting, that, having aside every other thought, he resolved to take himself to Flanders, whence the picture had come."

This is Vasari's account. The picture spoken of was sent by some Florentine merchants doing business in Flanders, and was executed by John Van Eyck, called by Vasari Giovanni di Bruges. *This was the first picture painted entirely with oil color ever seen in Italy, and it excited so much interest as to be spoken of by many contemporary writers.* That colors mixed with oil had been occasionally used before, is proved by directions given both by Cellini and in the museum at Antwerp, remaining in this unfinished state, with the white ground and oil priming, the sky only being colored.

## FLANDERS IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Antonello immediately set out for Flanders. The journey was in those days one of immense difficulty, but he arrived safely in Ghent after many hardships and was received by Van Eyck as a pupil. He pledged himself to remain with him long enough to learn thoroughly the new method of work. In those days the artist prepared all his own materials; not only were there no colors ready to his hand, but there even were no colors, except such as he himself prepared for himself from vegetables and minerals. His pupils and assistants learned their art from the very foundations, and the result was that while the work of Van Eyck and all the early masters remains to this day quite perfect, clear and fresh, their degenerate followers of the present time can manage to do nothing which will be free from change for six months.

Ghent at that time was the largest city in Europe, and one of the most turbulent as well as the freest and most industrious. Its citizens put up with no innovations on their privileges, and when the great bell Roland rang the alarm, 100,000 fighting men responded to the call. Philip the Good, however, who at that time was Duke of Burgundy, managed to live in peace with his free cities and was a patron of all the arts. Van Eyck painted for him the portrait of the Infanta of Portugal, whom he was about to marry, and this was probably the first portrait ever painted in oil colors.

## THE VAN EYCKS.

At the time of Antonello's arrival, John Van Eyck was engaged upon the great work which Hubert had designed for the Cathedral at Ghent, and which still remains over the altar in the Chapel of the Vyts. The subject is the Adoration of the Spotless Lamb, as described in the Apocalypse, and it is without doubt one of the most extraordinary pictures ever produced. There are hundreds of figures among the groups of worshippers—angels, saints, martyrs, bishops, priests, laymen, soldiers, virgins, hermits, pilgrims, kings and judges—all advancing in reverent groups to adore the Lamb slain

from the foundation of the world. Nothing can exceed the care with which all these figures are characterized; in nothing are they idealized. In every way they are all Flemings; but so much of truth and faith do they exhibit, such is the simplicity and sincerity with which they are characterized, that no one can regard the picture without being profoundly impressed. Over the whole scene is suffused a heavenly feeling, a mystical charm, which it is impossible to describe, but which involuntarily suggests the better land of perpetual spring.

Upon the death of John Van Eyck, Antonello returned to his native land, and, after some wanderings, settled in Venice, where already the fame of the Flemish method had come. As he was known to be possessed of the secret process of Van Eyck, he was received with great consideration, and his brother artists vied with one another in offering him hospitality. Among the most officious of these was one Domenico, who soon succeeded in getting Antonello to tell him all he knew, whereupon he quickly departed to Florence to be the first to paint in oil in that famous city. There he was soon after murdered by one of his pupils, who thought it well to have the secret all to himself. What became of the murderer is not known, but before long the secret was no longer a secret and everybody knew of it who wished to.

## FLORENCE AND VENICE.

Vasari says the first oil painting was executed in Florence in 1460, but he does not say by whom. To the Florentines, however, the new method was not of much value. They were not colorists, but designers, painters of character and of ideal form, the highest expression of which we find in the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo, who were not painters in any such sense as were the Venetians and the Flemings. In Venice, however, the seed which Antonello brought fell into very rich soil. Nowhere else on earth could it have brought forth such abundant fruit. The Venetians from earliest times had been colorists, and their constant intercourse with the nations of the Levant had made them acquainted with all sorts of gorgeous dyes and stuffs, which they used as draperies and hangings in their marble palaces. In Venice the sun is everywhere; everywhere the sparkling sea. Even now, in its decay, it is the favorite theme of the painter; then in its grandeur it was indeed magnificent. It had reached its highest pitch of power and prosperity. It had also in the two Bellini artists capable of appreciating and profiting by the new invention. They seized upon it with avidity, and there still hangs in the church of the Frari the first picture Giovanni painted in oil color, and in which it may be said that oil painting in Italy had its birth. It is a Madonna, enthroned with saints about her, placed in the old symmetrical manner; but some little angels playing upon instruments of music are already quite in the modern feeling, and their plump little legs are of the rosiest hues.

John Bellini adopted the Van Eyck method without change. In it the chief feature is the pure white ground, "as smooth as ivory and as white as milk," onto which the color was spread in successive tints of transparent hues. The lights were reserved to the last, just as in modern water-color methods, and were finally merely tinted upon the pure white surface. The use of the white ground was never wholly lost in any school until after it had begun to decay. Rubens and Rembrandt preserved the transparent shadows equally with Giorgione and Titian, but all departed greatly from the original method of working in the lights.

## TITIAN.

Titian was a pupil of the Bellini, and he inherited all their feeling or pure color, but he put his inheritance to the best of uses, bringing in for its embellishment the light of day and all the resources of nature. From his earliest youth he began to unroll the whole Venetian scheme. In his "Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple," painted while he was quite young, we find sky, landscape, architecture, a huge flight of marble steps, several groups of people, sunshine, clouds, light. With him we feel that we are always among real people, but grandiose in form, beautified by the arts, illuminated by the sun and placed in the noblest and richest of landscapes. Titian was only one among a host of noble artists, all working with the same motives toward a common end and bringing to the highest perfection ever reached the painter's art. Paul Veronese added a fresh splendor of pure color, and Tintoretto attained in his wonderful works a force of light, a luminousness of atmosphere and an expression of life and movement achieved by no one else before or since. Tintoretto was the last of the great Venetians. Degradation of morals brought loss of liberty—without morality and liberty there can be no art.

The Venetian artists had painted the most truthful portraits, the finest flesh, the whole spectacle of out-door life, full of movement and of beauty. One thing only it lacked—it knew nothing of gloom, of the sentiment of darkness and the restfulness of shadow. For these we must go to a distant land, to a cold and darker clime, where the days are short and men live an indoor life. The Dutchmen took up the traditions of Van Eyck, brought down to them by a long line of artists, and on them Rembrandt and a score of great contemporaries built an art in which is no reminiscence of the Athenian, Byzantine or Italian ideal. Men in it are treated just as they are found—men and their surroundings. With them nothing is too mean or commonplace to receive attention. Boors in a tavern, a girl by a window, a streak of sunshine in a darkened room, will be motive enough for an artist who finds in each some latent quality before unknown. Rembrandt first felt the weird suggestiveness of a deep transparent



shadow. In the Louvre is a little picture by him called the "Philosopher." In a darkened subterranean chamber, with no light but what may struggle through a small opening in the roof, sits an old man, bowed in meditation. What little light there is touches feebly the edges of his robe, lies lightly on the table and on the floor, and then is lost in the gloom of night. All the rest is a soft, luminous shadow, in which we are only conscious of space and of the soft, golden atmosphere of thought. What could more fitly express the calmness of age, the wisdom of experience, the restfulness and solemnity of shadow? What little light there is slumbers in mystery like a secret and far-off reminiscence of the sun.

### CO-OPERATION IN ART.

ON Tuesday evening, December 15th, there was an assemblage of artists at the Academy of Design, at which the most notable names in our studio world were represented. The meeting was held for the purpose of devising a means by which the artists can protect themselves from loss or damage when they lend pictures to out-of-town exhibitions. Year in, year out, throughout the country, exhibitions are held largely made up of contributions from the New York studios. The most attractive pictures come from this city. The artists receive no compensation, the slender chance of a sale being the only inducement held forth to them. Their pictures come back to them frequently with injured frames, which have to be repaired. One artist informs me that his expenses for these repairs last season were \$60. When pictures are damaged, as in the case of the fire at Springfield last spring, compensation is inadequately and unjustly distributed. Frequently pictures go astray, and the painter is put to trouble and expense to recover them. To remedy this the meeting was called, and the following resolutions were adopted with but seven dissentient voices to fifty-five signers of the paper:

*Resolved*, That we, the undersigned artists, form into a body for the purpose of mutual protection in the following form:

1st. The use of our pictures by exhibition committees out of New York City to be granted only upon—

A. A suitable guarantee in the form of signed contracts between both parties relative to rental, insurance, proper handling and repair of frames.

B. That proper investigation be made by the executive of said association of artists as to the solvency of exhibition associations and the proper authorization of this representation.

A committee was appointed consisting of Daniel Huntington, P. N. A., E. Wood Perry, Jr., J. H. Dolph, J. Wells Champney, R. Bruce Crane and I. Carroll Beckwith, with Thomas Moran as chairman and W. H. Lippincott as secretary. The meeting will reconvene next Tuesday for further consideration and perfection of its scheme. The idea is an excellent one, and if all the representative men in local art can be made parties to it, will form the first step in a movement which will place the painter upon the independently powerful footing he should hold in his relations with the public. The commencement made was in every way favorable. This project, it will be noted, has substantially the same purpose as the ART UNION projected, and which would be now in successful operation but for the application to it of the lottery law, created to put an end to a lawless and criminal traffic, and made so wide reaching as to apply to a perfectly legitimate and useful educational movement, too.

### THE NUDE IN ART.

ART is not a mere imitation of nature; it is a realization of the conceptions of the soul—in sculpture, by means of the forms; in painting, by means of the forms and colors of the objects in nature. If the artist's imagination rests upon ignoble things his work will be ignoble, no matter what form it may take. If it loves to dwell upon that which is refined and delicate, nowhere can he discover a theme to compare both in form and color with the idealized human figure. But the man perfect in form is no more to be found in nature than the man perfect in character; he is the creation of the artist and the poet. If the artist who strives to depict him be not a poet also, as well as an anatomist and a skilled painter, there can be no excuse for his presenting his studies for inspection. A picture representing an individual man or woman of the present day, without the clothing demanded by custom, offends against the conventionalities adopted by modern society; but the figure which expresses humanity moving in the fairy land of poetry, innocence and youth, must always represent the highest ideal of beauty, both in form and color. Any artist familiar with nature and with the ideal figures of the Greek and Italian masters looks upon the nude figure as the landscape painter regards the mountain forms or the sunset clouds, as the loftiest, noblest thing for him to strive for, but something which to represent perfectly is beyond the possibilities of human reach.—George C. Lambdin in the *Philadelphia American*.

### "HALF AFRAID,"

By H. P. SHARE.



CONTRIBUTING, as he has done, to THE ART UNION since its foundation as a magazine, Mr. H. Puett Share's name has by this time become a familiar one to our readers. The charming drawing, "Half Afraid," which we present with this issue, is one of his most characteristic works. It is drawn by himself from his own picture, and preserves the spirit as well as the effect of the original with admirable force. Widely known as one of the strongest draughtsmen in black and white and with the pen in America, Mr. Share has long been identified with the labor of book and newspaper illustration. He has also won merited repute as a painter in oil and water colors, and is now adding to his repu-

tation as a reproductive etcher, in which field he is probably without a rival in this country.

Recent large plates, etched by Mr. Share for C. Klackner, have attracted special attention. The most striking and important is a copy of an original by M. J. Burns, a Maine fisherman and a girl in a sail-boat, driving before a fresh breeze over a turbulent sea. The rendering of the large spaces of sea and sky with the needle was a task the most experienced and dexterous etcher might have been excused for shrinking from. Mr. Share has accomplished it with a masterly hand. The execution of the figures and the boat command praise for the closeness with which the spirit of the originals is translated and the fidelity with which their character is preserved. In its entirety, the plate is the boldest, strongest and best executed of its kind ever published here.

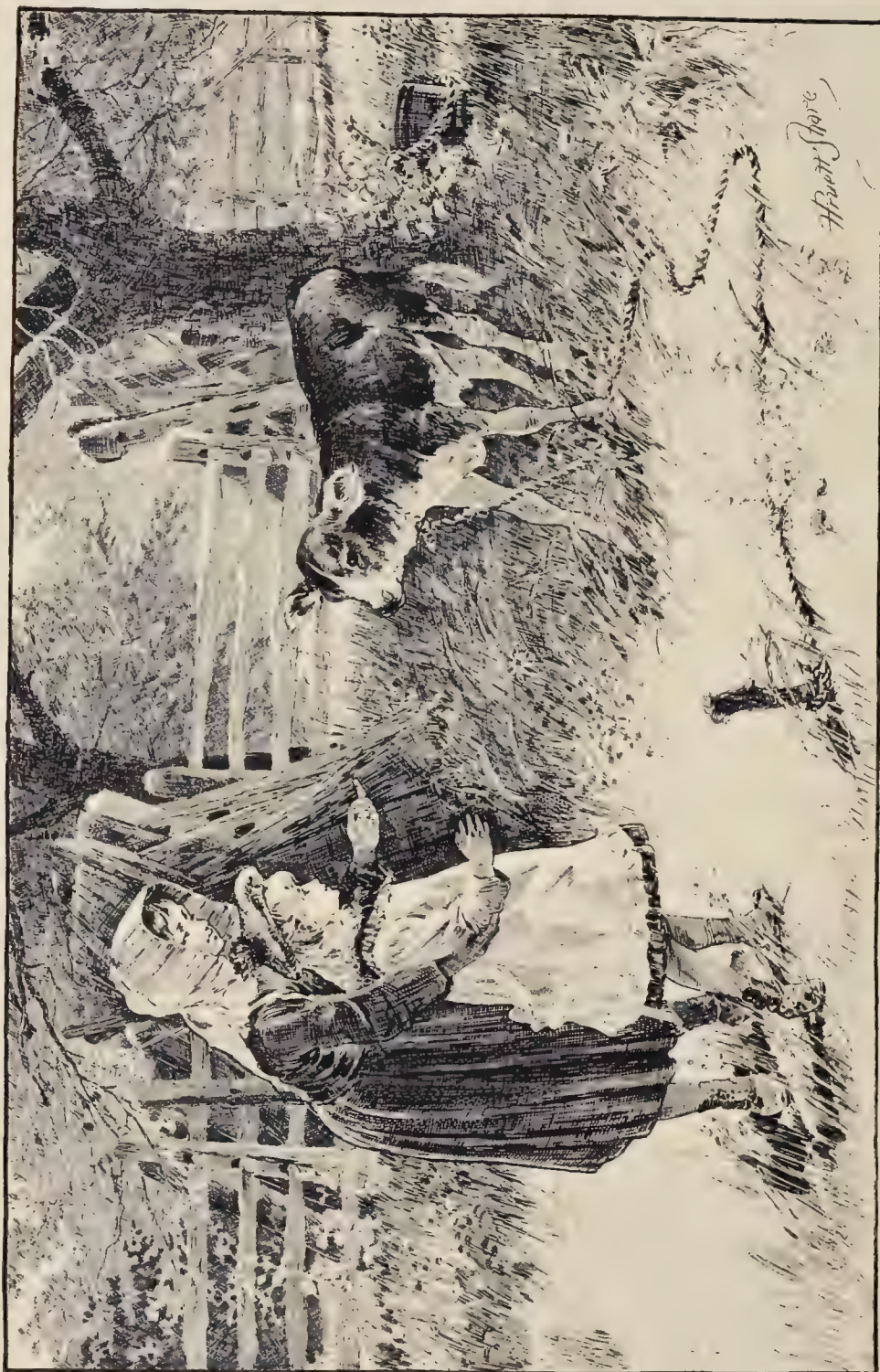
His long experience as a draughtsman especially qualifies Mr. Share for his new departure in the field of artistic activity. His command of the line, his keen eye for form and effect, and his certainty of touch, upon which so much of the spirit of a reproduction, as of an original work, depends, are powerful capital for the etcher. In handling these large and difficult plates he avoids all of the pettiness of execution which so commonly mars the larger productions of the engraver and the reproductive etcher, preserving with the spirit and form of the original a large and manly style of execution peculiarly his own.

The reproduction of "Half Afraid" claims credit for the Electro Light Engraving Company. The reduction from a large pen-drawing has been made with complete and praiseworthy accuracy. The value of the original is perfectly preserved by the copy.

### THE ETCHING CLUB EXHIBITION.

THE fifth annual exhibition of etchings will be held under the management of the New York Etching Club, in connection with the nineteenth annual exhibition of the American Water Color Society, at the Academy of Design, from February 1st to February 27th, 1886. Exhibits will be received under the rules of the Water Color Society, elsewhere given in full. The commission on sales of etchings will be twenty per cent, and where duplicates are sold they must be delivered to the salesman at the Academy. If the number of duplicates is limited, it is requested that the exhibitor state this fact in the blank. All works must be framed, and preference should be given to those of simple styles and light color—such as pine, oak, chestnut, etc. For blanks and further particulars the Secretary, Mr. J. C. Nicoll, may be addressed at his studio, 51 West Tenth Street, New York City.





"HALF AFRAID."—DRAWN FROM HIS ORIGINAL PICTURE BY H. PRUETT SHARE.



## "FORTY-NINE."



WHEN she made her appearance among the studios she was full of stories of California. She had lived in the mines, and their unconventionality and slang were a characteristic part of her. So the boys baptised her "Forty-nine" in the beer Brown's first picture of her paid for, and she accepted the pseudonym and wore it ever after.

It was Brown who discovered her at a French ball, when the idea of his "Frou-Frou" was stirring in his brain. She was blonde and pretty, and full of a species of electrical recklessness, and realized the character he had seen on the stage as he understood it. Introductions are dispensable forms at French balls,

and two days after she was posing for the picture he made his hit in.

We could not find out much about her, though we tried hard enough, of course. She had been an actress, in minor parts, but had evidently adopted the stage without a passion for it, and she laughed at herself when she spoke of her professional performances. What had preceded the theatre? That we could only surmise. There had been a marriage and a quarrel with her husband. For a long time this was all I knew.

She was a woman of thirty, though she carried her years so lightly that they left no marks of weariness upon her. Her figure had the superbly lithe grace of a panther's. A sharp natural wit made up for many educational shortcomings with her. She possessed an appreciation of humor, rare with her sex, and a fascinating readiness at repartee. Though her grammar was liable to lapses, her conversation was never without point. She read the papers, and had ideas which she was not afraid to express. Indeed, her yellow hair covered a great deal more liberality and comprehensiveness of intellect than nestled in the brain pan of most of the geniuses who painted her. The trouble was that it had been left to develop itself, and its manifestations were rather crude. The world had been her school, and how hard and bitter the lessons; it had taught her recklessness, as her frequently extravagant and hollow gaiety attested.

"Forty-nine" commenced a new career when she posed for Brown. She was soon the most popular model in New York, and with reason. She had an extraordinary talent for the business. She felt a picture instinctively, and she inspired many which would otherwise never have been created. Her theatrical experience had made her an adept at costuming herself, and a queer old stage costumer who had taken a fancy to her in those days put his stock at her disposal. The result was that she was a perfect treasure in her line, and was never unemployed unless she chose to be.

She picked up a good deal of money in this way, but she spent little of it on herself. The boys had a story that she was banking it for future use. When she was accused of this excessively un-Bohemian practice she laughed and admitted that she was.

"I hope you have got a safe bank, 'Forty-nine,'" observed Smeere one morning when he came across a report of a savings bank smash-up in his paper. "Forty-nine" looked at him with an odd smile and a singular, soft look in her eyes which I had never noticed there before.

"As solid as a rock," said she, "and it pays its interest regularly on the nail."

For my part, I never quite believed that "Forty-nine" was laying by a fortune. She was not the sort of a woman to indulge in any such precaution. You could not persuade me that that face, with its dancing eyes, its full, life-loving lips, and its gay crown of spun gold, masked any unpleasant forebodings of a possible rainy day. No, no, "Forty-nine" was working for some one besides herself. Whatever became of her money, it was not drawing interest on the accounts of any corporation.

I was doing the dramatic criticisms for the *Evening Howler* in those days, and often had the spare tickets, whose possession all dramatic critics are known to revel in, to drop in the way of a friend. "Forty-nine"

frequently enjoyed these left-handed favors of the box offices, her escort being drawn from the men she happened at the time to be posing for. Indeed, from the time she began her life as a model she apparently lived between the studios and her own room, and what acquaintances she admitted to her favor were from the former source. "The more I see of you, boys," she said once, "the more I hate actors. You're not near as knowing, but you're white men and gentlemen. Ugh! I wouldn't cry if there wasn't an actor in the world—now."

She added the qualification after a pause, and with a retrospective air, as if to say, "There was a time, though, when I thought differently."

At a time when one of our great emotional actresses, as it is the fashion to call them, was playing here, I remembered, late in the afternoon, having promised "Forty-nine" the pleasure of weeping at her *Camille* that evening. The pledge had slipped my mind, and now it was too late to find her at any of the studios. I resolved to seek her at her lodgings, though I knew she resented any attempt to intrude upon her privacy. I knew the place, having a couple of times strolled with her to the door. The frowsy servant who opened the door for me closed it in my face again while she went to announce me. Presently she came back and notified me that I might go up stairs, with a stare of evident amazement at the honor I was having extended to me.

It was a commonplace lodging room, chiefly ornamented with pictures of actors and actresses in costume. "Forty-nine" was smoking a cigarette and reading an evening paper at the window. I explained the reason of my intrusion, and apologized for my remissness.

"All right," she said. "Now that you've got this far can't you go the rest of the way with me, or are you—?"

She did not say what, but it was as plainly expressed as if she had. I was not ashamed, and I promptly accepted the privilege of escorting her, eager to disabuse her of any humiliating suspicion she might entertain. She made a simple toilette, much simpler than was her wont, evidently out of deference to my grave critical standing, and I lounged at the window and smoked my cigar. While doing this I noticed on the wall in front of me, in a cheap but showy frame, a portrait of a child, with a spray of fresh flowers drooping over it.

It was a charming little head, piquant, open eyed, and with a delicious bud of a mouth—one of that poorer kind of photographs which are the best because all Nature has not been retouched out of them.

"What a beautiful child?" I exclaimed.

"Forty-nine" dropped the comb with which she was adjusting her crimped hair and flushed crimson. Her sudden emotion so astonished me that I lost my self-possession. I felt that I had set foot on forbidden ground, and as a man generally does under the circumstances, floundered into it deeper and deeper in trying to extricate myself. I praised the child's beauty in glowing terms till the woman threw herself into a chair, and buried her face in her hands.

"Oh! my God!" she sobbed. "Stop, stop, for Heaven's sake!"

I did stop at this, and she looked up at me with her eyes haggard and her face drawn into hard lines.

"You must excuse me," she said, in a choking and broken voice. "But I cannot bear to even think of my little daughter. I have been separated from her for years, and you can imagine how I must feel toward her, or on hearing her spoken of. I suppose I am a fool for keeping her picture there, but I feel as if I must have something of her near me. It was taken," a sob came into her voice again, "ten years ago, when she was almost a baby."

She hurried her dressing to an end and got me out of the room as if in fear that I would raise the subject again. Once in the street she was as gay as usual, but her mirth was hollow and deceived me no more than it did herself. When I left her to go back to her picture and her memories I felt convinced that I had discovered where "Forty-nine" was banking the money she earned.

I was destined to learn more than this of her secret, however. A month or so later she sent for me, and I found her in bed, sick. She had a low, nervous fever, and was very blue. In her usual blunt way she said:

"I want you to do me a favor, Mr. X—."

I assured her of my willingness to do so.

"If anything should come to me, I want you to get my things together,

and send them to this address," she had it written on a paper which she took from an envelope under her pillow, but she did not permit me to read it. "I will seal this up and keep it here so that you can get it if—when—oh! you know. But it's a secret, mind."

"As the grave."

She shuddered and shut her eyes, then she went on.

"There's another thing I want you to attend to."

"What is it?"

"You know Doctor Meed?"

That practitioner was a jovial soul, who spent most of his time among the studios, where he was general medical adviser on an eelymosynary basis.

"I have made an—arrangement with him," she continued, in a low, uncertain voice. "Whatever he should give you send on with the rest."

She had taken my hand, and her eyes were fixed upon my face with an expression compounded of entreaty and suspicion. Accident had put me on a footing of confidence with her which no other living thing enjoyed. Yet the confidence was only partial. She trusted me no further than she felt herself compelled to, and gave me only the glimpse she was forced to of the secret burden which was loading her soul into the dust.

I promised her all that she required, and in such a way as to assure her that no information of herself beyond the bare necessary notification of her death should escape me. She had not asked this, but I knew she desired it, and the gleam in her eyes gave me thanks.

Having thus set her comparatively at her ease, I tried to cheer her up. She was not nearly as sick as she thought herself. It was rather a mental than a physical exhaustion which had overcome her. The fact is, the woman had carried her cross until its weight had crushed her, and I did my best, in real sympathy with her, to lighten her load. She had reached a period at which she had to talk to some one, and the little talk she had with me did her good.

"So 'Forty-nine' has made you her executor," said Dr. Meed to me next day. "She told me of it last night, when I looked in on her. But I guess we won't have the pleasure of carving her up yet."

"Of carving her up?" I repeated.

"Yes," he responded, laughing. "Didn't she tell you I was to pay you something if she died?"

"She said you were to give me something."

"The price of her body, in short," he said, this time with a certain feeling in his voice and a grave face. "Poor soul! That she thinks me capable of such a bargain isn't very complimentary to our sex, X—."

"I'm afraid the poor soul's experience with our sex at least has not been such as to inspire her with confidence in our generosity, doctor."

He nodded, and bored his cane into a crevice of the pavement.

"I guess you're right X—," he replied. "However, if she should die, which I don't intend she shall, you and I will go to her funeral and you shall administer that check of mine along with the rest of the estate after we put her to bed."

But she did not die. And from the time she recovered she was a different woman in all her relations with me. The confidence of accident, and that of sickness, had grown into a more abundant and unrestricted reliance upon my discretion and I accepted the gift as one which conferred a compliment upon my honor as a man. We became the best of friends and I learned her history.

The picture my mind had already painted for me was the true one. It is sufficient to say here that the child whom a mother's fatal confidence and a scoundrel's lust had made an orphan of in the eyes of the world was living with its grandmother in California. "Forty-nine's" mother was alone aware that her erring daughter was not dead. Buried beneath her fault the mother's shattered life bore fruit it gained no credit for, save that inevitable credit which comes to every honest labor honestly performed, for her child to enjoy. What errors and weaknesses of hers could set such expiation as she now made for them aside? What martyr could do more than this woman who put herself voluntarily upon the rack, and coined her tortures and despairs into blessings on the hand that turned the lever?

"Forty-nine," once she had opened the flood-gates of her faith in me kept them open. I was made almost as familiar with her idol as if I had known the child from birth. The little girl's beauty, her childish charms

and precocious acquirements—but you know how a mother will take advantage of a patient or a sympathetic ear upon the absorbing topic with all mothers. And through her enthusiasm I could trace the constant hope that she would some day be united with her child again. She had left her past behind her, and was resolutely living and working it down. Why, then, should such a hope be an extravagant one?

It was a little more than a year after "Forty-nine" did not die, that I took her with me to the opening performance of a new piece at an up-town theatre. She was in the most joyous of spirits. She had that morning sent off the savings of the past month to California, along with a present for her baby, as she called her.

"By the way," I remarked at the end of one of her rhapsodies, "does it never strike you that that baby of yours is outgrowing her infancy, or don't you care to be reminded that you are no longer a baby yourself?"

"She is more than sixteen," she said gravely. "Nearly as old as I was when she was born. But you know I haven't seen her for ten years, X—, and she is still a baby to me."

An episode of the play was the usual instantaneous recognition of a lost son by the father, who had not seen him for nearly twenty years. I made some remark on the improbability of this incident.

"If I was separated from my baby for fifty years," said she, "I would know her on the spot. She could outgrow my eye but not my heart."

This play was a long one, and the usual first night delays protracted it till midnight. When we came out of the hot theatre the moist November air was so refreshing that I proposed a walk home. "Forty-nine" assented. Our way led through one of the vilest districts of the city—a section which bears the ominous name of "Hell's Half Acre," and well deserves it; a section which only awakes at night, and in which the birds of prey who infest the metropolis riot away the spoils of their forays. The woman shivered as we jostled our way among the ominous loiterers of this accursed spot, and clung nervously to my arm.

A sort of pivotal point in this playground of shame is a flash dancing hall, a coarse reflection of the once famous Argyle Rooms in London. A flood of revelers pouring out of its red-lighted doorway as we came up with it, brought us to a halt. The mob broke up and separated in fragmentary couples and groups, and I was about to draw "Forty-nine" along through the scattering swarm, when I felt her arm close around mine in a convulsive clutch, and she uttered a sharp cry—a cry which was like nothing I had ever heard before, and was full at once of anguish, horror and an awful fear.

I feared that she was ill, but a glance at her dissipated that idea at once. She was staring, with open mouth and dilated eyes, at one of the women who had emerged from the dance hall, a tremor shaking her from head to foot, and the hand which she stretched out trembled as if with the palsy.

"Madge," she cried.

The woman she was staring at looked round. She turned upon us a fair young face, just touched and rendered piquant by the reckless life which had not yet had time to brand her deeper. As she faced us "Forty-nine" uttered a piercing scream, dragged her arm free from mine, and sprang onward with both hands outstretched.

"Madge!" she cried again. "My God! Don't you know me?"

A look of terror came into the girl's face, and she shrank back. Her companion, a coarse but sleek young brute, with the beak of a hawk, pushed "Forty-nine's" hands aside, and demanded, with a malediction, what ailed her. The mob by this time had begun to jeer at her and gather closer. I pressed my way to her side and tried to drag her away, but the strength of a giant was in her. After her repulse she looked wildly around, then caught sight of the girl shrinking behind her companion, and sprang forward, calling out the name again. The fellow uttered a foul oath and raised his hand, but before the blow fell my stick had laid him sprawling in the gutter. And as he dropped I caught "Forty-nine," who fell back upon me with a dead weight that sent me on my knees.

As the crowd closed around us I saw the girl helping her fallen companion to his feet.

The doctor and I put "Forty-nine" to bed, two days later, with the winter sky shedding the only tears that fell on her poor clay except our own. I communicated with a lawyer of my acquaintance in San Francisco in regard to the disposition of the few possessions she had left, and he visited the village where her mother lived. He found the old woman there and in regular receipt of her daughter's remittances. But the child for whom "Forty-nine" had been doing penance all these weary, suffering years, had vanished nearly a year before. She had run off, said the old woman, like her mother before her, with an actor, who had come up here from 'Frisco to play, and she had heard that she had gone East with him. Why hadn't she notified her daughter of all this? What business was her family affairs of his, she would like to know?

We turned poor "Forty-nine's" little legacy over to the Midnight Mission. Perhaps the hand for which it was intended under such different auspices, has already knocked at that sad door.

For me, I never came upon the hackneyed allusion to the immutable justice of fate now, but I pause and ask myself:

"But is fate after all any more just or merciful than man?" A. T.



# AN ESSAY ON THE EDUCATION OF THE EYE WITH REFERENCE TO PAINTING.

By JOHN BURNET, F. R. S.,  
AUTHOR OF "PRACTICAL HINTS ON PAINTING."

## PART I.

(Continued from last month.)

THE power of seeing objects correctly is gained by a careful examination of their general appearance and of the component parts which produce such general appearance; it is necessary, therefore, before proceeding to delineate any object, to observe it attentively in the first instance, to examine it as a whole, so as to be convinced of its great leading features, the various shapes the principal lights take, also the forms of the darks, what occasions them, and why they are darker at one place than at another; the size and shape of the smaller component parts, where they are congregated most and where the greatest vacuum is situated, where portions are seen entire and where they are intercepted, without the eye taking cognizance of all these before proceeding, it will be impossible to give a just representation either in the detail or in the general effect;\* it will, moreover, have a prejudicial influence, in as much as it will lead to a style of drawing without feeling, character or decision. One reason why the drawings of eminent artists are superior to all others, is the great intelligence every line indicates, the smallest touch being expressive of the character; another advantage this previous contemplation of the subject has, is the storing of the mind with material for future occasions, when it is necessary to have recourse to the memory. Knowledge, in drawing as well as in other sciences, is having ready a mass of materials which we can apply to the subject in hand. Drawing much improves us as little as reading much, unless we contemplate and understand as we proceed; those who have acquired a readiness of hand without correctness of study, have but the shadow instead of the substance; and though to the unlearned their works have the appearance of excellence, yet to educated eyes they seem in the light of forgeries or like the language of him who talks speciously of a subject he does not understand. After the hand has once acquired this delusive dexterity, the student becomes contented, and unable to execute anything correctly in future. Sir Joshua Reynolds remarks that "young men have not only this frivolous ambition of being thought masters of execution inciting them on one hand, but also their natural sloth tempting them on the other. They are terrified at the prospect before them of the toil required to obtain exactness. The impetuosity of youth is disgusted at the slow approaches of a regular siege, and desires, from mere impatience of labor, to take the

\* To illustrate this we may have recourse to Titian's bunch of grapes (Figure 21), which we will suppose placed so as to receive a broad light and shadow. Here, though each individual grape on the light side has its light and shadow, and reflection, yet altogether they make one broad mass of light; the slightest sketch, therefore, where its breadth is preserved, will have a better effect, will have more the appearance of coming from a master hand, than is in other words, will have more the characteristic and general of nature than the most laborious finishing, where this breadth is lost or neglected.—*Reynolds on Fessey. Note 40.*

citadel by storm. They wish to find some shorter road to excellence and hope to obtain the reward of eminence by other means than those which the indispensable rules of art have prescribed. They must therefore be told again and again that labor is the only price of solid fame and that whatever their force of genius may be there is no easy method of becoming a good painter." In another place he justly observes that "the first business of the student is to be able to give a true representation of whatever object presents itself, just as it appears to the eye, so as to amount to a deception; and the geometric rules of perspective are included in this study. This is the language of art which appears the more necessary to be taught early, from the natural repugnance which the mind has to such mechanical labor after it has acquired a relish for its higher departments." Also in his first discourse he says, "A lively and what is called a masterly handling of the chalk or pencil are, it must be confessed, captivating qualities to young minds, and become, of course, the objects of their ambition. They endeavor to imitate these dazzling excellencies, which they will find no great labor in attaining. After much time spent in these frivolous pursuits, the difficulty will be to retreat, but it will be then too late; and there is scarce an instance of return to scrupulous labor after the mind has been debauched and deceived by this fallacious mastery.† We find in many of the drawings of Michael Angelo, Raffaele and even Rubens, some portions carefully studied and finished with the greatest correctness from the model, some difficult passage which required labor and finish to overcome, or some portion of great beauty which nothing but fidelity could represent.

Fig. 21.



From the contemplation of the works of the great painters, we perceive a comparative dryness and stiffness in their earlier productions compared with their later pictures, we therefore are naturally led to conclude that we can accomplish by a shorter method what they have shown us to have been their aim, breadth, grandeur and freedom of execution. It will be found, however,

that though a few strokes by the hand of a master often express in his works as much as the more careful finishing of his early pictures, yet that arises from his having acquired, by long practice, a mastery over his materials, and by long

contemplation a perfect knowledge of what are the leading features and peculiar character of every object.

Notwithstanding the foregoing remarks, careful drawing and minute finishing are to be regulated in a great measure by the nature of the work in hand, otherwise these qualities, excellent in themselves, are liable to be caught at as an excuse for doing something which requires the least exertion of the mind. Though it is absolutely necessary to be able to

† Freedom of execution or masterly handling, as it is termed, is often taught to pupils that they may appear to be making great strides in the art. The master frequently finds his pupil too dull or too inattentive to acquire a correct knowledge of his subject, therefore gives him the power of displaying an appearance of dexterity. To an uneducated eye a sketch of a tree, for example, may be hit off by the pupil with sufficient resemblance to satisfy all parties; the parents see nothing in the original different from the copy, for that which appears to them but a scribbled appearance, in the original indicates to the eye of an artist foliage, branches and shadows, thus their education seems finished before it is in reality begun, and they leave school without the power of drawing a line. In after life when they wish to delineate objects correctly, they find this dexterity rather an encumbrance; the eye, previously debauched, is incapable of receiving a true impression, while the hand, necessarily confined to the several spaces allotted to the different forms, feels cramped and awkward, and obliges them to throw down the pencil in despair. In other branches of science we find this dexterity checked in its infancy. What would be thought of a child who had been taught to run over the keys of a piano-forte without any definite meaning? or of a master who encouraged the scribbling of a boy to imitate a free hand? I remember an artist who always took an opportunity of disconcerting the pretensions of such precocious geniuses in drawing by laying down a key or a pair of snuffers for them to delineate.



PLATE I.



draw correctly whatever may be placed before you, yet it does not follow that the same labor is to be carried into the subordinate parts, otherwise a long portion of life might be spent in delineating the intricate ramifications of trees and plants, or in mapping out with painful fidelity the hedges and ditches of a whole country.

The correctness of which it is necessary to be possessed is to be employed in rendering with accuracy the vital portions of all works, leaving the minor passages to be filled up from our general knowledge and practice. How vexatious is it to see young men attending Academies and Museums month after month, drawing from antique statues, in place of bestowing their whole care in giving the outline and form correctly, waste their youth in industrious idleness, in representing the flaws and excoriations of the mutilated marble or in smoothly stippling in a surrounding mass of background.

Fig. 22.



AERIAL PERSPECTIVE.

Linear perspective being that part of drawing which is produced by the means of lines only Aerial Perspective is made use of to designate those changes which take place in the appearance of objects either as to their receding or advancing from the interposition of the atmosphere; therefore to the application of this quality the artist is mainly indebted for the power of giving his work the space and retiring character of nature; but though the eye is at all times pleased and gratified with the power of viewing distant prospects, yet objects require a certain definition to lead the imagination without perplexing and troubling the mind.

Neither are we pleased by sudden jumps from the foreground to the extreme distance. The eye is more delighted, therefore, in being carried over a gradual diminution of many intervening objects, or in searching for outlets through screens of intervening trees or clumps of buildings. Such perforations assisting by their framework the distant tone of color with which the most remote objects are nevertheless sufficiently embodied out. Now, though the interposition of the atmosphere gives us the means of producing the effect of distance in a picture, yet the mind requires a certain variety to hold it in amusement, and a certain appearance of substance to give a reality to the scene; on the other hand, when the atmosphere is deprived of the means of refraction,

Fig. 24.



by reason of its clearness a false representation is produced and objects appear nearer than they are in point of truth (as may be perceived in many scenes in Switzerland), and the eye is deprived of the gratification of viewing the outlines of objects through a variety of strengths.\*

When we reflect that the art of painting is an attempt to deceive the eye in representing on a perpendicular surface the variety of planes upon which the general objects in nature are placed; when we reflect that the painter is deprived of many collateral means of assisting the deception, it requires his whole knowledge to be employed in working out the result, lines possessing distinctness of form, bulk, and mutual light and dark to give them their full force upon the eye, colors unassociated with atmospheric influence, with the reverses of all these assisting by contrast. We must admit that a knowledge of aerial perspective embraces in its effects nearly the whole art of portraying the retiring and advancing of objects. In the works of Albert Cuyp and Claude Lorraine we have many examples of this quality in perfection, where the interposition of the air, whether of a yellow or blue color, imbues every object with its just proportion according to its relative distance from the foreground, and the near objects are strengthened by black or red or other colors less in unison with the general tone of the picture; also in the foreground of many of

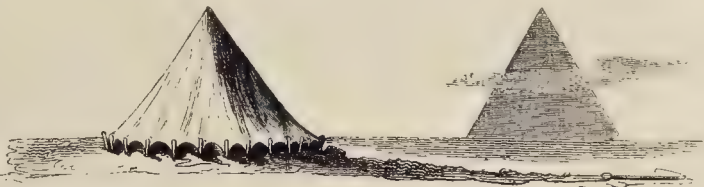
Fig. 25.



\* De la Hire enumerates five circumstances which assist us in judging of the distance of objects, namely, their apparent magnitude, the strength of their coloring, the direction of the two eyes, the parallax of the objects and the distinctness of their small parts. Painters, he says, can take advantage only of the two first mentioned circumstances, and therefore pictures can never perfectly deceive the eye; but in the decorations of theatres they, in some measure, make use of them all, different planes being made use of and different degrees of distinctness.—*Accidents de la Vue*, p. 358.

the works of Cuyp and others, the student may perceive the shadows under the leaves and stones, in the foreground broad, black and of large decided forms. Now, though this is the general characteristic of this department, we see in many works of the best artists objects very much diminished in size according to their true perspective distances, yet possessing a force of color little removed from the tints of the objects in the foreground, neither does such harshness prevent them from keeping their situations; this arises from the very small place they occupy on the retina, forming so diminished a picture in the eye, even when painted of the size of nature.† In historical compositions the most distant objects form often a portion of the story; they are, therefore, to be pronounced with that strength which will enable them to assist the painter in producing the desired effect on the mind of the spectator, nor does truth appear at all violated provided they are not made out with too great precision; in history and the higher walks of the art, where the greatest liberties are allowed, it may be less necessary to notice the conduct of the best artists in this particular, but we often find it even in landscapes and common representations of natural effects; how often have we observed wood scenes and others prevented from being heavy by the introduction of a few dark touches, and breadth of color and space produced by the small dark of a figure. When, however, the effect of hazy sunshine (such as we see in the works of Cuyp) is to be represented the most distant objects ought to be rendered with the

Fig. 23.



greatest delicacy, for the whole atmosphere being then filled with the refraction of light, the middle ground objects appear to be made out with a uniform tone of half tint. Aerial perspective, therefore, though understood to be subject to rules, is more completely under the control of the painter than linear perspective.

I have noticed elsewhere (in Practical Hints upon Light and Shade), how much in reality objects in motion attract the eye of the spectator, with what intelligence the peculiar walk of those we know is communicated even at great distances; this is one reason out of many why we are allowed to pronounce parts of a picture with more strength than other parts; as the mind of the spectator must be arrested with the same force it feels itself acted upon under natural effects. The application of aerial perspective, therefore, enables the artist to keep the several objects in their respective situations and give a natural reality to the most complicated scene. A row of columns will diminish according as they are drawn true to linear perspective, but it is to this quality of light and shade that they are indebted for their effect upon the eye. (Figure 24.) Also two angles may occupy the same space on the retina, but by this power one is made to approach and the other to recede, so that one is diminished to the size of a tent, the other increased to a pyramid. (Figure 23.)

In Plate I, Figure 1, the Canal at Dort, by Cuyp, in the Bridgewater collection, we not only find an excellent example of aerial perspective, but also of that assemblage lines produced by the repetition of forms which assists the receding of objects from their diminution, the doubling of the lines in producing richness of effect, and that harmony which arises from one line counteracting

† Speaking of the retina, Dr. Roget says, "few spectacles are more calculated to raise our admiration than this delicate picture which nature has with such exquisite art, and with the finest touches of her pencil, spread over the smooth canvas of this subtle nerve, a picture which, though scarcely occupying a space of half an inch in diameter, contains the delineation of a boundless scene of all accurately represented as to their forms, colors and positions, and followed in all their changes without the least interference, irregularity or confusion. Every one of these countless and stupendous orbs of fire, whose light, after traversing immeasurable regions of space, at length reaches our eye, is collected on its narrow curtain into a luminous focus of inconceivable minuteness, and yet this almost infinitesimal point shall be sufficient to convey to the mind through the medium of the optic nerve and brain a knowledge of the existence and position of the far distant luminary from which that light has emanated.—*Dr. Roget's Bridgewater Treatise*.

Fig. 26.

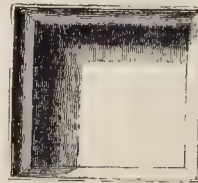


Fig. 27. A perspective drawing of a rectangular box or structure, illustrating perspective.



another in its direction, giving thereby a general balance to the whole. The effect of aerial perspective upon the eye being mainly attributed to the application of shadow to the several outlines, thereby giving them their approaching or receding character. Such arrangement is to be chosen which will give them this quality and which is to be afterwards repeated in smaller portions through the piece. In accidental combinations in nature we often perceive this arrangement (as in Fig. 2, Plate I), which ought to be sketched and reflected upon as one of the great means we have of enabling us to cope with her under the disadvantage of working on a flat surface. We also find aerial perspective indebted in its effect to the collection of many parts whose shadows form a mass of half tint, their distance bringing them in apparent contact owing to their diminutions, while their softness gives them apparent distance, owing to their want of minute parts, as in Fig. 3, Plate I.

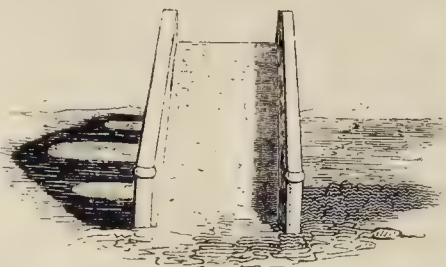
To go through on every occasion with a variety of examples would, I feel persuaded, only perplex the student; if he comprehends any rule it is easy to extend it, to those who understand, slowly; reflection on one or two diagrams will be of more service than educating the eye without impressing the mind. The real trouble in life in all professions is the trouble of thinking, to escape which the most laborious trifling is caught at, but if fairly grappled with in the outset, everything becomes clear and in after life, that which is a continual annoyance to many becomes one of its greatest gratifications. Why it is that to the eye of an artist the drawing of a complicated plan is rendered clear at a glance, while to others it requires a multitude of figures of reference and a long explanation? It is, that his mind has been educated in continual intercourse with the eye, and the constant habit of reflecting on cause and effect has rendered a numerous assemblage of lines intelligible to him which to others uneducated appear like a species of hieroglyphic.

#### CHIARO OSCURO.

Chiaro oscuro, or light and shade, when applied to the management of a picture, takes a range too wide to be explained without the assistance of examples, and then it would be very imperfect, so endless and multifarious are the changes it assumes, being entirely at the caprice of the painter. Paul Veronese, when questioned about the propriety of accounting for a shadow, answered, "a cloud is passing," and Reynolds says "the proprieties of a painter are superior to all other considerations," and "he whose aim is to touch the passions must not be too fastidious in pandering to an uneducated eye. The effect is to be produced at any sacrifice; but the painter who accomplishes his purpose, with the least violation of truth, shows the greatest command of his material." This it is which places the works of the great painters beyond the comprehension of the ignorant; they only can judge of external matters and are pleased when the eye alone is gratified, whereas the aim is the homage of the educated mind. "Leonardo da Vinci," Reynolds remarks, "recommends the light side of a group to be brought off a dark ground; this, no doubt, was the practice when the arts were in their infancy; but had he lived to see what has been produced by the contrary method he would have altered his opinion." If relief or distinctness is the aim of the artist, it is certainly the best; but of breadth of effect, he will best accomplish it by combining light with light and losing the darks of the group in a still darker background.

Light and shade, therefore, independent of its effects in rendering objects more distinct and intelligible, has other properties, and those of a higher quality; when painting has to take a station in the ranks along with music and poetry, these properties are the means of giving breadth and grandeur of form, the effects of bustle or repose and that peculiar emphasis which particular portions of a composition require; now, in many situations where such qualities are requisite, nature offers often little more than a suggestion, and upon such hint the artist is obliged to lay the foundation of his whole scheme and work it out according to the command he has of his materials or the quantity he is in possession of. Some compositions being entirely addressed to the mind, while others are confined to a mere gratification of the eye, a greater or less liberty is allowed to be taken with the arrangement of the light and shade according to the nature of the work in hand. Light and shade, or the conduct of the chiaro oscuro of any work, is therefore entirely given up to the control of the artist to be used for the

Fig. 28.



express purpose of rendering his designs complete; where he departs too much from the arrangements observable in nature, it becomes capricious and loses its effect upon the eye of the spectator; when, on the other hand, the every day occurrences are adopted, his work becomes common and feeble. Reynolds says justly "when we are required to paint broad, it is not understood that we should paint broader than nature; but objects are to be so placed that there is scarcely any limit to their breadth of light and shade. In the earlier stages of painting, relief and distinctness were the only requisites sought after." If a round object could be represented on a flat surface, or any substance so expressed as to induce the spectator to put forth his hand to touch it as a test of

the deception, the height of the artist's ambition was attained; but as the art advanced it was found that painting could achieve more honorable results, the mind was to be acted upon without stopping to gratify the eye at the threshold of entrance. Corregio seems to have been one of the first who employed *chiaro oscuro* in its greatest extent, to give to his compositions that dreamy character which removes them from the "ignorant present," and which is the result of breadth and melting of the outline in the tint which surrounds it. If we examine, for example, a room filled with several objects, in open day, the distinctness with which they all present themselves to the eye, not only perplexes it in finding a resting place, from each claiming attention, but the quickness with which we are carried from one object to another (from a single glance being sufficient to satisfy our curiosity), destroys that pleasure the mind receives from contemplation; whereas the same scene, viewed in the evening, by the light of a fire or candle, exhibits effects more pleasing to the eye and gratifying to the mind, which are entirely owing to the breadth of light and shade, fewer objects present themselves to the eye, and these few acquiring novelty in their forms from the shadows floating about; others entirely buried in obscurity, amuse the imagination in tracing them into form; while the large blank spaces present vacuums for the eye to rest and repose upon. Independent of these results we also know that objects acquire grandeur from their breadth and simplicity of parts, the shadows being more of one strength and the light more of one color; two concomitants of greatness. In entering on this branch of the art, it will, however, be necessary to confine our remarks, in the first instance, to the effects of light and shade on the forms of objects, in altering their appearance to the eye of the spectator without reference to their acting upon the imagination.

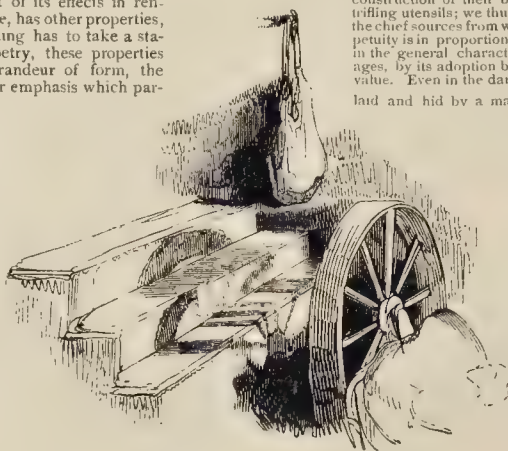
All outlines, without the application of this quality, are deficient in giving a true representation to the eye: for example, two circular outlines, without shadows, have no distinct meaning, but by the application of this property (see Figures 24 and 25), they either become convex or concave bodies.† We also find that objects either project or recede according to

\* In the early stages of the art we find the outlines of the Egyptian and Greek figures and ornaments upon the walls, marked with a broad, deep, sharp cut indentation, which, receiving a strong shadow, gave great distinctness. In the next stage we find that the figures were a little raised, so as to form what is termed a *basso relievo*, and that they were not rounded gradually from the ground, but cut perpendicularly to the surface. In the more advanced state of the art, when the figures assumed a greater projection, and because what is termed *alto relievo*, where some portions are entirely cut through from the surface, as may be seen in the Elgin marbles the outlines of those figures less advanced were rounded off so as to receive less shadow and thereby give greater value to those in high relief; we also find an attention to the effects of light and shade influence their management of single statues, in the construction of their buildings, and even in the forms of the most trifling utensils; we thus see that the gratification of the eye is one of the chief sources from which the taste of a country emanates, and its perpetuity is in proportion as it is founded upon the great truths observed in the general character of nature and its influence on succeeding ages, by its adoption by men of science, capable of appreciating its value. Even in the dark ages, when truth and simplicity were over-

laid and hid by a mass of ornament and an assemblage of minute parts, a combination of beautiful arrangement has arisen out of such gothic absurdities, which has given to painting, sculpture and architecture a fullness of effect unattainable by any other method. The endless and fatiguing portions of minutiae which lay scattered over the surface have been collected and arranged in masses of richness and repose; the spottiness of strong, harsh colors, have been softened and subdued by harmony and opposition, while the dry and cold outline of individual form has been adopted to the gratification of the educated eye, founded upon the great principles of truth and simplicity.

† We judge of the figure and shape of bodies chiefly by the variations of light and shade, and our associations taken thence are so strong, as we are easily imposed upon by a just imitation of the light and shade belonging to each shape and figure in their several situations with respect to the quarter from which the illumination proceeds. It is from the associations con-

Fig. 29.





the strength of their shadows and become either solids or vacuums (Figures 26 and 27), from their shadows falling within or without the spaces marked by their outlines. We also find that it often indicates that peculiar character of objects when the outline is hid in consequence of the situation of the spectator, as in Figure 28. In drawing machinery this is often of the utmost importance, as information is the only point aimed at. We likewise often find shadow made use of for the enriching of the subject by making the shadows of complicated objects fall on a background or an uneven surface, as in Figure 29.

Any work treating of the education of the eye, however short, must necessarily touch upon points spreading over a large range of study, and of course occupying a long space of time to become master of. It will, therefore, be difficult to separate those parts which require a power in the mind from that portion which depends more on the cultivation of the eye accompanied with very little effort of thinking. Nothing but early practice can enable the eye to see, and the hand to put on paper, the various objects necessary to painting with readiness and fidelity; as has been remarked by Reynolds, who says: "A degree of mechanical practice must precede theory; the reason is, that if we wait till we are able to comprehend the theory of art, too much of life will be passed to permit us to acquire facility and power; something, therefore, must be done on trust, by mere imitation of given patterns, before the theory of the art can be felt." Yet, nevertheless, the attention should be gradually awakened to observation, otherwise the power of the mind will lie too long dormant to be easily called into action when judgment is acquired, for, as he further observes, "An artist ought to see clearly enough to enable him to point out to others the principle upon which he works, otherwise he will be confused, and what is worse, he will be uncertain." In the portion of this essay, therefore, which is passed over, I have endeavored to confine myself merely to that extent of knowledge which every one ought to possess to enable him in after life to enjoy the beauties of nature and art, and give him the power of communicating his ideas usefully to others. I shall now endeavor to trace through the higher department of art those principles of design upon which painting depends for its operation on the mind, and which places it in the same rank with poetry and music.

(Continued next month.)

#### AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

THE Society of Amateur Photographers of New York gave an exhibition of their recent work at their rooms in this city, November 17th and 18th last. Over seven hundred photographs, comprising mainly out-of-door subjects, demonstrated the scope and limits of the art. The exhibits were very carefully labeled as to the kind of lenses and quality of plate used, which was a very efficient guide to those who were desirous of securing helpful suggestions. The display was specially interesting as showing the advance that has been made in recent years in photography, and how its practice tends to develop an appreciation for artistic effects aside from mere view taking. The pictures were divided into twenty-three classes, and diplomas were awarded in each class.

Of those who received diplomas we may specially mention G. A. Robertson, P. H. Mason and H. C. Runkle, as exhibitors whose work showed not only technical effects that were admirable, but artistic merit as well.

#### II. BACIO.

[Suggested by the figure of a cantatrice on her début, modelled by a sculptor friend].

Half coquette, half ingénue,  
Hoping erstwhile, after fearing  
If the crowd applause renew,  
Or the critics leave her jeering.  
  
How her bright breasts' pulsings throb—  
One for song and one for sighing!  
How she stifles smile or sob  
In the *rallentando* dying!  
  
Eyes that fill and cheeks that flush  
At the glimpse of friendly faces!  
Fears that linger, hopes that hush  
For the filled or empty spaces!  
  
Hence, no doubt, *la belle chérie*,  
Far less prone to tears or laughter,  
This "first night" again will see  
In the visions memories wait her.  
  
Ah! Ardit, kisses now  
Leave their trace on lives grown older;  
Lightly fall on youth's smooth brow,  
Heavier weigh on age's shoulder!

JOHN MORAN.

sidered under this proposition, and particularly in the last paragraph, that painting conveys such exact ideas of shapes, figures, magnitudes, planes and distances and the camera obscura of motion, also by means of impressions that proceed from a plane surface."—Hartley on Man, on the Sense of Sight.

#### THE OLD ART AND THE NEW.

I AM quite as alive to the faults and the weaknesses of our art as any man. But I am also alive to its merits. The infallible man has yet to be born, and what would the perfect painter be but an infallible man? We have among us a little army of robust, intelligent and devoted men, each in his way doing his best to say with the tools he knows best how to handle what he thinks. Some of these men have already done their hardest work in building up our art; others are doing it. Some did their work in a fashion which could be improved on in technical proficiency; but they did their work well, and it stands to their credit. Mere technique does not make pictures any more than mere words make criticism. There must be reason and purpose in a work of art, and it must be judged by its results, apart from their mere method of production. Such work as Guy's "Making a Train" is higher, sounder and more lasting than the huge sketches one sees at an exhibition of the Society of American Artists, and which the critics hold their breaths at—bold exploits of brushwork, defiantly inaccurate in facts, destitute of body and of soul, clever, striking and shallow—as all purely imitative work must be. There is good in the old art as well as in the new, and this external howl of the fledglings of the pen and of the palette against the men who have done yeoman's service in the cause of our artistic evolution, is as tiresome as it is unjust. It is a poor soldier who disdains a brave foe. The best way to obtain respect for your own convictions is to respect the convictions of others. Across the water, in the city our artistic irreconcilables always speak or with such regret, is a great institution called the Invalides. In this harbor of refuge are housed old soldiers, the wrecks and souvenirs of great campaigns whose battle light illumines the name of their fatherland with an undying flame. Broken in body, pensioners on the public generosity, these ancient warriors never pass upon the street a new recruit in his shop-new uniform but the recruit touches his cap to them. What matters it to him that they fought their battles by a different code from that he studies? They fought and won them, and helped to make the code he profits by. What matters it that they used a percussion cap while he handles a Chassepot? With the old musket that now rusts, like themselves, in glorious disuse, they did the work of making the nation great. The trophies are the tattered battle banners that the wind waves softly as it fans the quiet air of the hero's sanctuary. They tell the story, just as in time to come the true art lover of America will trace our art back generation by generation, by its works, and give his greater meed of honor to the men who created it from nothing, and whom the raw recruits of to-day spit their petty venom at as they pass by. The shame is not the veteran's, when the recruit forgets to respect himself and the uniform he wears.—From *To-Day*.

#### THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.

THE Society of American Artists is out in a circular announcing that it will hold an exhibition during the coming season, for which good and representative work by American artists is solicited. The exhibition will be held at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, that institution having granted the Society the use of its large Western Gallery, and will open about the 1st of May, 1886, and continue through the summer. Blanks of application and circulars containing full details and names of Committee on Selection will be distributed as soon as possible. Space will be reserved for pictures by American artists residing abroad, and Messrs. John S. Sargent and Ruger Donoho have consented to act as a Committee on Selection in Paris. The Secretary of the S. A. A. is Mr. Kenyon Cox, whose studio address is 145 West Fifty fifth Street, New York City.

A fine collection of water colors, by Winslow Homer, was put on exhibition at a Fifth Avenue dealer's this month. The vigorous and original talent of Mr. Homer does itself credit in these bold and dashing works. They carry one back to his ultra impressionistic period of some years ago, but exhibit much more refinement of feeling and ability to grasp the tender and subtle qualities of nature, whose absence brought against their predecessors the not unfounded charge of coarseness and brutality. The large oil picture shown with the same collection a fisherman pulling for dear life through a rolling sea to reach his schooner before the fog closes in on him—is one of the best Mr. Homer has painted. It is not only powerfully dramatic in conception, but carried out with a serious, almost grim intensity that adds infinitely to its significance. To those who know the great waters and their perils this unostentatious little drama will appeal very closely indeed.

## THE PRESIDENT FAVORS FREE ART.

The following paragraph from the message of President Cleveland to Congress will be of interest both to people who paint pictures and those who buy them:

Past Congresses have had under consideration the advisability of abolishing the discrimination made by the tariff laws in favor of the works of American artists. The odium of the policy which subjects to a high rate of duty the paintings of foreign artists and exempts the production of American artists residing abroad, and who receive gratuitously advantages and instruction, is visited upon our citizens engaged in art culture in Europe, and has caused them, with practical unanimity to favor the abolition of such an ungracious distinction; and in their interest, and for other obvious reasons, I strongly recommend it.

THE long-promised portfolio of engravings by the American Society of Wood Engravers will be published next year by the Harpers.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Hermit, a Ballad* by Oliver Goldsmith: illustrated by Walter Shirlaw with drawings engraved on wood by Frederick Juengling, was fully described in the last issue of THE ART UNION. It is in every way a superb gift book. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, publishers. Price, \$3.00.

*Wide Awake Art Prints.* A series of artistic fac-simile reproductions of original pictures, issued on the 1st and 15th of each month, and including fine examples of Walter Shirlaw, Mary Halloch Foote, Wm. T. Smedley, Howard Pyle, Henry Bacon, Jessie Curtis Shepherd, Harry Fenn, F. S. Church, Chas. S. Reinhart, Miss L. B. Humphrey, F. Child Hassam, E. H. Garrett, F. H. Lungren, H. Holton Jones, St. John Harper, Miss Kate Greenaway, George Foster Barnes, Hy. Sandham and others. The method of reproduction employed is the new photogravure process of the Lewis Co., which in result is only equalled by the famous work of Goupil & Cie., of Paris. Each impression is on India paper, and backed by plate paper, size 12x15 inches. Only a limited number of hand proofs will be made. Ordinary black inks are not employed, but special pigments of various tones, the tone for each picture being that best suited to emphasize its peculiar sentiment. These reproductions are equally adapted for portfolios or for framing. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, publishers. Price, 50 cents each.

*Oil Painting: A Handbook* for the use of students and schools, by Frank Fowler, is the title of a lucidly written, well grounded and thoroughly excellent book of instruction, compiled by one of our most efficient painters and art teachers. It is the most complete work of the kind ever given out and will be found invaluable to students even of the more advanced order. Cassell & Co., publishers, N. Y.

*Drawing in Crayon and Charcoal* is another work of a similar character by the same author. It is practical and complete, and is accompanied with a set of large diagrams, in a special case, intended to serve as originals. As in the hand-book on painting it can be confidently recommended as a uniquely and thoroughly valuable guide, philosopher and friend for the art student. Cassell & Co., publishers.

*Etching*, by S. R. Koehler. Every artist and every amateur will be interested in this exhaustive volume. The book, which is a large quarto, contains an outline of the technical processes and history of etching, with some remarks on collections and collecting, and is unique in that it contains the first connected history of etching ever written, all the books on engraving hitherto published having treated it merely as a subordinate division of the general subject. It is very fully illustrated, containing no less than one hundred and twenty-five specimens, thirty of which are etched plates by old and modern masters, including Lalanne, Whistler, Flameng, Rajon, Unger, Jacquemart, Jacque, R. Swain Gifford, Farrer, Thomas Moran, Mrs. M. Nimmo Moran, Peter Moran, Platt, Parrish, Smillie, Gauguin, etc. Among the etchings by old masters are several (C. B. Hopfer, Dietrich), printed from the original plates, while others (Dürer, Rembrandt, Berghem, etc.) are heliographic facsimiles. The ninety-five examples in the text consist of phototypic reproductions of old etchings, illustrating the whole history of the art, from the beginning of the sixteenth century down to our own day, in Germany, the Netherlands, Italy, France, Spain, England and America. Cassell & Co., publishers.

*Poetic Thoughts*, with pictures, is a series of twenty-seven photogravure reproductions of pictures by the Artists Fund Society, of Philadelphia, with appropriate poetical quotations. They are handsomely bound and make a superb gift book. The reproductions include pages from originals by F. B. Schell, William T. Richards, Herrman Simon, Newbold H. Trotter, and many other Philadelphians of artistic note. J. B. Lippincott & Co., publishers. Price, \$10.00.

## THE MAGAZINES.

*The Art Amateur*, for January, fulfils the promise made by its December issue. It is not only richer in literary and pictorial contents than ever, but publishes another colored supplement even better, as an example of printing, than the head by Mr. Beckwith, given last month. Mr. Beckwith tells in good, plain English, how he made his palette and painted that head. Legros' fine etching of Val Prinset is reproduced as a first page. There is a full page by Jan Verbas, after his own picture, "May I come in," in Mr. Avery's collection, amusing examples from William H. Beard's "Humor in Animals" and the usual wealth of decorative and other designs and supplements. In literature *The Art Amateur* always holds its own.

*Art and Decoration* continues to grow and thrive. The December number is the best which has yet been published. An enlargement of the size and scope of the magazine is promised for the coming year.

*The Century* for December does not make the holiday pretensions of *Harpers*, but it is *The Century*. Higher praise were flattery.

The Cassell Company are steadily building the American department of their *Magazine of Art* up into proportions calculated to make it the chief art monthly of the country in the more advanced line. The native department is under the editorship of Mr. S. R. Koehler, who, if he can only be restrained from imposing on it the dead weight of obsolete fact and abstruse theory which killed the *American Art Review*, once edited by him, will, undoubtedly, achieve the end the publishers aim at. For the issue of next month the *Magazine of Art* will give, with other articles of native interest, one by Charles DeKay on the Morgan collection, illustrated with engravings on wood. It is the intention of the publishers to follow this with other articles illustrated with equal elaborateness. The contrast between the English and the American engraving the magazine will consequently afford will be both curious and interesting. The *Magazine of Art* for January contains a beautiful color frontispiece of a Japanese design.



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To-Day has attracted some notice in the literary circles of Chicago. It is evidently not put up by amateurs.—*The Journalist*.

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To-Day makes a very creditable start toward deserving its name (and success) by containing plenty of interesting chat, written in a pleasant style, and printed on good paper.—*Chicago News-Letter*.

The articles upon art, drama and society—incisive, spicy, and above all, written with knowledge, are sure to command readers in every State. In To-Day the only pity is that the articles are not signed.—*The San Francisco*.

To-Day is a new weekly publication, which chats with much keenness and spirit about the clubs, society, the play-house, Wall Street, artists' studios, and other topics. The gentlemen who control it have the experience and ability to produce a journal which pleases by its appearance and entertains with its brisk paragraphs, and they ought to find a profitable field for their enterprise.—*New York Tribune*.

One of the brightest and cheeriest publications of the day is the paper called To-Day. It is filled with live matter. It is only four weeks of age, but it is more vivacious and healthy than many of the oldest and most popular journals.—*New York Morning Journal*.

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To-Day, at half the price, just fills the vacancy that *Life*, with all its brilliancy, leaves unfilled.—*San Francisco*.

A thoroughly bright and interesting accession to the journalistic circle is To-Day, which has just entered upon the fourth week of its existence. The artistic, literary, financial, dramatic and social gossip of the week is discussed in an entertaining way, and it has already become famous for its storyettes on men and things. We wish for To-Day many prosperous to-morrows.—*Town Topics*.

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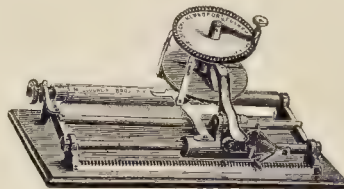
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